



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

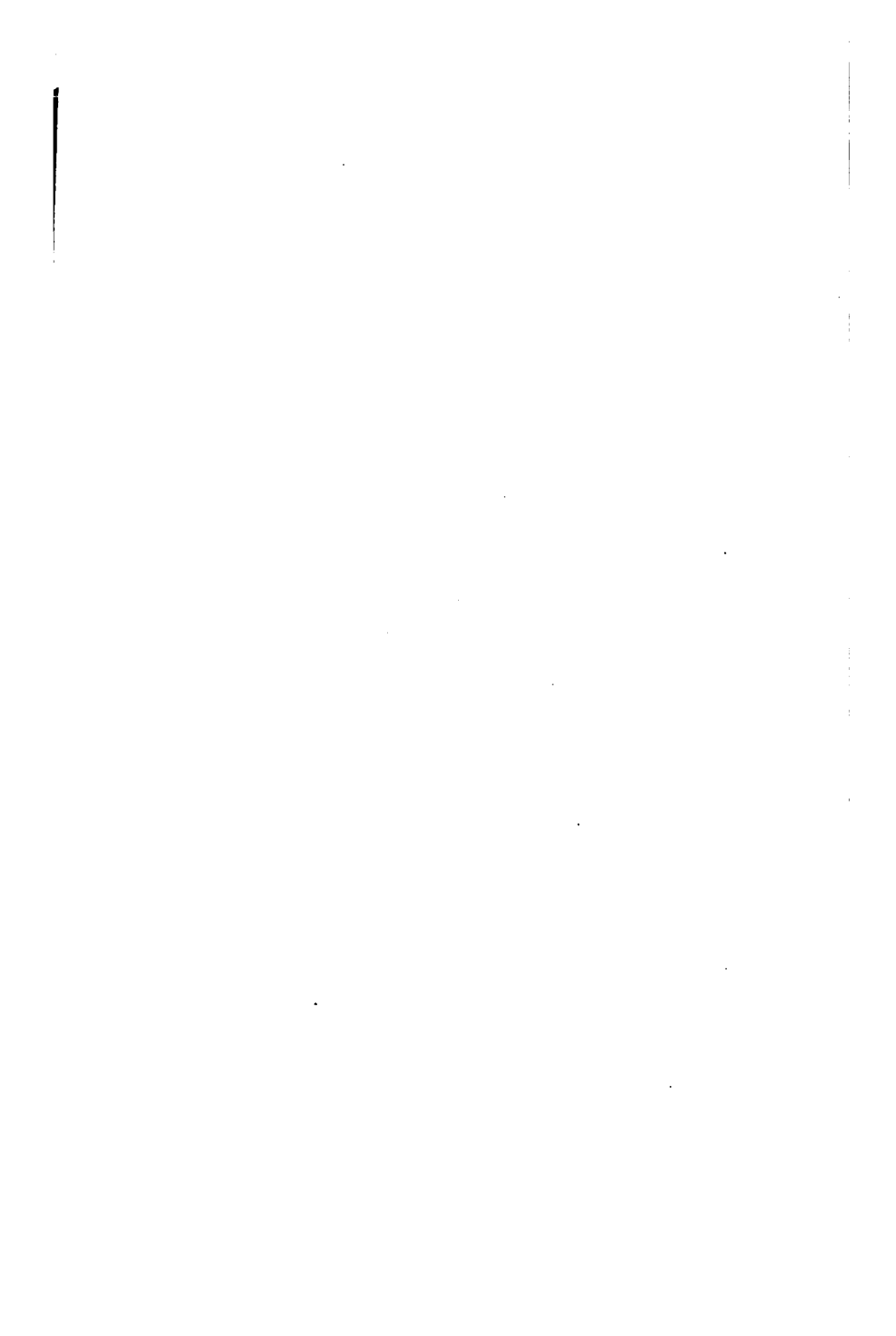
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

**LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA**

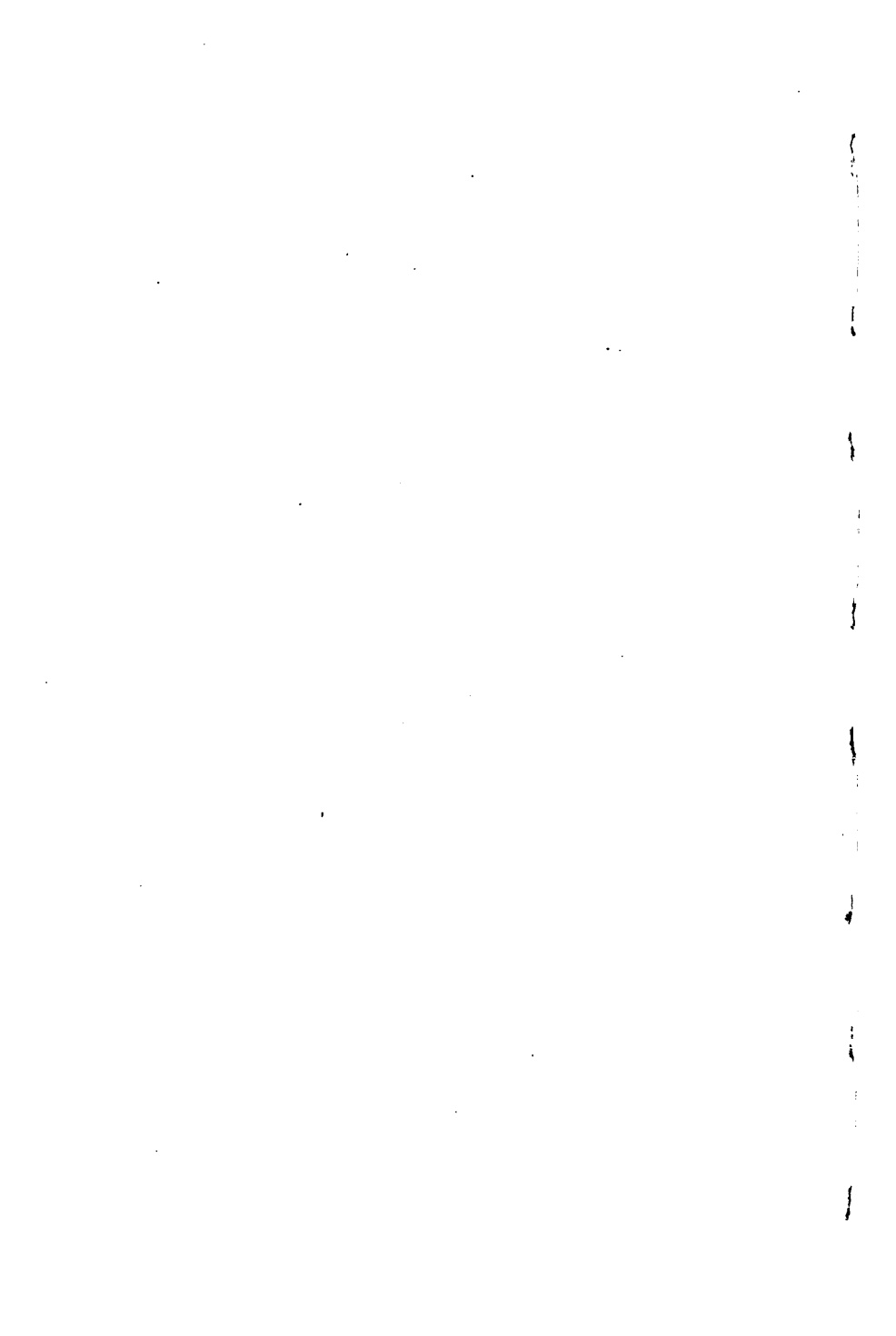


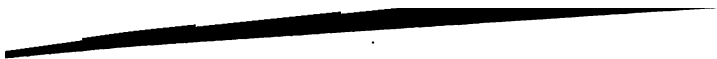
**GIFT OF
Sarah Gilliam**

[REDACTED]



PETER STUYVESANT







PETER STUYVESANT

MANEKS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

PETER SPENCER

WITH
A FOREWORD
BY

GENERAL JOHN S. MANTON

NEW YORK

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO
1911



MAKERS OF AMERICAN HISTORY

PETER STUYVESANT

BY

BAYARD TUCKERMAN

Author of "A Life of General Lafayette,"
etc., etc.

GENERAL HOUSTON

BY

HENRY BRUCE

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

INCORPORATED

NEW YORK

1904

F
122
.1
1343
1404
Copy 1

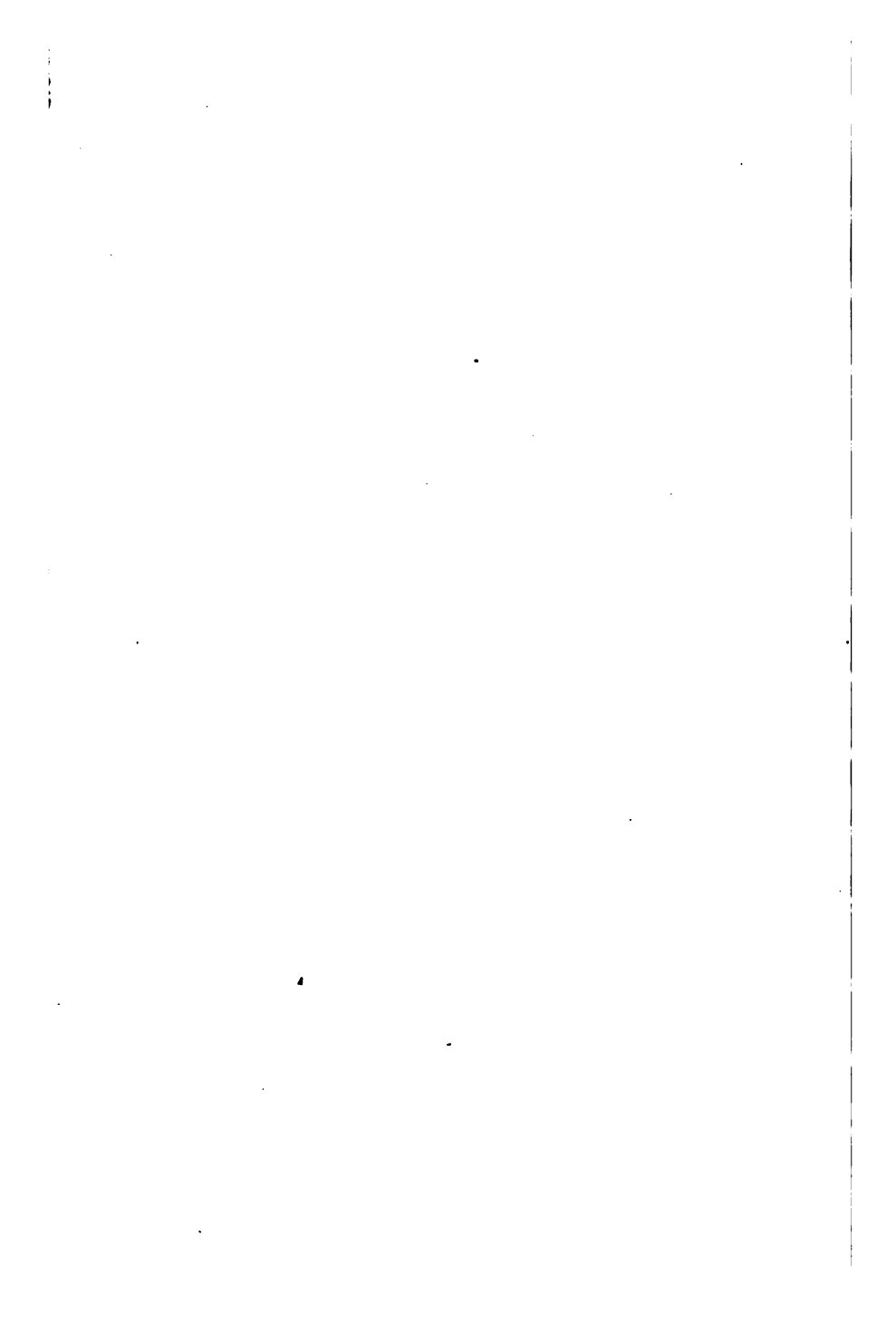
PETER STUYVESANT
COPYRIGHT, 1893
BY
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

LIFE OF GENERAL HOUSTON
COPYRIGHT, 1891
BY
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

PREFACE.

ORIGINAL sources of information concerning the early Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island are neither many nor rich. The two volumes of Holland Documents, published by the State of New York, contain the official papers of the colony and the West India Company. Some contemporary descriptions exist, of which Van der Donck's is the best. But the Dutch wrote very little, and on the whole their records are meagre. Concerning their social conditions, the best authority is to be found in the proceedings of the burgomasters and schepens, preserved in the City Hall and in the books of the Surrogate's and Register's offices. These sources and the collections of the New York Historical Society have been relied upon in the preparation of this book. The author's thanks are due to Mr. WILLIAM KEBBY, Librarian of the Historical Society.

THE BENEDICK, NEW YORK,
March, 1893.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Settlement of Manhattan Island by the Dutch West India Company.— Administrations of Directors Peter Minuit, Wouter van Twiller, and Wilhelm Kieft	7
CHAPTER II.	
The Administration of Peter Stuyvesant	57
CHAPTER III.	
Social Aspect of New Amsterdam in the Time of Peter Stuyvesant	103
CHAPTER IV.	
New Amsterdam becomes New York	169

PETER STUYVESANT.

CHAPTER I.

SETTLEMENT OF MANHATTAN ISLAND BY THE DUTCH WEST INDIA COMPANY. — ADMINISTRATIONS OF GOVERNORS PETER MINUIT, WOUTER VAN TWILLER, AND WILHELM KIEFT.

ON the morning of the 4th of September, 1609, a few Indians wandering upon the shore of Sandy Hook, were surprised by the sight of a ship sailing slowly along the coast. They fled inland, spreading among their tribe the news of the strange apparition. The vessel, carefully sounding as it went, rounded the Hook and cast anchor in the waters of what is now known as the lower bay of New York.

A century of maritime and colonial enterprise had begun, which was to make familiar to Europe the continents of Asia, Africa, and America; to witness the foundation of new empires, and to broaden indefinitely the horizon of human activity. As yet, colonization in America had made little progress. Spaniards under Menendez had built the fort at St. Augustine in 1565. A few settlers in Virginia had been struggling since 1607 under the leadership of Captain John Smith. In 1608, Champlain planted

the cross and the fleur-de-lys at Quebec. Now, in 1609, the flag of the United Netherlands was carried by Henry Hudson up the river which bears his name.

The Dutch, who thus entered into competition with Spain, England, and France for the possession of American territory, were in the heroic period of their history. Industry and fortitude, qualities essential to their existence, had been impressed on the national character. Possessing a land situated in great part below the level of the sea, and liable to overflow besides from the fresh waters of the Rhine, persevering toil had shut out the tides of the Atlantic, had confined by great dykes the river between its banks, had changed marshes and inland seas into meadows. The precious territory thus redeemed was turned to such account that visitors from other nations of Europe were astonished at the aspect of Dutch cultivation. The towns prominent on the few elevations which the country afforded, or in the lowlands intersected by waterways which served for streets, were hives of wealth-producing industry. Merchandise from every corner of the civilized world was floated through the quiet canals up to the warehouse doors. A soil too restricted to sustain its population by agriculture made foreign commerce the basis of prosperity. Dutch ships carried for every nation, making Amsterdam and The Hague markets where all the world came to buy. The destiny of the country was well expressed by the stamp on an old Zealand coin, — a sceptred king riding over the waves on a sea-horse,

with the device, "Your road is upon the sea, and your paths are in many waters." The motto of the noble order of the Golden Fleece, which declared the wages of labour to be honourable, indicated the spirit of industry which animated the higher as well as the lower ranks of Dutch society.

It was natural that a people so intelligent and self-reliant should rest uneasily under the weight of arbitrary power and the Roman Inquisition. From an early period, the provinces of the Netherlands had enjoyed an exceptional degree of political liberty. The large towns managed their own affairs as semi-independent corporations, while the nobles ruled on their estates in accordance with liberal customs which had the force of law. The principles of the Reformation rapidly gained adherents. The efforts of the Inquisition to stifle religious thought at the gallows and the stake were met by rebellion and image-breaking. Charles the Fifth of Spain, of whose vast inheritance the Netherlands formed a part, abdicated his throne in time to avoid the solution of the problem presented by Dutch political and religious liberty. But in 1555 he had brought his son Philip to the Netherlands, and had introduced to the provinces their future master. In the security of his palace at Madrid, the monarch who combined most completely an ignorant bigotry with a relish for human blood, brooded over a plan to extirpate every Dutchman not wholly devoted to the Roman Inquisition and the absolute authority of the Spanish crown. In 1567 Philip had decided upon the method, had received the approval of the earthly

representative of Christ, and had appointed the Duke of Alva to carry out the holy work. The duke arrived in the Netherlands with his boxes of death-sentences signed in blank by Philip, and ten thousand picked veterans from the Spanish army, to which were added the king's troops already in the country. Against this force the Netherlands had almost none to oppose. Alva, holding the king's commission, had the law on his side. In several of the provinces the Catholics predominated, and welcomed what they considered a holy crusade against heretics. Moreover, the lack of union among the provinces enabled Alva to proceed against each one separately. Thus for a time the Dutch could only suffer. Three men stood pre-eminent as leaders, — William of Orange, and the counts Egmont and Horn. William foresaw the object of Alva's mission, and left the Netherlands in time to save a life which was to be his country's salvation. Egmont and Horn, trusting in Philip's treacherous promises, remained to lose their heads. In the course of a few years, Alva and his Council of Blood had taken the lives of eighteen thousand persons by the hand of the executioner alone. The sword, the rope, the stake and the rack were supplied to their full capacity with victims whose crime was a belief in the reformed religion. Tortures which surpassed the ingenuity of savage races extorted from innocent servants accusations against equally innocent masters, which sent accuser and accused together to the scaffold.

The resistance to Alva and the Spanish armies

could be made only by isolated towns which had none but their burghers and families to defend the walls. The endurance and valour displayed by the citizens of Haarlem, Leyden, Maestricht, and Alkmaar hardly find a parallel in history. Men, women, and children resisted for months the famine within as well as the veterans without. Leyden, reduced to the last extremity of starvation, held out until Dutchmen opened gaps in the dykes, led the waters of the Atlantic over the land, and forced the besiegers to abandon their exhausted prey. Of the character of the war waged by the Spanish generals, the fate of Maestricht is a sufficient example. After defending their walls for four months against the Spanish veterans, the burghers and their wives were surprised in their sleep. The city had contained over thirty thousand inhabitants before the siege, occupied in flourishing industries. All those who had survived the previous fighting were put to the sword, except four hundred whom sheer fatigue of slaughter allowed to escape. They wandered away, and the town became a shelter for camp-followers and vagabonds. Such was the system chosen by Philip to tempt his Dutch subjects back to the fold of the Roman Church. After all the executions and the massacres, it was wonderful that there remained men or spirit enough to rise against the oppressor. But, as Sir Philip Sidney said to Queen Elizabeth, the spirit of the Dutch was the spirit of God, and was invincible.

Through these years of suffering, the hearts of the Netherlanders had turned to William of Orange

as the only hope of their need. He had sold or mortgaged all his property to procure the means to hire soldiers to fight the Spanish, but the mercenaries which he could collect had been of little avail against the trained veterans of Philip. The patient fortitude of William the Silent proved superior, at last, to Spanish force. The Protestant provinces, hitherto divided, united under his standard. In 1579, the Union of Utrecht arrayed the country under William, and from that hour the tide turned. During forty years of war, Holland and Zeeland led the other Protestant provinces in destroying and expelling the armies of Spain; and during these years of struggle, the rebellious provinces rose to an extraordinary height of prosperity. On the other hand, Hainault and Brabant (now Belgium), which submitted to the rule of Philip, sank into complete desolation. The withering rule of the Inquisition and the Spanish soldiery so reduced the country that its inhabitants deserted it. The suburbs of Antwerp were abandoned to wolves, that reared their young in once prosperous human dwellings; the crops ceased to be planted; Catholic nobles who had lived in feudal pomp on their estates were seen begging for bread in the streets of Protestant Amsterdam and The Hague. From such a fate Holland and Zeeland escaped by a desperate struggle of forty years against the power of Spain, when that power was the greatest in Europe, and was supported by the treasures taken from South American mines. In William the Silent, the Dutch had a soldier and statesman whose character ap-

proaches more nearly to Washington's than that of any leader of men recorded in history. William was assassinated in 1584 by a hireling of Philip; but he left a son known as Prince Maurice of Nassau, who lived to be the first captain of his time, and to complete the work of national independence begun by his father.

Great as were the victories won by the armies of Holland, they were surpassed by the prowess of her seamen. From every port on the coast sailed privateers to prey on the commerce of Spain. Galleons from America, merchant-men from the East Indies, trading-vessels from European ports, ships which had carried their cargoes safely for thousands of miles were captured as they entered their own harbours, and brought as prizes into the Dutch canals. As navigators and sea-fighters there was no comparison to be made between the two nations. In 1602, Jacob Heemskerk, with two small vessels containing together one hundred and thirty men, captured in the Straits of Malacca a great Lisbon carrack manned by eight hundred men, and divided among his sailors a booty of a million florins. Wolfert Hermann, with five trading-vessels and three hundred men, put to flight off the coast of Java the fleet of twenty-five large ships which Mendoza had brought to punish the islanders who had dared to trade with the enemies of Philip and the Pope. In 1607, Admiral Heemskerk discovered the Spanish war-fleet commanded by Don Juan Alvarez d'Avila at anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar under the guns of the fortress. Heemskerk had twenty-six small vessels, several of

which could not be brought into action. D'Avila had twenty-one sail, of which ten were galleons of the largest size, containing four thousand soldiers. Heemskerk attacked at one o'clock, and by evening every Spanish ship had been destroyed with the crews and soldiers, while the Dutch lost not a single vessel and only one hundred men.

Spain had exhausted her resources in vain to reduce the rebellious provinces to political and religious subjection. The treasures which were to pay her soldiers had been wrested from her on the seas. While she was poor and defeated, the Netherlands were rich and victorious. Her pride could not yet recognize that independence which the provinces had won; but she consented eagerly to a truce of twelve years, in which to regain energy to renew the struggle. This truce, which began in 1609, was not generally acceptable in the Netherlands. Prince Maurice led a powerful party, which preferred to continue a war which gratified the national desire for revenge at the same time that it filled with treasure the warehouses of the towns. But the peace-party, under the guidance of John of Barneveldt, carried the day, and a brief period of repose intervened before the Thirty Years' War.

The national energies called into being by the conflict with Spain immensely increased the maritime enterprise of Holland, and eventually made Dutchmen supreme on the seas. In 1596, Cornelius Houtman doubled the Cape of Good Hope and showed his countrymen the way to India. The India trade increased so rapidly that the States-

SETTLEMENT OF MANHATTAN ISLAND. 15

General, fearing the results of excessive competition, compelled all Dutchmen thus engaged to unite in a single organization. Thus, in 1602, was formed the great Dutch East India Company, which expelled the Portuguese from India, captured Spanish property all over the world, and grew into an unexampled commercial power.

In 1609 this Company, hoping to find a northern passage to India shorter than that around the Cape of Good Hope, was looking about for a suitable explorer. He was found in Henry Hudson, — an Englishman who had already made two arctic voyages in the employment of the London Trading Company, and who had shown himself to possess the necessary intrepidity, perseverance, and knowledge of navigation. The East India Company placed him in command of the "Half-Moon," a small vessel manned by a picked crew of Dutch and English sailors, and he set sail from Amsterdam on the 25th of March, 1609. Ice and fog having balked his efforts to pass either to the south or the north of Nova Zembla, he sailed westward along the coast of North America from Newfoundland to Virginia; then turning again to the north, he followed the shore as far as the mouth of the great North River. Hoping that a passage might here exist to the north and west around the Pole, he sailed up the river as far as the site of Albany. He traded with the Indians, and gave them their first taste of intoxicating liquor. He observed the beauty and fruitfulness of the land, the remarkable adaptation of the waters to the purposes of commerce, and

returned down the river, disappointed in his object of finding a northwest passage to India, but confident that he had made a discovery valuable to his employers. The "Half-Moon" soon after made port at Dartmouth, England, where the authorities, jealous of Dutch interference in America, forbade Hudson to proceed to Holland. But the vessel, with maps and descriptions of the new discoveries, reached the Dutch East India Company at a propitious moment.

The truce with Spain made it necessary to find new outlets for the maritime enterprise which had grown so fast during the war, and many ship-owners in Holland now turned their attention to America. During the five years following Hudson's discovery, the coasts were explored and the advantages of the fur-trade determined. Hendrick Christiansen and Adrian Block especially distinguished themselves. Block's ship having been burned at Manhattan Island, he built himself a new one on the spot, called the "Restless," in which he explored Long Island Sound and Cape Cod, and discovered the island which still bears his name. In 1614, the territory made known by Hudson and Block was formally named New Netherland by the States-General, and the monopoly of trade conceded to the Amsterdam Trading Company. This association kept up a small station on Manhattan Island and another up the river in the Mohawk country, and prosecuted the fur-trade for several years. A few agents lived at each station in log-huts, bartered Dutch trinkets for beaver-skins collected by the Indians, and were

SETTLEMENT OF MANHATTAN ISLAND. 17

visited in their solitude at regular intervals by an Amsterdam ship, which brought supplies and carried home the peltry. In 1618 the Company's charter expired, and the States-General refused to grant a new one, as they had more extensive plans in view for New Netherland. The marvellous success of the East India Company as a commercial institution, and as an instrument for inflicting injury on the hereditary enemies of Holland, convinced the States-General that their new possessions would be utilized to the best advantage by similar means. Therefore in 1621 was incorporated for twenty-four years the West India Company, with exclusive power to plant and govern colonies, to prosecute trade, and to wage war against national enemies in the West Indies and America. The government of this commercial and military monopoly was intrusted to a board of nineteen directors, called the College of the XIX., of which Amsterdam furnished eight, Zealand four, The Maas two, North Holland two, Friesland and Groningen two, and the States-General one.

The first agricultural colonists were sent out in the ship "New Netherland" in 1623, and cultivated the fertile lands along the shore of the East River. Soon after, several families of Walloons, persecuted Protestants from the Catholic provinces, settled at the Waal-Bogt, now Wallabout Bay, Long Island. Others followed, and under Cornelis Mey and Wilhelm Verhulst a small settlement grew up at the extreme end of Manhattan Island; a trading-post, called Fort Orange, was erected on the Hudson, near the present site of Albany, and another,

called Fort Nassau, on the South or Delaware River. These three points in the wilderness marked the only habitations of white men between Virginia and Plymouth. In 1626, Peter Minuit came out as director for the West India Company, and under his administration of seven years much progress was made. The Island of Manhattan was purchased for the Company for twenty-four dollars, — a fair sum, considering that the Indians suffered only a slight diminution of their hunting-grounds, and that the land had no value beyond that which the Company could give it by its own expenditure. A block-house, surrounded by a stockade, was erected to serve as a fort on the shore of the Bay. A mill was built, of which the upper room served as a church. The place of a clergyman was taken by a “krank-besoecker,” or consoler of the sick, who read the creed and the Scriptures on Sundays. Around the block-house and the Company’s counting-room grew up a settlement of small log-huts thatched with reeds. Before the little village lay the beautiful waters of the harbour, and behind it the unbroken forest. Such was Fort Amsterdam in 1630. The settlers were busily and profitably occupied with the collection of furs for export, sailing up the river in sloops, and making journeys into the woods to exchange cloths and beads from Holland for beaver and other skins. The trade grew rapidly at first. In 1626 the exports were valued at 46,000 guilders; in 1632 they were worth 143,000 guilders, showing the Company a profit over expenses. And the industry of the colony was not confined to the fur-

trade. A ship of six hundred tons burden, called the "New Netherland," was built at Manhattan in 1631, and sent home loaded with peltry.

Still, the Dutch possessions in America were no more than trading-posts, and it was evident that the West India Company was unfitted by its military and commercial character for the task of planting permanent colonies. At the same time, the opposition already made by the English government to the Dutch settlements, and the hostile attitude toward them assumed by the colony of Massachusetts Bay, had made it plain that actual occupation of the soil was necessary to secure possession. The Dutch had little surplus population inclined to emigrate, and no body of men, like the English Non-conformists, who were obliged to build up a home in a distant wilderness for the sake of religious freedom. Therefore, the Directors of the Company had to devise an artificial method of colonization.

The people of Holland were divided into three classes: the noble families owning land; the burghers who controlled the cities, and the common people. Many of the burghers were rich, and sought to enter the highest class by the possession of land and the feudal rights connected with it. This wish could not be gratified in Holland, where the limited territory was held tenaciously by its owners. But the burgher of Amsterdam or The Hague might become the feudal chief of an American domain. This idea was embodied in the "Charter of Privileges and Exemptions" adopted in 1630, by which any stockholder in the West India

Company who should plant a colony of fifty souls in New Netherland was to acquire title to land sixteen miles in length on one side of a river, or eight in length if situated on both sides, and as far into the interior as the owner could occupy. Such owner was to be called a "Patroon," and to possess the hereditary rights of a feudal noble, — power to make laws, to establish courts of justice, and to control hunting, fishing, and the grinding of grains, subject only to allegiance to the States-General. The patroons were allowed to trade along the American coast, and with Europe, on paying a duty of five per cent on the cargoes to the West India Company. The fur-trade was permitted on condition that the exports should be sent through the Company's agents at Manhattan. Thus, colonists were tempted to emigrate by free transportation and the promise of good lands at a nominal rental, while rich burghers were tempted to assume the expense involved by the prospect of attaining the dignity of feudal lords. This plan seemed especially feasible, as wealth had lately been pouring into the coffers of the West India Company. The war with Spain had been renewed after the expiration of the truce in 1621, and the Company had shown itself equal to the East India merchants in making booty of Spanish commerce. In 1628, Peter Heyn, in command of the Company's squadron, met the Spanish "silver fleet" bearing home the spoils of South American mines. Ten galleons were captured off Havana at the first encounter, and the remainder soon after in Matanzas Bay. Heyn brought in all the Spanish vessels ex-

cept two as prizes, together with pure silver worth twelve millions of guilders. The enthusiasm was great throughout Holland, and the West India Company declared a dividend of fifty per cent.

Chief among those who now sought the honours of patroonship was Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, a wealthy jeweller of Amsterdam. In 1630, he purchased from the Indians, through the Company's agent at Fort Orange, a great tract of land lying on the river to the north and south of the fort. He made good his title by sending out emigrants, and thus planted the colony of Rensselaerwyck. Two other directors of the Company, Godyn and Blommaert, secured lands on the Delaware or South River, their patent ante-dating by two years that given by Charles I. to Lord Baltimore. Michael Pauw soon afterward purchased from the Indians Staten Island and Paulus Hook, the site of Jersey City, to which he gave the name of Pavonia. But the rapidity with which these enterprising directors had seized upon the best territory excited so much jealousy among their colleagues that they were obliged to share their acquisitions with other members of the Company by taking them into partnership. The same jealousy caused the recall of Peter Minuit, who, as director, had confirmed the obnoxious grants. The influence of Van Rensselaer was still strong enough to enable him to procure the appointment to the directorship of Wouter van Twiller, who had married his niece, and had served as his agent in shipping colonists and cattle to Rensselaerwyck, but who was only a clerk in the Company's employment, and quite unfit for the responsibility of the post.

Van Twiller arrived in New Netherland in the spring of 1633, bringing with him one hundred soldiers,—the first military garrison of the place. Other important fellow-passengers were Everardus Bogardus, the first clergyman, and Adam Roelandsen, the first schoolmaster. Besides these were two emigrants, Govert Loockermans and Jacob van Couwenhoven, destined to play a leading part in their adopted country. Van Twiller proceeded to spend the Company's money with a generous hand. The room over the mill, hitherto used for religious services, was now too small for the growing congregation. A wooden church of rude design was built at the corner of Pearl and Broad streets, with a house for Domine Bogardus, overlooking the East River. The block-house was changed into something like a fort, with barracks for the newly arrived soldiers. Three windmills were set up, injudiciously to the north of the fort, where they lost the force of the south wind. Houses were built for the director and other officers of the Company, for the cooper, the smith, and the midwife. Van Twiller confirmed the Company's title to land on the west of the Connecticut River by purchase from the Indians, and to protect the claim, erected a fort called the Good Hope on the present site of Hartford.

In 1633, a Dutch sea-captain named De Vries, who had entered into partnership with two of the Amsterdam directors for the establishment of a patroonship, brought his vessel to Manhattan. De Vries belonged to the class of bold seamen who had rendered such great service to Holland, and he forms

the most interesting figure among the Dutchmen connected with the early history of New Netherland. He rejoiced in an opportunity to lay his ship alongside a Dunkirk pirate, and thought nothing of engaging two or three Spaniards at once. While he was making the acquaintance of Van Twiller and the people at the fort, an English vessel named the "William" came up the Bay. In command of her was Jacob Elkens, a Dutchman formerly in the service of the West India Company at Fort Orange and dismissed for dishonesty in 1623. Having entered the service of Englishmen, he now announced his intention to take the "William" up the river to his old station, to trade with the Indians. Van Twiller declared that the river belonged to the West India Company of Holland, and that the "William" should not go up. Elkens replied that the river was discovered by an Englishman, and that he should carry out his intention. Van Twiller displayed the Orange flag at the fort, and fired three guns. Elkens ran up the English flag on the "William," and likewise fired three guns. For six successive days Van Twiller contemplated the English vessel riding at anchor with a complacent sense of his authority. But on the seventh morning the "William" weighed anchor, and sailed defiantly past the fort. She was the first vessel to carry the English flag up the Hudson River. Van Twiller's rage was great, and his official action characteristic. Calling the inhabitants into the fort, he tapped a cask of beer in front of his house, and taking a glass himself, he called upon the others to drink with him, and to protect

him from the violence of the Englishmen. The cask was soon emptied, amidst laughter and jeers. De Vries looked upon the scene with contemptuous indignation. The people, he declared, would always help the director in that way, — they would even get to the bottom of seven casks of beer to protect him; but meanwhile the "William" was ascending the river unmolested. Soon after, De Vries taxed Van Twiller in private with his folly. "If it had been my case," he continued, "I should have helped him from the fort to some eight-pound iron beans, and have prevented him from going up the river. The English are of so haughty a nature, they think everything belongs to them. I should send the ship 'Soutberg' after him, and drive him out of the river." Stung by the taunts of De Vries, Van Twiller embarked his soldiers on the "Soutberg," a Dutch vessel lying in port, and overtook Elkens while trading with the Indians. With their greatly superior force, the Dutch had no difficulty in confiscating the peltries which Elkens had purchased, and in expelling his ship from the waters of Manhattan. The director returned from this expedition in a vain-glorious spirit, and looked about for further opportunities to exercise his authority. De Vries ordered his yacht "The Squirrel" to go through Hell Gate to the East on a trading-voyage, as he had a right to do in his quality of patroon. Van Twiller forbade "The Squirrel" to proceed, and ordered the guns of the fort to be trained on the little vessel. At this, De Vries ran up to the fort. "The country is full of fools," he called out to the director and

his secretary. "Why did you not shoot when the Englishman violated your river?" The abashed director withdrew his order, and "The Squirrel" proceeded. Soon after, when De Vries's boat was lying on the beach waiting to convey the captain to his ship, Van Twiller insisted that De Vries should not depart until his vessel had been searched by the officers of the West India Company. Twelve soldiers were sent down to the shore to stop the boat. De Vries jumped in, and ordered his men to pull off without regard to the soldiers, who "were ridiculed with shouts and jeers by all the by-standers." De Vries left Manhattan after his first visit with a low opinion of the Company's officials. "They know nothing," he declared, "but about drinking. In the East Indies they would not serve for assistants; but the West India Company sends out at once, as great masters of folks, persons who never had any command before; therefore it must come to naught."

Van Twiller's alternate pusillanimity and tyranny made him an unpopular director. Dominie Bogardus felt called upon to threaten him with "such a shake from the pulpit as would make him shudder." His honesty was not unquestioned. When replaced by Wilhelm Kieft in 1637, he hired two of the Company's best boweries, or farms; and it happened that upon these particular boweries had strayed nearly all the Company's cattle, although their previous habit had been to wander over other parts of the island. Van Twiller claimed and kept them as his own property. During his administration the

population had increased ; but the emigrants were chiefly traders, who looked to peltry instead of to agriculture for their maintenance, so that the colony could not support itself without supplies from Holland, which the Company had to send out at great expense.

The new director proved himself to be a yet more unfortunate selection. Wilhelm Kieft was a bankrupt merchant of Amsterdam, whose portrait, in accordance with Dutch custom, had been nailed on the gallows. There were dark rumours, also, of his having been sent to Turkey with money to ransom Christian captives, and of his having appropriated the money, leaving the captives to their fate. The inferior character of the agents appointed by the West India Company — upon which De Vries had commented — was the result of two circumstances : the wide field of Dutch activity at the time caused a scarcity of available men, and the best material was required at points where there was fighting as well as trading to be done. Kieft arrived at New Amsterdam in the spring of 1638, and his early labours were suggestive of the new broom. He placed on record the condition in which he found the settlement : the fort in decay, the guns dismounted ; of the three windmills, one burned, another useless ; the church and the counting-house out of repair. The prosecution of the fur-trade by individual settlers had prevented agricultural development, and had cut down the profits of the Company's monopoly.

Kieft reorganized the administration. Cornelius

van Tienhoven (formerly the book-keeper) became provincial secretary, — a good choice only so far as his handwriting was considered. The Council was improved by the addition of Johannes de la Montagne, a Huguenot physician of high character. The Company's buildings were repaired, a strenuous prohibition was issued against the participation of private persons in the fur-trade, and the morals of the people, which their isolated condition had caused to degenerate below the standard of the fatherland, were regulated to some degree.

At the same time the States-General of Holland interfered in the management of the colony much to its advantage. The West India Company sent out few persons besides its clerks and fur-buyers; the patroonships had failed as a colonizing system, with the single exception of Rensselaerwyck. Realizing that under the Company's narrow commercial policy the fertile province of New Netherland remained undeveloped while the colonies of New England advanced with rapid strides, the States-General abolished the exclusive privileges of the Company, and threw open the Hudson River trade to all comers. The loss of its monopoly forced the directors into agricultural colonization as a means of giving value to their lands. Tempting inducements to farmers were now held out: the Company's vessels conveyed colonists without charge, and land ready for the plow, together with the use of house, barn, and cattle, were promised at a low rental. These changes of management produced an immediate effect. Various persons employed by the Com-

pany at Manhattan left its service to take up farms ; others established themselves in trade, exporting peltries, and importing clothing and provisions. Private vessels arrived, giving to the Bay a new animation. Farmers in considerable numbers emigrated from Holland, settling at Manhattan, at Paulus Hook, and on Long Island. In a few years Kieft had a thriving colony to govern. Among the arrivals were men who brought property with them. Cornelius Melyn, the new patroon of Staten Island, settled there with his family ; Jochem Pietersen Kuyter, who had seen service in the East Indies, established a bowery on the Haarlem River ; Dr. La Montagne took up a farm which he called "Vredendal," — the Valley of Peace, — described as lying "between the hills and the kills and a point on the East River called 'Rechgawanes ;'" Abraham Isaacsen Verplanck settled at Paulus Hook ; four brothers named Evertsen cultivated tobacco at Pavonia, and had a tannery on Manhattan Island ; Nicholas Koorn (the sergeant), Hans Kierstede (the surgeon), Jacob van Curler (the inspector of merchandise), and David Provoost (the commissary), had small houses close to the fort. Among the soldiers in the barracks was Oloff Stevensen, the founder of the Van Cortlandt family ; Gyspert Op Dyck had charge of Fort Good Hope, on the Connecticut River ; Hendrick and Isaac de Forest began farming ; De Vries, the bold sea-captain, sailed from the Texel with a small colony, which he established on Staten Island. In 1640 an impetus to the colony was given by a new charter agreed

upon by the States-General and the West India Company, the liberal provisions of which removed many of the obstacles to colonization created by the Company's exclusive powers. Henceforth any inhabitant of New Netherland could take up lands for his own use ; towns could be formed with the privilege of municipal government ; and commercial freedom was promised to all persons, subject only to export and import duties payable to the Company. De Vries, who had lately explored the beautiful shores of the Hudson, purchased from the Indians a tract at Tappan, which he called "Vriesendael," containing meadow-land enough to pasture two hundred head of cattle, and a fine stream. Not far from De Vries's new home, and bordering on the Achter Cul, or Newark Bay, Myndert van der Horst, of Utrecht, established a bowery. The settlement of Gravesend was begun by a Huguenot named Anthony Salee, who obtained two hundred acres opposite Coney Island. The site of Brooklyn (then called Marechkaweick) was occupied only by an Englishman named Thomas Belcher. Two of his countrymen, George Holmes and Thomas Hall, lived at Deutel (since called Turtle Bay), a cove on the East River, about two miles above Corlaer's Hook.

The province of New Netherland soon assumed a cosmopolitan character. Colonists arrived from Virginia, introducing the cultivation of tobacco, and the cherry and peach trees which afterward became so abundant. The severity of religious censorship in New England sent many of its inhabitants to seek

among the Dutch the liberty denied to them at home. Among these was John Underhill, distinguished in the Pequod War. Persecuted Englishmen from Lynn and Ipswich settled on Long Island in 1641. Francis Doughty, expelled from Cohasset for preaching that Abraham's children should have been baptized, founded the town of Mespeth, L. I., in 1642. John Throgmorton, with thirty-five English families, was given land at Westchester. Anne Hutchinson and her son-in-law, the zealous Collins, fleeing before the vengeance of Massachusetts, found their last home at Annie's Hoeck, now called Pelham Neck, where the neighbouring Hutchinson's River still preserves the memory of the remarkable woman and her tragic fate. The foreigners who came to New Netherland were subjected to no restrictions beyond taking the oath of allegiance to the States-General. So considerable became the demand for land that Kieft purchased from the Indians the western part of Long Island, extending from Rockaway to Sicktewhacky, or Fire Island Bay, on the south side, and on the north to Martin Geritsen's, near Cow Bay.

After 1640, Manhattan began to assume more of the appearance of a town. Fairs for the exchange of agricultural products were held periodically near the fort. Most of the business was done by barter; but beaver-skins, and the Indian beads called "seawant," served as a medium of exchange. The best seawant in America was made by the Long Island Indians, who picked up a superior supply of shells on their long beaches. "Good, splendid

seawant, usually called Manhattan's seawant," were worth, when strung, four beads to a stiver, or an English penny. But loose beads were generally of an inferior quality, were regarded as a debased currency, and valued only at six to a stiver. The domine had occasion to complain that contributions at church were too frequently made in loose seawant. Fort Amsterdam became a stopping place for travelers between New England and Virginia, the coasting vessels regularly putting in to the Bay to trade. The number of visitors thus requiring hospitalities at the fort became embarrassing to Kieft, and in 1642 he built a stone "Harberg," or hotel, on the shore of the East River, at the corner of Coenties Lane and Pearl Street, opposite Coenties Slip. The need of a new church had been felt by many persons besides Domine Bogardus, and the energy of De Vries brought about its construction. Dining one day with Kieft in the Fort, he told the director that it was a shame to the community that visiting Englishmen should see the "mean barn" in which the domine preached; that in New England a fine church was always built immediately after the dwelling-houses. "We should do the like; we have fine oak wood, good mountain stone, and excellent lime, which we burn from oyster shells, — much better than our lime in Holland." De Vries supported his plea by a subscription of a hundred guilders; and Kieft, mindful of the fact that the people of Rensselaerwyck were taking steps to build a new church, consented to give a thousand guilders on behalf of the Company. The construction was confided to the

care of Kieft, De Vries, Jan Jansen Dam, who lived conveniently near the Fort, and Jochem Pietersen Kuyter, "a devout professor of the Reformed religion." It was decided to have the church inside the fort for greater protection against the Indians. To raise the necessary funds then became a difficulty which the cunning of Kieft overcame. A daughter of Domine Bogardus was about to be married. At the wedding feast, "after the fourth or fifth round of drinking," Kieft announced the worthy project in hand, and produced the subscription list headed by his own name and that of De Vries. Amid the expansive enthusiasm of the occasion the company subscribed "richly." Not a few, as the chronicles record, "well repented it" on the morrow; but "nothing availed to excuse." The contracts called for a stone church, in length seventy-two feet, in width fifty, and in height sixteen. John and Richard Ogden of Stamford did the work for twenty-five hundred guilders, with a hundred added for doing it well. English carpenters covered the roof with oak shingles, and completed the finest building in New Netherland. The words, "Anno Domini, 1642, William Kieft Director-General, hath the Commonalty built this Temple," were cut in a stone on the front wall. The congregation worshipped here until 1693, when it removed to Garden Street (now Exchange Place). The building was used then by the military until its destruction by fire in 1741. In 1790, workmen, digging the foundations for the Government House on the southern end of the Bowling Green, uncovered the stone in which the

inscription had been cut. It was set up inside the Garden Street church, and there remained to share the fate of that church in the great fire of 1835.

The commercial system upon which the little Dutch colony had been established contained elements of weakness, which were soon to turn prosperity into ruin. The New England colonies were peopled by independent men, who came prepared to brave every hardship in a country which they intended to make the home of themselves and their descendants forever. They were bound together by powerful religious ties. To them success meant liberty of conscience and a living wrung from the soil of their adopted country by self-denying toil. But the Dutch had won the right to worship God in their own land and in their own way before the "Half Moon" had sailed into the Hudson River. They had neither the religious incentive nor the religious ties of their neighbours. Moreover, the establishment of a permanent home in America was to them, in those early days, an object subordinate to the immediate profits of the fur-trade. Instead of the complete independence and self-reliance of the English colonists, they had the serious drawback of their subjection to a private commercial Company, and the habit of looking to that distant power, rather than to their own efforts, for employment and aid.

The requirements of the fur-trade caused an all-important difference in the policy pursued toward the Indians by the English and the Dutch. The New England people sought to avoid complications

by keeping the savages at arm's length. When involved in troubles with them, as in the case of the Pequod War in 1637, they took the offensive at once, and by a vigorous display of power procured a peace of forty years. But it was to the Indians that the Dutch looked for the supply of furs upon which their gains depended. For the better prosecution of the trade, the Hollanders made long journeys into the woods and encouraged the visits of the Indians to Manhattan. As competition increased, the traders sought to be nearer the base of supply, and made settlements at great distances from the fort, thus extending dangerously the population of the colony. The Indians visiting at the fort were treated too indulgently, allowed to lounge about, get drunk at the taverns, quarrel with one another and the Dutch, and worst of all to become acquainted with the slender defensive resources of the settlement. The savages, who at first dreaded a gun as "the devil," no sooner understood its uses, than their eagerness to possess one made arms and ammunition the most profitable medium of exchange. The traders could not resist such a temptation as the offer of twenty beaver-skins for a gun. The people at Rensselaerwyck pushed this trade so far that the Mohawk nation was soon supplied with firearms, by the help of which they exacted tribute from the terror-stricken tribes of Canada, New England, and the Hudson River. At Manhattan, strenuous efforts were made to prevent the sale of guns to the neighbouring savages. But this prohibition so greatly aided the tyranny of the Mohawks,

that the river tribes became exasperated at what they deemed the unjust advantages accorded to their enemies by the Dutch.

In 1640, when the friendship of the savages had become somewhat alienated by this quarrel, the headstrong Kieft was foolish enough to arouse their active hostility. Finding himself short of provisions, he proceeded to levy a tribute of corn upon the river tribes on the pretext that the Dutch protected them against their enemies. As we learn from De Vries, the Indians refused the payment, on just grounds. The Dutch had never protected them against the oppression of the Mohawks. "Kieft," they said, "must be a very shabby fellow; he had come to live in their land uninvited, and now sought to deprive them of their corn for nothing." They had paid for everything obtained from the Dutch; when the Hollanders, "having lost a ship there, built a new one [the "Restless"], they had supplied them with food and other necessities, and had taken care of them for two winters until the ship was finished. . . . If we have ceded to you the country you are living in," they concluded, "we yet remain masters of what we have retained for ourselves." The estrangement brought about by the injudicious demands of the director soon entailed more serious complications. A trading party in the Raritan country complained of having been attacked by savages; and the theft of some hogs on Staten Island was too hastily attributed to the same source. The Dutch were inclined to treat the Indians well, and these difficulties might have been smoothed over. But

Kieft, as the Company's director, had absolute authority in this matter, and he had resolved upon a violent policy. He now sent a party of seventy men into the Raritan country to seek reparation or revenge. Van Tienhoven, the secretary, who was placed in command, shared the director's animosity toward the Indians, and allowed his men to kill and plunder without attempting a peaceful negotiation. By such ill-advised injustice was made inevitable a condition of active war. It was not long before the Raritans had responded by burning De Vries's buildings on Staten Island, killing four of his men, and thus destroying that promising colony.

While this unnecessary quarrel with the Raritans was in progress, an avoidable difficulty arose with the Weckquaesgeeks of Westchester. About ten years before this time a Weckquaesgeek, accompanied by his youthful nephew, was bringing peltry to New Amsterdam for sale. Some rough Dutchmen met them in the woods near the Kolck (a pond on the site of the Tombs prison), murdered and robbed the Indian, but allowed the boy to escape. The latter, having grown to manhood, savage custom required that he should avenge the death of his kinsman. In August, 1641, in pursuance of his obligation, he came down the trail to Manhattan, which skirted the East River. In the woods near Deutel Bay stood the lonely cottage of Claes, the smith. The Weckquaesgeek entered, offered a beaver in trade, and when the smith stooped to take an article from his chest, he killed him at a blow. The demands of the Dutch for the surrender

of the murderer were met by a relation of the provocation and the claim of a just revenge. This circumstance was the more unfortunate, in that it gave Kieft an excuse for the policy of violence upon which he was resolved. The community was averse to extreme measures. The boweries were scattered and defenceless; while the people living about the fort might be secure, the outlying settlements were in danger of instant destruction. As De Vries declared, "It would not be advisable to attack the Indians until we have more people, like the English, who have built towns and villages." Moreover, there were not a few men in New Amsterdam who accused the director of seeking a war to conceal irregularities in his accounts with the Company. Others, again, reminded him that hostilities were not as attractive to them as to the official "who could secure his own life in a good fort, out of which he had not slept a single night in all the years he had been there." In face of this opposition, Kieft endeavoured to shift as much responsibility as he could upon other shoulders. Calling together the heads of families, he submitted to them the question whether or not the murder of Claes Smits should be avenged by the destruction of the village to which the assassin belonged. This, the first popular assembly held upon the territory of New York, elected twelve men to decide the question. These were Jacques Bentyen, Maryn Adriaensen, Jan Jansen Dam, Hendrick Jansen, David Pietersen de Vries, Jacob Stoffelsen, Abram Molenaar, Frederik Lubbertsen, Jochem Pietersen Kuyter, Gerrit Dircksen, George

Rapelje, and Abram Verplanck. The Twelve Men gave as the result of their deliberations that "the director send further, once, twice, yea, for the third time, a shallop, to demand the surrender of the murderer in a friendly manner." This failing, revenge should be sought, but with a proper regard to "God and the opportunity." It would not do to bring a sudden war upon the scattered population. Peaceful relations should be kept up, and meanwhile the director should prepare arms for the soldiers and freemen. Finally, in case war became unavoidable, they hinted that Kieft himself "ought to lead the van."

The director was little pleased with this result. In January, 1642, he called the Twelve Men together again, represented to them that the murderer of Claes had not been surrendered, and that a favourable moment for reprisals had arrived, the Indians being dispersed on their hunting expeditions. Kieft's authority was nearly unrestricted in the colony. The Council which should have limited it had but one member, Dr. La Montagne. The reader will recollect occasions in history when, on a greater scene and in more important emergencies, the monarch who has sought the assistance of his subjects for the prosecution of war has been forced to grant reforms as a preliminary condition. In this situation the director of New Netherland now found himself. The Twelve Men, instead of giving the expected consent, demanded some of the political privileges to which they had been accustomed in Holland. Four representatives, elected by the peo-

ple, should sit on the Council Board to save "the land from oppression;" the militia should be properly organized; and every freeman should have liberty to visit and to trade with vessels arriving in port. Kieft promised these concessions, meaning never to carry them out. The Twelve Men then gave their consent to an expedition against the Weckquaesgeeks. This point secured, the director announced that he did not consider that the Twelve had "received from the Commonalty larger powers than simply to give their advice regarding the murder of the late Claes Smits." He then issued a proclamation in form, dissolving the Twelve and forbidding further political meetings of the people, as tending "to dangerous consequences and to the great injury both of the country and of our authority."

The long talked-of expedition against the Weckquaesgeeks took place in March. Kieft declined "to lead the van," and the command devolved upon Ensign Hendrick van Dyck. The guide missed his way, the soldiers wandered aimlessly about, and returned to the fort without firing a shot. The Indians, discovering from the Dutch trail the danger from which they had escaped, now sent messengers to Manhattan to sue for peace. Van Tienhoven, the secretary, went to Westchester, and at the house of Jonas Bronck, on the Bronx River, a treaty was arranged, by which the Weckquaesgeeks agreed to surrender the murderer. This promise was not fulfilled; but the treaty served to maintain peace for some months.

The year 1643 opened ominously. In both New

England and New Netherland prevailed a vague terror of impending Indian troubles. The great sachem Miantonomoh was reported to be circulating among all the tribes to organize a general attack upon the whites. The inhabitants of the boweries distant from Manhattan looked anxiously into the forests about them, hardly doubting from day to day that the war-whoop would resound from them. In an atmosphere so charged with alarms, a slight incident might have grave results. One day in January De Vries was strolling about the woods near Vriesendael, gun on shoulder, in search of game. Suddenly an Indian, excited by drink, approached the patroon, "stroked him over the arms as a sign of good-will," and thus addressed him: "You are a good chief; when we visit you, you give us milk to drink for nothing. But I have just come from Hackinsack, where they sold me brandy half mixed with water, and then stole my beaver-skin coat." Notwithstanding the patroon's remonstrances, the injured savage declared that he should get his bow and arrows, and kill one of the "roguish Swannekins." De Vries, fearful of trouble, hastened over to Hackinsack, Van der Horst's bowery, and warned the inhabitants of the danger which their conduct had provoked. On his return to Vriesendael, there appeared several chiefs of the Hackinsacks and Rechawancks, who related that the harm had already been done. The Indian had shot a Dutchman named Garret Jansen van Voorst, at Hackinsack, as he was thatching a roof. The chiefs had hastened to Vriesendael to offer the blood atonement of money

(the usual Indian expiation of murder), and to secure the mediation of De Vries in favour of peace. The latter, knowing the provocation received by the murderer, and that the choice lay between the acceptance of these well-meant offers and a bloody war, himself accompanied the Indians to the fort, and supported their cause. They had much to plead in their favour. "Why do you sell brandy to our young men?" they said to Kieft. "They are not used to it; it makes them crazy. Even your own people, who are accustomed to strong liquors, sometimes become drunk, and fight with knives. Sell no more strong drink to the Indians, if you would avoid mischief." To their offer of atonement to the widow, Kieft would not listen. The person of the murderer must be surrendered. The Indians replied that this they could not do: he had gone off two days' journey among the Tan-kitekes. Thus the efforts of De Vries to preserve peace were foiled by the obstinacy and bad judgment of Kieft.

In February, the Mohawks, armed with the guns obtained from the traders at Rensselaerwyck, made their annual descent upon the Algonquin tribes, in the vicinity of Manhattan, to plunder and levy tribute. De Vries awoke one morning to find his bowery filled with hundreds of starved and terror-stricken fugitives, seeking food and protection from the Mohawks. He had but five men besides himself to defend Vriesendaël. It was the depth of winter, and the river was full of floating ice. But he embarked alone in a canoe, and made his way pain-

fully to Manhattan, where he asked the director for the assistance of a few soldiers. Kieft refused it. Almost immediately large numbers of fugitive Indians, including many from Vriesendaël, camped with the Hackinsacks near the oyster banks of Pavonia, depending in their danger upon the protection of the Dutch at the fort. The wise De Vries saw the opportunity offered by this emergency to win the lasting gratitude and friendship of the savages. He pointed out earnestly to Kieft that by affording these people in their hour of suffering the assistance they asked, the disputes of the past would be forgotten, and a permanent peace secured.

But Kieft had neither wisdom nor humanity. Hatred of the savages and love of revenge hurried him on his fatal course. The measures to be taken were concerted in secret with some of his boon companions. Accompanied by Van Tienhoven, he went to dine at the house of Jan Jansen Dam, and there met Verplanck and Adriaensen, — two others who had belonged to the Twelve Men. After dinner, the wily Van Tienhoven presented to the director a petition which purported to come from the Twelve Men. In this, it was urged that the murderers of Smits and of Van Voorst had not been given up, that circumstances had placed the savages in the power of the Dutch, and that a favourable moment had arrived to snatch an easy vengeance. The men there present had no right to speak for the Twelve, whom Kieft had formally dissolved in the previous year; but the excuse of the petition was enough for the purposes of the bloodthirsty direc-

tor. Van Tienhoven and Corporal Hans Steen were sent to reconnoitre the position of the Indians, and to plan the attack. There was no lack of opposition to these proceedings. Domine Bogardus protested vehemently; La Montagne foretold that "war would stalk through the whole country." De Vries learned of the proceedings at Dam's house with disgust and dismay. He went immediately to the fort, and as a former member of the Twelve denied that that body had given its consent or had even been consulted. In vain he pointed out to Kieft the folly of his course, and the certainty that the scattered settlers, taken unawares, would be massacred on their boweries. But the director would reply only that his measures had been taken with the consent of the Commonalty, and leading De Vries to the window, pointed out triumphantly the soldiers drawn up in review within the fort. "Let this work alone!" cried De Vries; "you want to break the Indians' mouths, but you will also murder our own people." "The order has gone forth," replied Kieft, obstinately; "it cannot be recalled."

That night De Vries sat by the kitchen fire in the director's house, sorrowfully reflecting on the criminal folly which was plunging the colony into ruin. He was alone in the fort; not even a sentinel had been left behind. "About midnight," he says, "hearing loud shrieks, I ran to the ramparts of the fort. Looking toward Pavonia, I saw nothing but shooting, and heard nothing but the shrieks of Indians murdered in their sleep." He had returned sadly to the kitchen fire, when an Indian and his

squaw, who had escaped from Pavonia in a canoe, burst into the room. "The Fort Orange Indians have fallen upon us," they cried; "we have come to hide ourselves in the fort." "It is no time to hide yourselves in the fort," replied the patroon, who recognized the savages as neighbours at Vriesendaël; "no Indians have done this deed. It is the work of the Swannekings, — the Dutch." He led them to the gate of the fort, and pointed to the woods beyond as their only place of safety.

The night attack upon the unsuspecting Indians resulted in a general massacre of the families at Pavonia and at Corlaer's Hook. Neither women nor children were spared. The next morning the director enjoyed his momentary triumph, and greeted the "Roman achievements" of his soldiery with hand-shakings and gifts of money.

Kieft's bad example was soon followed by the turbulent element of the Long Island settlers, who wantonly attacked the friendly tribe of Marechkwiecks, killing several, and stealing their corn. This outrage was the more stupid, as the enmity of the Long Island Indians left the Dutch surrounded by foes. Eleven tribes now rose in furious war. On the Hudson River, in Westchester, on Long Island, the forests resounded with their cries, and every outlying bowery suffered attack. The farmers, with such of their families as survived, fled to Manhattan, and camped about the fort. The ships in the harbour became crowded with people anxious to return to Holland. To keep the homeless and angry colonists from starving, Kieft had to take them into the pay

of the Company as soldiers. Even Vriesendael did not escape. The savages destroyed the out-buildings and gathered crops, while De Vries and his men awaited behind the loopholes of his house the final attack. But at this juncture the Indian whom De Vries had befriended on the night of the Pavonia massacre reminded the attacking party of the patrol's constant friendship; and the savages departed, saying that they would do the good chief no more harm, and would even let the brewery stand, although they "longed for the copper kettle to make barbs for their arrows."

Leaving the smouldering ruins of his beloved Vriesendael, De Vries went down to Manhattan. "Has it not happened just as I said," he demanded of Kieft, "that you were only helping to shed Christian blood?" The director could make no answer. He stammered out his surprise that the Indians had not come to the fort to make terms. "Why should they come here," asked De Vries, "whom you have so treated?"

Kieft was now as much alarmed as he had been confident before, and sent messengers to the Long Island Indians to ask for peace. But the savages would not even parley. "Are you our friends?" they cried from a distance. "You are only corn thieves!" The director's position became daily more uncomfortable. Manhattan was crowded with widows, with fatherless children, with farmers, who mourned the loss of buildings, crops, and relatives. It was winter, and shelter for the homeless was hard to find. Provisions were growing scarce. Dark

looks and angry words met Kieft at every turn. Within two weeks of his vain boast that he would make the Indians "wipe their chops," he could find no palliation for the calamities which he had brought upon the colony other than to proclaim the fourth of March as a day of fasting and prayer. "We continue to suffer," the proclamation ran, "much trouble and loss from the heathen, and many of our inhabitants see their lives and property in jeopardy, which is doubtless owing to our sins."

But Kieft's day of fasting did not help him much. A number of burghers talked plainly of putting the director on board of a ship bound for Holland; others upbraided him even in the fort. To all he had but one reply to make: the responsibility rested with Adriaensen, Dam, and Verplanck, who, as members of the Twelve, had urged the midnight attack. But the retort of the burghers was conclusive: "You forbade those freemen to meet, on pain of punishment for disobedience; how came it then?" Among the most furious was Adriaensen himself, who had not only signed the petition, but had commanded the expedition which murdered forty Weckquaesgeeks at Corlaer's Hook. Ruined by the destruction of his own bowery, and stung by the reproaches of his companions, he resented Kieft's attempt to make him responsible. On the morning of March 21 he forced his way, armed, into the director's room, shouting: "What lies are these you are reporting of me?" He was arrested. But a party of his friends and servants came to his rescue, and one of them fired at the director. The

man was shot, and his head set upon a pole, while Adriaensen was sent to Holland.

In this distracted state of the colony Kieft listened at last to De Vries. The latter, accompanied by Jacob Olfertsen, sought out the Indians in the woods, and his influence brought about a peace. But Kieft, persistently wrong, was niggardly with his gifts. The atonement was not sufficient, and De Vries knew well that, although the Indians were willing to observe a truce until their corn was planted, the chiefs could not restrain their young men from finally seeking a full revenge for the dead whom they mourned. And so it proved. In August, the Tankitekes of Haverstraw and the Wappingers of the Highlands dug up the hatchet, killing fifteen Dutchmen along the river, and plundering the fur-laden sloops coming down from Fort Orange.

Kieft called the burghers together to assist him in this new emergency. By them an advisory board was chosen known as the Eight Men, consisting of Jochem Pietersen Kuyter, Cornelis Melyn, Jan Jansen Dam, Barent Dircksen, Abraham Pietersen, Gerrit Wolfertsen, Isaac Allerton, and Thomas Hall. The first two, Kuyter and Melyn, henceforth took in the affairs of the colony a leading part, which was destined to make much trouble for them in Stuyvesant's time. Allerton, a Mayflower emigrant, had come to Manhattan from Plymouth. His presence on the board and that of Hall showed the growing influence of the English in the colony. The Eight Men began their proceedings by expelling Dam on account of his part in bringing about

the Pavonia massacre, and chose in his place Jan Evertsen Bout. The prosecution of hostilities was then authorized. The director took into the Company's service fifty Englishmen, who were about to leave the unhappy colony, and placed at their head Capt. John Underhill, the hardy soldier whose services to New England in the Pequod War had not prevented his banishment thence for religious differences.

But, as De Vries had pointed out before, the colony was too scattered to admit of defence. In September, the Weckquaesgeeks murdered Anne Hutchinson and her family at Annie's Hoeck, in Westchester. Lady Deborah Moody's settlement of English people from Salem at Gravesend, Long Island, barely escaped with their lives by hard fighting. Doughty's prosperous colony at Mespeth was destroyed. The Hackinsacks burned Van der Horst's buildings at Achter Cul. The village at Pavonia was burned in October, and the garrison killed to a man, — although Stoffelsen, who was in charge and had shown the Indians kindness, was sent away by them on some pretext before the attack. Van Voorst's little son was made captive, and De Vries had to go into the forest to obtain his release. Thus, from the Highlands to the Housatonic River, the province of New Netherland was desolated. The surviving farmers camped with their families about the fort. Above the Kolck but a few boweries maintained armed possession. New Amsterdam itself was in danger. Men gathering firewood as far north as Wall Street were constantly

fired at. Van Dyck was shot in the arm while relieving guard. Provisions were falling short, and yet Kieft allowed two vessels laden with grain to sail for Curaçoa. An application for assistance sent to New Haven by Allerton and Underhill resulted in failure.

At this sad time New Netherland lost its best friend. De Vries, the bold sea-captain and enterprising patroon, left the colony forever. His public spirit, his rough wisdom, his tact in dealing with the Indians would have given to New Netherland a happy history had he been in the place of the director. His boweries were in ruins, and the prospect of rebuilding them became daily more remote. A herring-buss from Rotterdam came through Hell Gate, whose skipper had failed to sell his cargo of Madeira in New England "because the English there lived soberly." He wanted a pilot to guide him to Virginia, and De Vries took the opportunity to return to Holland. Before embarking, the patroon went up to the fort. "The murders in which you have shed so much innocent blood," he said to Kieft, "will yet be avenged upon your own head," — a prophecy before long fulfilled.

During the winter of 1644 the Dutch sent out expeditions against the Indians in Westchester and on the great plains of Long Island, under Van Dyck, Kuyter, and Underhill, in which the Christian showed himself to be no less cruel than the heathen. But Kieft was much straitened in his supply of provisions for the people, and of ammunition for the

soldiery. A bill of exchange which he had drawn on the West India Company in the previous autumn had returned protested. The unprofitable wars waged against the Portuguese and Spaniards in South America had brought the Company to bankruptcy. At this juncture, a vessel arrived in port with a cargo of supplies sent by the patroon to his colony of Rensselaerwyck. The skipper, Peter Wynkoop, having refused to sell shoes for the soldiers at Manhattan, Kieft had the ship searched, and finding goods not included in the manifest he confiscated both ship and cargo. The ammunition and clothing thus acquired not proving sufficient, the director levied a tax on beer, which excited great opposition among the impoverished people. The Eight Men remonstrated justly, on the ground that the Company had formally agreed to defray all the expenses of war. "I have more power here than the Company itself," replied Kieft; "therefore I may do and suffer in this country what I please. I am my own master, for I have my commission not from the Company, but from the States-General." Kuyter, Melyn, and Hall of the Eight who went to the fort to protest against the tax were allowed to kick their heels in the director's hall for four hours, and to depart "as wise as they came." In July a Dutch vessel called the "Blue-Cock" arrived from Curaçoa, containing a hundred and thirty soldiers sent by Peter Stuyvesant, the governor there. The burghers jailed the arrival of these men as a means of terminating the Indian war during the summer. But Kieft quartered the soldiers on the Common-

alty, and took no warlike steps. All summer, "scarce a foot was moved on land or an oar laid in the water."

The Eight Men, exasperated by the sufferings of the colony, now apparently interminable, saw that their only hope of redress lay in applications to the States-General and the West India Company. Kuyter and Melyn were the authors of a vigorous memorial sent out in the "Blue-Cock." "Our fields lie fallow and waste," said the Eight; "our dwellings and other buildings are burnt. The crop which God the Lord permitted to come forth during the last summer remains on the field, as well as the hay standing in divers places, whilst we poor people have not been able to obtain a single man for our defence. We are burdened with heavy families; have no means to provide necessaries any longer for our wives and children. We are seated here in the midst of thousands of Indians and barbarians, from whom is to be experienced neither peace nor pity. We have left our fatherland, and had not the Lord our God been our comfort, must have perished in our wretchedness. There are men amongst us who by the sweat and labour of their hands have been endeavouring at great expense to improve their lands and gardens. . . . All these are now laid in ashes through a foolish hankering after war; for it is known to all right-thinking men here that these Indians have lived as lambs amongst us until a few years ago, injuring no one, affording every assistance to our nation. The director hath, by various uncalled-for proceedings, so estranged

them from us, and so embittered them against the Dutch nation, that we do not think anything will bring them back, unless the Lord God, who bends all men's hearts to his will, propitiates them."

The memorials of the Eight Men were considered by the College of the XIX. at the end of 1644. They were conclusive in their description of the misgovernment of the colony, and moreover had the support of De Vries. The West India Company, now bankrupt, was seeking to merge itself with the successful East India Company. An examination into the affairs of New Netherland revealed the fact that instead of the long looked-for profits, the colony had cost, from 1626 to 1644, over five hundred and fifty thousand guilders above the receipts. But the College of the XIX. considering that the Company had promised to assist the colony, and that there might yet be some hope for it, resolved that the directors could not "decently or consistently abandon it." Kieft's policy was condemned, his acts repudiated, and he and his Council were ordered to Holland to assume responsibility for the "bloody exploit" at Pavonia and Corlaer's Hook. A new director was to be sent out and the administration thoroughly reformed.

In the spring of 1645 the Indians, themselves, weary of war, made proposals of peace. The negotiations were long; but on the 20th of August the burghers assembled joyfully at the fort, where the articles of the treaty were submitted to their approval. None objected but Hendrick Kip, who opposed all the proposals of the director, on princi-

ple. The next day was set apart as a day of thanksgiving, and in all the English and Dutch churches it was ordered "to proclaim the good tidings throughout New Netherland." But during the five years of war the colony had been nearly depopulated; hardly more than three hundred freemen remained capable of bearing arms, and all were impoverished. The news of Kieft's repudiation and recall made life at Manhattan very uncomfortable for him. Surrounded by men who attributed to him their ruin, he was often threatened with personal chastisement when he should "take off the coat with which he was bedecked by the lords his masters." All this provoked Kieft to reprisals, and the fort was the scene of constant turmoil. Domine Bogardus arraigned him from the pulpit as "a vessel of wrath and a fountain of woe and trouble;" to which Kieft replied by causing the garrison to beat drums and discharge cannon about the church during the time of the domine's discourse.

The colony at Rensselaerwyck, having kept on good terms with the surrounding Mohawks, had escaped the Indian war, and formed the most prosperous portion of New Netherland. Nature was profuse in her gifts. The river abounded with sturgeon and the brooks with trout. Nuts, plums, blackberries, and grapes were to be had on all sides for the picking. The wild strawberries grew so thickly that the children had but to lie down and eat. D  er, turkeys, partridges, and pigeons were abundant. The lazy burgher could get a fat buck from an Indian in exchange for a pipe. Arendt

van Curler, the agent for the patroon, received the emigrants, allotted them land, and administered a rude justice. In 1642, Domine Johannes Megapolensis was sent out by the Classis of Alckmaar, and he preached to both Dutch and Indian. The fur-trade was a steady source of income, although the independent traders who came up the river curtailed seriously the patroon's profits. To remedy this abuse, Van Rensselaer ordered Van Curler to stop illicit trading, and to preserve his exclusive rights as the "first and oldest" patroon on the North River. For this purpose, in 1644, Van Curler erected a fort on Beeren Island commanding both channels of the river, to which he gave the name of Rensselaerstein. The Dutch claim of "staple right" was set up, a toll of five guilders was levied on passing vessels, and all were ordered to strike their colors to the fort in homage to the patroon in whose territory they were. Nicholas Koorn was appointed "wacht-meester" to enforce these rules. In July, Govert Loockermans, a leading burgher of New Amsterdam, was sailing down the river in his sloop, the "Good Hope," laden with furs collected in the country above. As the "Good Hope" floated lazily past the fort, her crew were surprised to hear a cannon discharged thence, and the voice of Koorn from the ramparts, shouting, —

"Strike thy colours!"

Loockermans was at the helm. "For whom shall I strike?" he inquired.

"For the staple right of Rensselaerstein," shouted Koorn, grandly.

"I strike for nobody," retorted Loockermans, "but the Prince of Orange, or those by whom I am employed."

The sloop passing defiantly on, three shots were fired from the fort, one of which passed through Loockerman's "princely flag," just above his head. Thus began a long struggle between the authorities of New Netherland and of Rensselaerwyck. Nicholas Koorn was immediately summoned before the Council at Manhattan, and a lively dispute took place between him and Van der Huygens, the schout-fiscal. The latter protested against the patroon's attempt to control the Hudson River, while Koorn maintained the right of the patroon, derived from the States-General, to fortify and protect his colony. And there the contention rested until Stuyvesant's time.

The other Dutch possessions in America were faring badly. The South or Delaware River had been explored by Hendricksen in 1616, and in 1623 a beginning was made by the erection of Fort Nassau, on the Jersey shore, about four miles below Philadelphia. In 1631, the patroon Godyn and his partners established the colony of Swaanendael on the Delaware side. But in 1638 Peter Minuit, the former director of Manhattan, brought a party of Swedes into the river, who built Fort Christina, disregarded Kieft's remonstrances, and by superior enterprise soon made themselves masters in that country.

The Dutch were still less successful in opposing the encroachments on their eastern boundaries by

the English. Western Connecticut belonged by discovery and by the erection of Fort Good Hope to New Netherland. But the New England people moved steadily westward, taking up good lands wherever they found them, replying to Dutch remonstrances that the soil was too rich to be left idle. They settled all around the Fort Good Hope, making that Dutch stronghold the favourite subject of their jokes. The turnips planted by Op Dyck and his men were cooked in New England kettles, and the soldier who objected got a buffeting for his pains. The English ploughman ran his furrows close to the walls of the fort, and complained of the obstruction. The garrison that nominally held Connecticut for the West India Company found themselves living in an English community, with the town of Hartford growing up before them. The Dutch claim was undoubtedly good, but there was no force to prevent the all-absorbing English immigration. The New England people were already at Stamford, and the eastern end of Long Island was within their grasp. In 1640, the Lynn emigrants at Cow Bay pulled down the arms of Holland and left in their place "an unhandsome face."

CHAPTER II.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF PETER STUYVESANT.

THE neglect shown by the West India Company towards its colony of New Netherland had been unavoidable. The conquests in Brazil and other portions of South America had proved so costly and unremunerative, the number and the value of Spanish prizes had so far diminished, that the cessation of dividends was followed speedily by bankruptcy. The competition of private traders had curtailed the profits of the fur-trade, and New Netherland, showing a balance on the wrong side of the ledger, was not an interesting subject to the Company. Indeed, the College of the XIX., sorely pressed by greater troubles, had nearly forgotten its North American possessions, until the information of the Indian wars and the aggressions of the English made it evident that a total loss would result from further neglect. There were compunctions of conscience, too, — several of the directors declaring that the Company, after the promises it had made, was bound to give assistance to the settlers. A strong man must be sent out who would repair the errors of Kieft, subdue the Indians, and resist the encroachments of the English. The choice fell on Peter Stuyvesant.

The word "Stuyvesant" signifies "shifting sands," a condition characteristic of parts of the coast of Holland. Peter was the son of Balthazar Stuyvesant, a clergyman of the Reformed religion. Previous to 1619, Balthazar was settled at Scherpenzeel, in southern Friesland. In 1622 he removed with his family to Berlicum, in the same province. Thence, in 1634, he went to Delfzil, in Guelderland, where he died in 1637. At Berlicum, on May 2, 1625, he lost his wife, Margareta Hardenstein, who left two children, — Peter, and a daughter Annake. On July 22, 1627, he married Styntie Pieters, of Haarlem, by whom he had three more children, — Margareta, Tryncke, and Balthazar.

Peter had his own way to make; and his vigorous and impetuous character had led him into the adventurous rather than the peaceful paths of Dutch commercial life. His record was well known to the directors of the West India Company, in whose service he had fought the Spaniards and Portuguese in South America, and had been for some years governor of the island of Curaçoa. During his command there, he had made a naval attack upon the island of St. Thomas, his conduct of which was ever afterward a subject of contention between his friends and enemies. The former always spoke of it as an instance of his "Roman courage," sufficiently proved by the wooden leg worn in consequence of it; while the latter declared that the undertaking was foolhardy in the beginning, and carried out with such vain bluster that the store of powder in the attacking fleet had been exhausted

in a threatening cannonade before the ships got within gunshot of the enemy. It is certain that the attack was unsuccessful, and that Stuyvesant's leg was so badly injured that he was obliged to return to Holland, where it was amputated. He was now walking about on a wooden leg bound with silver bands, and had married, at Amsterdam, Judith, the daughter of Balthazar Bayard, a French protestant who had fled to Holland from persecution. The directors of the West India Company took the "Roman-courage" view of the St. Thomas incident, and decided to confide to Peter Stuyvesant the execution of their plans for the regeneration of New Netherland.

The expedition was liberally fitted out. There were four vessels, — the "Great Gerrit," the "Princess," the "Zwol," and the "Raet." A new Council to assist the director was sent with him, consisting of Hon. Lubbertus Van Dincklage, vice-director of New Netherland and first councillor of New Amsterdam; Hendrick van Dyck, schout-fiscal; Capt. Bryan Newton, an Englishman who had served under Stuyvesant at Curaçoa; Adriaen Keyser, the commissary; and Jesmer Thomas, a captain in the Dutch navy. Besides these, there were soldiers and servants, and a number of traders and adventurers. Stuyvesant took his wife with him, and also his sister Annake (the widow of Nicholas Bayard), with her three sons, — Balthazar, Peter, and Nicholas. The fleet sailed from the Texel on Christmas, 1646.

In such an enterprise it was necessary that full

authority should be vested in the commander ; but Stuyvesant soon showed that to his rightful predominance he added an overbearing spirit. For reasons known only to himself, he determined to proceed to Manhattan Island by way of Curaçoa. The remonstrances of Van Dyck and others of the Council, who were exhausted by the tedium of the voyage and the unhealthfulness of a tropical climate, met with stern denial. At St. Christopher's the fleet fell in with a vessel called the "Love," whose papers not being satisfactory to Stuyvesant, was made a prize of. While the director was sitting in his cabin arranging for the disposal of the prize, the schout-fiscal — Van Dyck — attempted to take part in the business. "Get out !" roared Stuyvesant. "Who admitted you into the Council? When I want you, I'll call you." At Curaçoa, poor Van Dyck tried to enter the council-room again with no better success ; and, to teach him who was master, Stuyvesant never allowed him even a "stroll ashore" during the three weeks that the fleet lay under the tropical sun in the harbour of Curaçoa. By the time the long voyage was over, there had ceased to be any doubt as to the extent of the director's authority.

It was the 27th of May, 1647, before the fleet cast anchor off the fort of New Amsterdam. Great was the joy on board at the view of these beautiful shores, and great was the satisfaction in the little settlement at the prospect of a new governor and new friends. At the fort all the ammunition that remained was consumed in firing salutes, while along

the bank of the East River gathered the inhabitants with their vrows and children, ready with a hearty welcome. Kieft was there, his feelings divided between satisfaction at relief from his burdensome position and fears as to his treatment by the new authorities ; Melyn and Kuyter, burning for an opportunity to let the new director know what they thought of the old one ; Van Tienhoven, anxious for his office of colonial secretary ; and the other burghers, ready to forget the past in pleasant anticipations.

On landing, Stuyvesant proceeded to the fort, whither he was followed by the principal burghers. His bearing, as reported by unfriendly critics, was "like a peacock's, with great state and pomp," and he kept the burghers "for several hours bare-headed," while he was covered "as if he were the Czar of Muscovy." Standing within the fort, he formally assumed authority. Then the wily Kieft, thinking to profit by the general good humour, made a farewell speech, in which he thanked the Commonalty profusely for their fidelity to him. He hoped that fair words would bring a responsive compliment, under which he might retire without an exposure of the hatred in which he had long been held. But his voice only excited still more the feelings which he sought to calm. Kuyter, Melyn, and others of the Eight Men answered angrily that they had no thanks for him. A stormy scene was imminent. Stuyvesant cut it short by announcing that he would do justice to all, and would govern them as a father his children. But there was something

in the director's manner which "caused some to think that he would not be a father."

Stuyvesant's first work was to organize the machinery of government. To the members of his Council, who had come out with him, he added Dr. La Montagne, who had served for many years in a similar capacity, and Van Tienhoven, who continued in his old office of provincial secretary. Baxter, who had been appointed English secretary by Kieft, remained undisturbed, as he was the only man at Manhattan who could "tolerably read or write the English language." Paulus Leendertsen van der Grist was made "equipage master." A court of justice was formed, with Van Dincklage as judge, although Stuyvesant reserved the right to preside when he desired.

When the new director surveyed the capital of his dominions, he found that a great task lay before him. The long Indian wars, the consequent poverty, the incessant quarrels between Kieft and the burghers had left everything at loose ends. The town was confined between the site of Wall Street and the water fronts, and it was thickly settled only in the small space between the fort and the canal, or arm of the East River, which extended up the present Broad Street as far as Exchange Place. The streets were hardly named as yet, and were no more than broad paths, alternately muddy or dusty, extending from the fort to the canal. The houses were rudely constructed of wood, with roofs generally thatched, and with wooden chimneys. Pig-pens and out-houses were set directly on the street, dif-

fusing unpleasant odours. The hogs ran at will, kept out of the vegetable gardens only by rough stockades. Stuyvesant insisted on the removal of nuisances from the streets, ordered the proprietors of vacant lots to improve them within nine months, and appointed Van Dincklage, Van Tienhoven, and Van der Grist "surveyors of buildings" to see that his reforms were carried out. The morals of the people were regulated by proclamations, which called for a "thorough reformation." Drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and brawling must cease. The selling of liquor to the Indians was prohibited. The church was still unfinished; the walls of the fort trodden down by cattle, and an embankment was sorely needed along the water-front, against the encroachments of the tide. These works required money, and turned the director's attention to the revenue. He found that the West India Company was being defrauded of its due by the selling of furs to Virginia and New England. This unlawful business was summarily stopped. A "hand-board" was erected on the shore of the East River, at the foot of the present Whitehall Street, where all vessels were compelled to anchor, and where they could be properly supervised. A method of raising money, characteristic of Dutchmen and more attractive than port duties, was immediately adopted. Two vessels, the "Cat" and the "Love," were despatched to the West Indies in search of Spanish prizes.

Stuyvesant had hardly started on this preliminary work, when a contest arose which greatly disturbed the peace of the colony, and formed the beginning

of a long series of dissensions between the director and his people. The majority of the burghers had been satisfied with the dismissal of Kieft from the directorship, and were bent only on making the most of the new conditions. But Kuyter and Melyn, who were partners in a patroonship, men of means and education much superior to Kieft, were not inclined to let him off so easily. Their losses through his misgovernment had been ruinous, and the long enmity rankled unsatisfied. Now they presented to the director and Council formal accusations against Kieft, with a petition that the leading citizens should be examined with a view to laying bare his whole conduct, from the imposition of the Indian tribute in 1639. Had the patroons known more of the character of the new director they would not have ventured so far. If there was one opinion unalterably fixed in the mind of Stuyvesant, it was that to the powers that be is due a blind obedience. Right or wrong, there should be no resistance to a constituted authority. Although political liberty was the birthright of the Dutch, their colonies, generally military in character, had to be arbitrarily governed. Stuyvesant was accustomed to a rigid discipline, and he knew how to govern only as a master.

When the petition of Kuyter and Melyn was received, the director at once took alarm. If the administration of Kieft were thus to be put in judgment on the demand of private persons, his own conduct would be subject to the same examination. The precedent was dangerous. He "chose the side of Kieft;" declined to recognize Kuyter and Melyn

in their official capacity as members of the Eight Men, and refused to consider such a petition from private individuals. "If this point be conceded," he said at the Council Board, "will not these cunning fellows, in order to usurp over us a more unlimited power, claim and assume in consequence even greater authority against ourselves and our commission, should it happen that our administration may not square in every respect with their whims?" He ended by saying, and no doubt it was his earnest belief: "It is treason to petition against one's magistrates, whether there be cause or not." The Council agreed with him, and the petition of the "malignant subjects" was rejected.

The guilty Kieft had been much alarmed at the possible issue. Now, seeing his advantage, he boldly became complainant, and accused Kuyter and Melyn of being the authors of the Memorial to the Congress of the XIX. in 1644, which, he claimed, contained false statements calculated to bring the magistrates into contempt. Stuyvesant had worked himself into a passion by this time, and made up his mind to punish Kuyter and Melyn as an example. He ordered them to appear to answer within forty-eight hours. Kieft's complaint being no more than the accusation that the patrooms had told the truth about himself, other charges were trumped up. Both were convicted: Melyn was sentenced to seven years' banishment and a fine of three hundred guilders; Kuyter, to half of the same penalty. The sentences were unjust and very unpopular. But Stuyvesant was re

solved that there should be no question in the colony as to the extent of the director's authority.

Melyn declared his intention to appeal to the directors in Holland, which increased Stuyvesant's anger to fury. "If I was persuaded," he said to Melyn, "that you would appeal from my sentences, or divulge them, I would have your head cut off, or have you hanged on the highest tree in New Netherland." Nothing excited him so much as the contempt of his authority involved in a threatened appeal to Holland. When any one mentioned the subject, he became so angry that "the foam hung on his beard." He said to Van Hardenberg, as the two were leaving the parsonage house after a meeting of the consistory: "If any one during my administration shall appeal, I will make him a foot shorter, and send the pieces to Holland, and let him appeal in that way." His whole conduct of this affair was in accordance with a remark attributed to him in the "Representation from New Netherland": "These brutes may hereafter try to knock me down also, but I will manage it so now that they will have their bellies full for the future."

The ship "Princess" lay at anchor in the East River ready to sail for Holland. Domine Bogardus and Kieft embarked to return home, and the unfortunate patroons were sent aboard as prisoners. Off the coast of England the "Princess" struck upon a rock in the night, and began to go to pieces. "And now," says the Breeden Raedt, "this wicked Kieft, seeing death before his eyes, sighed deeply, and, turning to these two, said: 'Friends, I have

been unjust towards you ; can you forgive me ? ” His repentance came too late ; he perished in the fulfilment of the prophecy of De Vries, that his sins would be visited upon his own head. The Domine Bogardus and nearly all the ship's company were lost. “ Jochem Pietersen Kuyter remained alone on a part of the ship on which stood a cannon, which he took for a man ; but speaking to it and getting no answer, he supposed him dead. He was at last thrown on land, together with the cannon, to the great astonishment of the English, who crowded the strand by thousands, and set up the ordnance as a lasting memorial. Melyn, floating on his back, fell in with others who had remained on a part of the wreck, till they were driven on a sand-bank, which became dry with the ebb.” Then they got ashore. As Kuyter and Melyn “ were more concerned for their papers than for anything else, they caused them to be dragged for, and on the third day Jochem Pietersen got a small part of them. . . . When they arrived in Holland, the Dutch directors much lamented the loss of the ship and its rich cargo, and were doubly pained that, while so many fine men were lost, two rebellious bandits should survive to trouble the Company with their complaints.” But the patroons had justice on their side, and they succeeded finally in changing this hostile opinion.

After the departure of the “ Princess,” Stuyvesant threw himself vigorously into the work of improvement. A devout professor of the Reformed religion, he had joined the consistory of the church at New

Amsterdam, and now took measures to have the building finished. The place of Domine Bogardus was taken by Domine Backerus, who had come out with the director. Work on the fort and the streets proceeded; but in everything the director was hampered by lack of means. The "Love" and the "Cat" were still looking for a prize, and the port duties came in slowly. In this difficulty, Stuyvesant proclaimed a tax on wines and beers. Immediately there was great opposition from the burghers. They conceded to the Company its right of government, but insisted that it must pay its own expenses. "No taxation without representation" was a principle perfectly understood by the Dutch. Stuyvesant tried in vain to carry his point. At last, to allay the discontent, he was obliged to make concessions which admitted the people to a share in the government. In September, 1647, a Board of Nine Men was established, to be presided over by the director. They were to advise, not to legislate. Three members were to sit in rotation to hear civil suits, the litigants to have the right of appeal to the Council. Six were to retire annually, and their places to be taken by six others, to be appointed by the director from a list of twelve of the "most notable citizens" named by the Commonalty. Thus, the Board of Nine Men was to be largely the director's choice; and as it was to continue "until lawfully repealed," he could dispense with it if he chose. Still, the concession was a great step toward the representation of the people in public affairs, and prepared the way for better things to come.

The first Board was made up of excellent men. From the merchants were chosen Augustine Heermans, Arnoldus van Hardenberg, Govert Loockermans; from the citizens, Jan Jansen Dam, Jacob Wolfertsen (Van Couwenhoven), Hendrick Kip; from the farmers, Machyel Janssen, Jan Evertsen Bout, Thomas Hall. At the first meeting of the Board Stuyvesant was ill with an influenza which prevailed throughout New Netherland and New England; but he sent a summary of the subjects to be considered, among which the principal were repairs to the fort, the completion of the church, the building of a schoolhouse, and the maintenance of a school-teacher. The Nine Men showed themselves worthy of their responsibility. The means for all these objects were provided for by internal taxation, except the work on the fort. The Board contended, and maintained successfully, that the West India Company's charter of 1629 bound the Company to bear all the expense of the military establishment. For that purpose the director must depend upon the port and mill duties.

Domestic affairs had hardly been got in running order when Stuyvesant's attention was drawn to the aggressions of New England. All the country lying between the Connecticut and Hudson rivers was claimed by the Dutch by right of first occupation. We have already seen how ineffective a barrier had been Fort Good Hope and its small garrison to the steady westward progress of the English. These extensive and fertile lands were valuable to the Dutch as a rich field of the fur-gathering industry;

but they had never attempted to fill it with boweries. The restless New England people, continually moving in search of better land, scorned the Dutch claim. "The land," they said, "was too good to stand idle." It rapidly became covered with their farms and villages. New Haven and Hartford grew apace. The Dutch had no power to keep back the English tide, and their numbers were not sufficient to send settlers to anticipate the intruders. The English policy, openly avowed, was "to keep crowding the Dutch." Stuyvesant, alarmed at the prospect, opened communication with New England, and sought an interview with Winthrop; but New England preferred to put off discussion, while the "crowding out" went on. Winthrop agreed to meet Stuyvesant when his health permitted,—a time which seemed never to come. The Dutch director made a formal proposition that the boundaries of New Netherland should be recognized as the Connecticut and Delaware rivers. Winthrop evaded an answer, and made complaints of the selling of arms to the Indians by the Dutch, and of the restrictions on trade at the port of New Amsterdam. Already in Kieft's time a party of Englishmen had laid claim to Long Island as belonging to the Earl of Stirling. In the autumn of 1647, a man named Forester appeared, and attempted to take possession as the agent of Lord Stirling's widow. This was pushing matters too far. Stuyvesant captured him, kept him in close confinement at New Amsterdam, and sent him off in the first ship that sailed for Holland.

The flourishing colony of New Haven, under Governor Eaton, was within the nominal boundaries of New Netherland. Stuyvesant heard that a Dutch ship, named the "Saint Benino," was taking in a cargo there without paying dues or obtaining permission from the authorities of New Amsterdam. In the director's opinion, this was a flagrant defiance of the West India Company's rights. He pronounced the ship a smuggler, and devised a skilful plan to capture her. The "Zwol," a Dutch vessel, had been purchased by the deputy governor of New Haven, and delivery was to be at that place. Stuyvesant sent the vessel off with a party of armed men on board, under Captain Van der Grist. The "Zwol" sailed into the harbour at New Haven "on the Lord's Day," ran alongside the "Saint Benino," captured her and her crew; and Captain Van der Grist, leaving his own vessel to her new owner, sailed away on the "Saint Benino" before the English knew what was going on. Governor Eaton was naturally very angry. "We have protested," he wrote, "and by these presents do protest against you Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of the Dutch at Manhattans, for disturbing the peace between the Dutch and the English in these parts, . . . by making unjust claims to our lands and plantations, to our havens and rivers, and by taking a ship out of our harbour without our permission by your agents and commission; and we hereby profess that whatever inconvenience may hereafter grow, you are the cause and author of it, as we hope to show and prove before our superiors in

Europe." Stuyvesant replied that the ship was legally confiscated within the boundaries of New Netherland. But he was careful to conduct his correspondence in Dutch, which Eaton could not understand.

Three servants of the West India Company ran away soon after, and took refuge at New Haven. Stuyvesant wrote to Eaton, to request their surrender; but in his characteristic way he addressed the letter to New Haven in New Netherland. This angered Eaton still more, and he refused to give up the men. The harbouring of each other's fugitives was for all the colonies a dangerous practice, and Winthrop much regretted the action of Eaton. But Stuyvesant, instead of leaving his adversary in the wrong, put himself there by proclaiming that "if any person, noble or ignoble, freeman or slave, debtor or creditor, yea, to the lowest prisoner included, run away from the colony of New Haven, or seek refuge in our limits, he shall remain free under our protection on taking the oath of allegiance." This policy was so unpopular at home as well as hostile to the other colonies that Stuyvesant found himself obliged to inform Massachusetts and Virginia that the rule did not apply to them. By assurances of immunity, privately conveyed to the deserters at New Haven, he induced them to return, and was then able to revoke his proclamation with some show of dignity. Thus the conflict went on.

Ever since the scene on the Hudson River, when Govert Loockermans had refused to strike his flag to the "right" of Rensselaerstein, there had been dis-

agreement between New Amsterdam and Rensselaerwyck; and Stuyvesant was not the man to smooth matters over by a conciliatory attitude. In 1648, having proclaimed a fast, Stuyvesant found that it was not observed at Rensselaerwyck, the commissary there taking this means of showing his independence of New Amsterdam. The first patroon had never been in New Netherland. He was now dead, and the title and estates descended to his son Johan, a minor in Holland. The guardians of the heir had sent out Brandt van Schlechtenhorst as agent and commissary, — a man who loved independent command as well as Stuyvesant himself. On hearing of the commissary's neglect of his proclamation, the director went up to Fort Orange in person. The fort and some land about it belonged to the West India Company; but the remainder of the territory was the property of the patroon. Hence a conflict of authority was easy. Stuyvesant found that the village of Beverwyck, which had nestled for protection close to the fort, was on land belonging to the Company. Moreover, the proximity of some of the houses to the ramparts interfered with the use of the fort. These houses he ordered to be pulled down; and he further directed that the fort should be repaired with stone taken from the patroon's land. Van Schlechtenhorst refused to carry out either order, and a violent quarrel ensued, even the Indians standing about and wondering why "Wooden Leg" wanted to pull down his countrymen's houses. Stuyvesant wished to assert his authority; but he also wished to take measures to

insure the safety of that portion of New Netherland. He departed from Rensselaerwyck in great wrath, and sent up from Manhattan a detachment of soldiery to enforce his orders. But the force was not enough to overcome the opposition of the inhabitants, and victory, for the present, lay with the commissary.

During the first two years of Stuyvesant's authority a substantial immigration from Holland took place; the ravages of the Indian wars were repaired; boweries were repeopled; and trade grew at New Amsterdam. With returning prosperity the people grew restless under the commercial rule of the West India Company, and began to resent the arbitrary domination of the director. These Dutchmen had been accustomed at home to political liberty, and in their adopted country wished to be surrounded by the cherished institutions of the fatherland. In the hands of Stuyvesant absolute authority became a galling yoke. Well meaning though he was, and solicitous for the good of the colony, his impetuous temper and rough words kept him in an attitude of apparent hostility toward the burghers. The first Board of Nine Men had many conflicts with him. The second Board, appointed in 1649, were against him to a man. They accused him of selling arms to the Indians, while he forbade to the other citizens that profitable traffic; of monopolizing various branches of trade for his own benefit; and, lastly, of a tyrannical manner toward persons having business with the Company. The last accusation was well founded; the others were probably mistaken.

However, the Nine Men decided among themselves that a reform in the administration of the province was imperatively needed ; abuses must be corrected, and a more popular government secured. To attain this end a delegation must be sent to Holland to lay the demands of the people before the College of the XIX. and the States-General. The Board asked Stuyvesant's permission to call a meeting of the Commonalty to obtain its support and pecuniary aid. Stuyvesant, as usual, went into a rage, swore that there should be no public meeting, and that any communication between the people and the College should go through him only. Naturally, this method did not suit the Nine Men. As they were forbidden to consult the Commonalty in meeting assembled, they resolved to do so individually and privately. They went about from house to house asking from each burgher his moral support and financial aid. With them went Adriaen Van der Donck, — the first lawyer to settle in New Netherland, a graduate of the University of Leyden, and a Doctor of Laws ; he took down in writing the substance of these interviews. Stuyvesant was furious when he heard of what was going on. He went in person to Donck's house while the lawyer was away, and seized his papers. Donck, on his return, was imprisoned. The director then called a meeting of burghers chosen by himself, procured their approval of his conduct, expelled Donck from the Board, and kept his papers. Although an apparent victory for Stuyvesant, this conduct excited great dissatisfaction in the colony, and roused an increased opposition to him.

At this critical juncture, Melyn returned triumphantly from Holland, bringing with him a reversal of his sentence obtained from Their High Mightinesses, together with a letter ordering Stuyvesant to appear in person or by proxy at The Hague, to answer the accusations which Kuyter and Melyn had brought against him. Melyn, smarting under his ill-treatment, was not inclined to spare the director. Soon after his return, a meeting of citizens was held in the church. There he went accompanied by his friends, and demanded that the reversal of his sentence be pronounced as publicly as the sentence itself had been. A hot dispute arose: on one side Stuyvesant and his supporters, on the other Melyn and the party opposed to the administration. The question put to a vote was decided in Melyn's favour. So, Van Hardenberg, one of the Nine, took the paper and rose to read it. Furious at this proceeding, Stuyvesant declared that a copy must first be served on him, and going up to Van Hardenberg, he tore the paper from his hand. Hardenberg attempted to recover it; an uproar ensued; the opposing parties struggled for the possession of the paper, and the seal was torn from it. This scene of violence lasted for some minutes. Then some of the cooler heads interceded. Stuyvesant saw that his position was untenable; Melyn promised to furnish him with a copy, and Van Hardenberg was allowed to read the mutilated paper.

This scene, together with Stuyvesant's treatment of Van der Donck and the other subjects of complaint, roused so strong a feeling against the director

that he could no longer prevent the departure of a delegation to Holland. A memorial of the complaints and wants of the citizens was drawn up and signed on behalf of the Commonalty, by Augustine Heermans, Arnoldus van Hardenberg, Oloff Stevenss (Van Courtlandt), Machyel Janssen, Thomas Hall, Elbert Elbertsen, Govert Loockermans, and Hendrick Hendricksen Kip. The memorial was dated July 26, 1649. The delegates chosen to present it were Jacob Wolfertsen van Couwenhoven, Jan Evertsen Bout, and Adriaen Van der Donck. Stuyvesant sent Van Tienhoven to represent him.

On arriving in Holland, Van der Donck wisely perceived that he could expect nothing from the West India Company, who would support Stuyvesant right or wrong, and so he appealed directly to the States-General. At the same time he realized the necessity of arousing some public interest in his mission, without which the States-General, occupied with greater affairs, might accord the delegates from New Netherland but slight attention. With this object, he published his "*Vertoogh*," a book which set forth the history of the settlement of the Dutch colonies in North America, with many interesting facts concerning their progress and necessities. The plan was eminently successful. The book was so much read and excited so much attention that the Amsterdam chamber of the West India Company wrote to Stuyvesant: "The name of New Netherland, was scarcely ever mentioned before, and now it would seem as if heaven and earth were interested in it."

The delegates were received formally in the great hall of the States-General, and a committee was appointed to consider their application. They asked for protection from the Indians, for freedom of trade, and, above all, for a popular municipal government in place of the arbitrary rule of a commercial Company. They pointed out the necessity for encouraging the emigration of real settlers who meant to make their permanent home in New Netherland, and without whom the Dutch territories could not be retained. At present, they said, there were too many "Scots and Chinese," — persons who were defined as "petty traders who swarm here with great industry, reap immense profit, and exhaust the country without adding anything to its population or security. But, if they skim a little fat from the pot, they can take again to their heels." Against Stuyvesant they urged his tyrannical conduct, his monopoly of profitable branches of trade, his injustice to litigants. "His manner in court," they said, "has been from his first arrival up to this time, to brow-beat, dispute with, and harass one of the two parties. . . . If any one offer objection, his Honor bursts forth incontinently into a rage, and makes such a to-do that it is dreadful." Stuyvesant, they urged, was quite uncontrolled by his Council. Van Dincklage was always overruled; La Montagne was afraid to speak frankly; Brian Newton did not understand Dutch, and so was obliged to say "Yes" to everything; Van Dyck was not allowed to give an opinion. The colony could never prosper until it had proper courts of justice and a free burgher government.

Van Tienhoven, representing Stuyvesant, relied upon the support of the West India Company, and sought only to discredit the motives of the popular party. "Arnoldus van Hardenberg," he sneered, "knew how to charge the colonists well for his wares." Oloff Stevensen (Van Courtlandt) having gone out as a common soldier, had been promoted by Kieft to be commissary of the store; "he has profited by the Company's service, and is endeavouring to give his benefactor the pay of the world,—that is, evil for good." Elbert Elbertsen was in the Company's debt, from which he would like to escape; Govert Loockermans owed his prosperity to the Company, and should support it. Hendrick Kip, he said, was a tailor who had lost nothing, presumably, because he had nothing to lose. This line of defence could not have much effect, and Van Tienhoven soon discredited himself altogether by being arrested and imprisoned for immoral conduct.

Still, the delegates had against them the influence of the West India Company, whose policy it was to tire them out by vexatious delays. Postponement after postponement took place, causing to Van der Donck and his associates an expense and a loss of time which they could ill afford. During the progress of the negotiations, their High Mightinesses of the States-General endeavoured to smooth matters over by ordering Stuyvesant to appear in person in Holland, and the West India Company to institute reforms in New Netherland. But the Company, standing on its technical rights, disputed the authority of the States-General, and privately

informed Stuyvesant of the attitude it had taken. So when the director received the order to repair to Holland, he said that he should "do as he pleased," and he stayed where he was. For three long years the faithful delegates urged the cause of their fellow-colonists at The Hague and at Amsterdam before they could prevail against the power of the commercial Company which held New Netherland as its private property.

Melyn had been assisting the delegates at The Hague, and in 1650 sailed from Holland in a good ship laden with colonists and stores for his manor at Staten Island. When off the coast, his ship was struck by a storm and put into Rhode Island for repairs. This was a technical violation of the West India Company's laws regarding trading without a license, although there was no proof to show that any trading had been done. But when the ship arrived at New Amsterdam, and Stuyvesant heard of the stopping at Rhode Island, he seized upon the excuse to persecute his enemy. He brought Melyn to trial as owner of the vessel; unable to prove it, he was obliged to release him. But he confiscated both ship and cargo, — a high-handed act of tyranny, for which the Company had to pay heavy damages to the real owner of the vessel. Poor Melyn lost his stores; and not only that, Stuyvesant brought new charges against him, and confiscated his property in New Amsterdam. Melyn retired to Staten Island, built a fort, and intrenched himself against the fiery director.

Stuyvesant's domineering temper was increasing,

and the people were becoming less inclined to endure it. New Amsterdam was a small place, and irritation grew with constant contact. Money and letters were privately despatched to Holland to aid the cause of the delegates. Disaffection arose even in the Council. Van Dincklage, the vice-director, got up a new protest in support of Van der Donck. Stuyvesant discovered it, and expelled Van Dincklage from the Council. The vice-director resisted, contending that his commission was from the States-General. Stuyvesant imprisoned him in the fort. He escaped, and took refuge behind the stockade of Melyn on Staten Island. "Our great Muscovy Duke," he wrote to Van der Donck, "goes on as usual, resembling somewhat the wolf; the older he gets the worse he bites. He proceeds no longer by words or letters, but by arrests and stripes."

Van Dyck, the schout-fiscal, whom Stuyvesant had treated with such severity on the voyage out, was found to have been concerned with Van Dincklage. He was punished by being reduced from the office of fiscal, or attorney-general, to the position of a clerk. Stuyvesant's opponents assert that poor Van Dyck was "charged to look after the pigs and keep them out of the fort, — a duty which a negro could very well perform." The late attorney-general objected to such an occupation, and then the director "got as angry as if he could swallow him up," and when he disobeyed "put him in confinement or bastinadoed him with his rattan." Yet the feelings of Van Dyck were still more sorely offended. Van Tienhoven, after presenting Stuyvesant's defence to

the committee of the States-General, had been convicted of licentious conduct, and Holland being too hot for him, had returned to New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant now accused Van Dyck of drunkenness; and appointed Van Tienhoven in his place as fiscal. The appointment was very unpopular, and particularly hateful to Van Dyck. "The perjured secretary," he wrote, "returned here contrary to their High Mightinesses' prohibition; a public, notorious, and convicted whore-monger and oath-breaker, a reproach to this country and the main scourge of both Christians and heathens. . . . The fault of drunkenness could be easily noticed in me, but not in Van Tienhoven, who has frequently come out of the tavern so full that he could get no further, and was forced to lie down in the gutter." All these animosities kept New Amsterdam in a ferment, and Stuyvesant now went about accompanied by a guard of four soldiers.

In 1650, the director found himself obliged to make some settlement regarding his New England boundary. The English farmers were extending constantly westward, and serious quarrels were taking place between them and the Dutch owners of outlying boweries. Stuyvesant concluded wisely that he could only lose by delay, and that it was better to draw a definite line somewhere, even if much territory justly claimed by the Dutch had to be surrendered. Negotiations were opened with Connecticut, and commissioners appointed on both sides. Those representing the Dutch were Thomas Willett of Plymouth, and George Baxter, the Eng-

lish secretary of New Netherland. Much indignation was expressed at New Amsterdam that both commissioners to present the Dutch cause were Englishmen. Stuyvesant probably found it impossible to select competent Dutchmen who could speak English; and moreover the nationality of his commissioners was of little importance to him, as the real work of sustaining the Dutch claims was to be performed by himself. He proceeded in state to Hartford, where, as well as on the journey, he was treated with great respect by the inhabitants. As he travelled eastward, he could not help recognizing the weakness of the Dutch claim to Connecticut. It was true that the Dutch had been the first white men to tread upon these lands, and that they had taken formal possession by the erection of Fort Good Hope and the maintenance of a garrison there. But the fertile valley of the Connecticut was actually occupied by English farms and villages. The Dutch director had no power to compel their allegiance or to drive them away. By force of numbers and by activity of settlement the English had acquired a right of occupation which was at least as good as the Dutch right of discovery. The eastern end of Long Island was in the same situation as Connecticut.

When the negotiations were opened, Stuyvesant raised a small storm by characteristically dating his first communication from "Hartford in New Netherland." But this blew over, and business proceeded quite amicably. The agreement reached provided that the line dividing Dutch and English jurisdiction

on Long Island should run from Oyster Bay to the Atlantic Ocean. On the mainland, the line began west of Greenwich Bay, four miles from Stamford, and ran northerly thence; but it was never to approach nearer than ten miles to the Hudson River. In the vicinity of Hartford, the Dutch were considered as controlling only such lands as they actually held and cultivated. This agreement was condemned vigorously at New Amsterdam, where the people reproached Stuyvesant with the abandonment of so large a portion of New Netherland. The West India Company also disapproved the treaty. Yet there can be no doubt that Stuyvesant knew best, and set the wise course for the Dutch to pursue under the circumstances.

At last, in the beginning of 1653, Van der Donck and his companions returned to New Amsterdam with the hard-earned fruits of their patriotic labours in Holland. The West India Company had opposed them long with success; but the collapse of Van Tienhoven, the continued support sent to the delegates from New Amsterdam, the persistent appeals by Van der Donck, Bout, and Couwenhoven to the States-General and the people of Holland had proved too much for the Company. It was obliged to yield, or see its power transferred altogether to the States-General. The government of New Amsterdam was henceforth to be conducted by two burgomasters, five schepens, and a schout, or sheriff, after the manner of the towns of the fatherland. These offices were directed to be filled by election. But Stuyvesant, disregarding the orders of the States-

General to that effect, took it upon himself to fill them by his own appointment. The first burgomasters were Arendt van Hatten and Martin Cregier; the schepens, Wilhelm Beeckman, Paulus Leendertsen van der Grist, Maximilian van Gheel, Allard Anthony, Pieter Wolfertsen van Couwenhoven; and Jacob Kip was the first secretary to the magistrates. It is significant that none of those men to whose efforts the great reform was chiefly due were appointed to office. Still, the appointments were good and well received. Van Tienhoven, however, was made the schout, which gave great dissatisfaction. It is difficult to understand Stuyvesant's continued support of this man except on the ground that he made a useful tool. Thus began municipal government on Manhattan Island, where burgomasters and schepens conducted the city's affairs until the English had taken the place of the Dutch flag. The labours of these officers will be considered in another chapter.

At the same time that their High Mightinesses granted the reforms asked for by Van der Donck, they commanded Stuyvesant to return to Holland to answer the accusations which had been made against himself. But this order was soon rescinded. War had broken out between England and Holland; Blake and Tromp were contending for the mastery of the English Channel; and Stuyvesant's hand, too heavy in times of peace, was needed at the helm in the prevailing storm. The news of the European war was received in New England and New Amsterdam with consternation, as it seemed to involve

hostilities between the colonies. Stuyvesant, knowing his own slender resources, was much troubled at the prospect, and sent to New England and Virginia assurances of his continued friendly feeling. But the danger was imminent, and all the director's energies were concentrated on measures of defence. The northerly boundary of the town, where an attack by the English would be made, was quite unprotected. Stuyvesant began the construction of a ditch and palisade from the East to the North River, upon which work was pushed rapidly while the danger of invasion lasted. The palisade was erected on the present site of Wall Street, whence the name was derived. There was a gate on the shore of the East River called the Water Gate, and another at Broadway called the Land Gate. The inhabitants at first cheerfully seconded Stuyvesant's efforts to erect this defence ; but as war became less probable, they refused to go on with it, and Stuyvesant was obliged to raise the necessary means to complete the work by a private subscription among the richer citizens.

In New England the alarm of coming war was intensified by a report circulated in Connecticut, as derived from Uncas the Mohegan chief, that Stuyvesant was in league with Pessicus, Mixam, and Ninigret, chiefs of other tribes, to make a concerted descent upon the English. As soon as the director heard of the story, he denied it publicly and indignantly. Still, the possibility of savage hostilities was so much dreaded that New England sent commissioners among the tribes to investigate the report. To them Uncas said : " Do not we know the Eng-

lish are not a sleepy people? Do they think we are mad to sell our lives and the lives of our wives and children and all our kindred, and to have our country destroyed for a few guns, powder, shot, and swords? What good will they do us when we are dead?" Ninigret, in his defence, set forth the contemptuous treatment of himself by Stuyvesant: "I stood a great part of a winter's day knocking at the governor's door, and he would neither open it nor suffer others to open it to let me in. I was not wont to find such treatment from the English my friends."

Massachusetts was persuaded of Stuyvesant's peaceful intentions, and refused to join Connecticut in making war on the Dutch. The Connecticut people, being so much nearer the point of danger and so much more liable to Indian attacks, were less confident of security; but they could not proceed without the help of Massachusetts Bay. Governor Eaton sent Captain John Underhill to Long Island to investigate there the reported conspiracy. Underhill, who was a turbulent fellow, did not trouble himself to investigate, but began a small war on his own account. Raising his standard at Heemstede and Flushing, he made proclamation that Stuyvesant had been guilty of unlawful taxation, conspiracy with Indians, violation of conscience and other obnoxious conduct, and called upon the Dutch and English inhabitants to throw off his tyrannical yoke. Stuyvesant arrested Underhill, and would have hanged him; but thinking it a good opportunity to show his friendship toward New England, he released him after a short imprisonment.

The graceless Underhill then went to Rhode Island, where he succeeded in inducing the General Assembly to declare war against New Netherland. He was made captain of the land forces, while William Dyre and Edward Hull were appointed commanders on the sea, to relieve the English on Long Island "from the cruell tirannie of the Dutch power at the Manathoes" and to "bring the Dutch to conformitie to the Commonwealth of England." Underhill set out for Fort Good Hope with twenty volunteers. The deserted and ruined fort, with about thirty acres of land, was all that remained to the Dutch in the Connecticut valley. This property Underhill claimed by right of conquest, and sold to two different persons, giving to each a deed. Then he disbanded his valiant army. At sea, Hull took a French ship, which was not a severe blow to Stuyvesant; and Baxter, under a letter of marque from Rhode Island, turned pirate and attacked Dutch and English vessels impartially.

A number of fights occurring among the Indians, and some outrages upon white settlers at this time renewed in Connecticut the fears of Indian hostility. The prospect of such a calamity was so appalling, and a belief in a league between Dutch and Indians so strong, that the people prepared actively for a war. Until New Netherland should be subject to English rule, there seemed no certainty that the savages could be kept in subjection. Large gatherings of armed men took place at Stamford and Fairfield. Massachusetts was loudly blamed for her refusal to send assistance. Commissioners were

sent to England to ask Cromwell for men and arms, and Governor Hopkins, who was then in London, was urged to press the demand. Cromwell complied ; and several vessels, with arms and soldiers under Captain Leverett and Major Sedgwick, reached America, where Plymouth and New Haven had raised a co-operating force. But before the beginning of hostilities, in 1654, news arrived that peace had been concluded between England and Holland. It was a fortunate escape for New Netherland, which must have yielded to so superior a force. Stuyvesant had realized the gravity of the situation, and on the announcement of peace he set apart a day of thanksgiving. "Praise the Lord," ran the proclamation, "O England's Jerusalem ! and Netherland's Zion, praise ye the Lord ! He hath secured your gates and blessed your possessions with peace, even here where the threatened torch of war was lighted ; where the waves reached our lips, and subsided only through the power of the Almighty."

After the establishment of burgher government in New Amsterdam there continued to be some friction regarding taxation between Stuyvesant, as the representative of the West India Company, and the municipality. But with this exception, matters went smoothly enough. On the other hand, there was much discontent among the inhabitants of the English towns on Long Island. They were still subject to the rule of the West India Company, and paid taxes to the director. They claimed that no protection against the Indians was afforded them, and that they got no equivalent for their money.

In 1653 these towns chose delegates to a convention held at the Stadt Huys in New Amsterdam, under the leadership of George Baxter and James Hubbard. These English residents of New Netherland had been relied upon hitherto by Stuyvesant as a support against the disaffected Dutch party. Their opposition was, therefore, a serious blow to him. When the convention met, he sent La Montagne and Van Werckhoven of his Council to represent him. The delegates declined positively to receive Van Werckhoven, and refused to allow La Montagne or the director himself to preside over them. They made the point that while acknowledging allegiance to the States-General of Holland, they rejected the authority of the West India Company. Hence they would receive into the convention representatives of the burgomasters and schepens, but not of the director. Furthermore, they declared that as they were obliged to take their own measures for defence, they would pay no more taxes to the Company.

Stuyvesant was much enraged, and informed the convention that its conduct "smelt of rebellion, or contempt of his high authority and commission," which was indeed the fact. Unable to prevent this new disaffection, he sought to modify its effects. If a convention were to be held, he claimed, the Dutch as well as the English towns had a right to be represented in it. The delegates had to agree to this, and postponed their meeting for a month, saying, "the director might then do as he pleased, and prevent it if he could."

On re-assembling, delegates appeared from the four Dutch towns, New Amsterdam, Breukelen, Amersfoort (Flatlands), and Midwout (Flatbush); and four English towns, — Flushing, Newtown, Heemstede, and Gravesend. Nine Englishmen and ten Dutchmen composed the convention. George Baxter was secretary, and drew up the memorial of grievances. Stuyvesant sought to sow discord among the members. "Is there no one among the Netherlands nation," he inquired scornfully, "expert enough to draw up a remonstrance to the director and Council, . . . that a foreigner or an Englishman is required to dictate what you have to say?" But this taunt did not disturb the union of the delegates. They presented their memorial, complaining of the arbitrary character of the government, and of its neglect of their interests; the West India Company collected taxes, and left them to fight their own battles with the savages. Stuyvesant replied, denying that there was any cause of complaint. A debate followed. The director took the ground that there was no inherent right in the people to share in the government, and that the convention itself was an unlawful body. The delegates manfully sustained the contrary, and carried their views into effect by sending to Holland an agent, named Le Bleeuw, to argue their cause. The mission failed; the agent's remonstrances were considered frivolous, and he was forbidden to return to New Netherland. The West India Company wrote to Stuyvesant that his administration was approved. His only fault had been in showing

too much leniency to "the ring-leaders of the gang," and in condescending to parley with them. So Stuyvesant expelled Baxter and Hubbard from their offices. Soon afterward they raised the English flag at Gravesend, and declared the town subject to England. The director then sent a military force to Long Island, captured the Englishmen, and locked them up at New Amsterdam. Thus ended the last organized opposition against the rule of Stuyvesant and of the West India Company.

The Dutch possessions on the South or Delaware River had never been successfully settled or strongly held. After a time the Swedes began a colony there on the opposite side of the river. They commanded the most favourable situation for the Indian trade, grew in numbers, and quite overruled the Dutch, who were allowed to retain their lands only on sufferance. The Dutch claims to sole ownership of the river excited only the derision of the Swedes, whose superior strength made acts of hostility unnecessary. In 1654 the Dutch fort Casimir, commanded by Gerrit Bikker, was occupied by the Swedish Captain Rysyngh, and its name changed to Fort Trinity. The Dutch inhabitants were kindly allowed to remain in the country, but under the Swedish flag.

The news of these proceedings created great excitement at New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant's rage was shared by the burghers, who gathered about the fort to denounce the outrage. An unfortunate Swedish ship, on its way to the South River, ran

aground near the mouth of the harbour, and, ignorant of the state of affairs, sent up to New Amsterdam for a pilot. Instead of the pilot, Stuyvesant sent a vessel full of soldiers, who brought the Swede up to New Amsterdam, where she and her cargo were confiscated. This incident afforded some alleviation to the director's fury, and he sought to open a negotiation with Rysyngh. But the Swedish commander, satisfied with possession, declined to enter into a discussion. Stuyvesant was belligerent, but had not the means for hostile measures; he could only write an indignant account of the event to the West India Company, and ask for assistance. While awaiting a reply, he carried out a long-delayed purpose, and made a voyage to the West Indies to open new trade for the Dutch. But in this object he was defeated by the efforts of the English.

When the directors of the West India Company heard of the capture of Fort Casimir by the Swedes, they were as angry as Stuyvesant could wish. The director of New Netherland was ordered to drive away the intruders, and a ship of war, named the "Balance," was sent to him. Great preparations were made at New Amsterdam for the enterprise, and all possible secrecy was observed with the purpose of surprising the enemy. Six other ships were hired or impressed; a force of six or seven hundred men was collected. The expedition, planned on a scale which must be overwhelmingly superior to the Swedish means of defence, was so evidently destined to easy victory that every man in New Amsterdam

wished to take part in it. A summer voyage to the Delaware River, with glory at the end of it, was a more attractive prospect than the routine of daily toil at home. So the fleet set sail in the midst of jollity and confident valour.

Stuyvesant arrived in the South River on Sept. 10, 1655. Fort Trinity surrendered at the first summons. Rysyngh held out for twelve days in Fort Christina. A great deal of talking was done, and a great deal of firing; but very little injury was received on either side. Rysyngh, having made a show of resistance, yielded to the inevitable; the Swedes were allowed to stay where they were on taking the oath of allegiance; and a Dutch garrison was placed in charge of the fort. Domine Megapolensis, who had gone as chaplain, preached a thanksgiving sermon. Thus ended Swedish rule on the South River. But the Dutch never prospered there. The West India Company conveyed the territory to the City of Amsterdam, in return for advances of money, and the colony was only a trading-post when it passed into the hands of the English with the rest of New Netherland.

While Stuyvesant was in the midst of his triumph over the Swedes, he was suddenly recalled to New Amsterdam by the news of a great calamity. He had always kept on satisfactory terms with the Indians; his conduct toward them had been a mixture of sternness and justice which commanded their respect. But others had been less judicious, and lately a brutal murder had roused their just resentment. Van Dyck, the late fiscal, whom Stuy-

vesant had expelled from office, discovered a squaw in his garden picking the peaches from trees. He fired upon and killed her. This outrage demanded revenge, and the director's absence with the fighting force of the town gave the opportunity. One morning in September, the streets of New Amsterdam began to swarm with savages in war-paint. At first they made no attempt to kill, but contented themselves with bullying and robbing. The burghers, so much reduced in numbers, dared make no resistance to the plundering of their houses. Such soldiers as remained at home were kept in readiness in the fort, and meanwhile the Dutch sought to temporize and to come to a peaceable agreement with the savages. An arrangement was made that the Indians should all go over to Nutten's, or Governor's, Island, there to await the result of a conference between the burghers and the chiefs; but a quarrel occurred, and fighting began no one knew how. Van Dyck was killed by an arrow; Captain Van der Grist was felled with an axe. The struggle extended; the soldiers were called from the fort, and before their organized attack the Indians fled in canoes.

But they were now excited by bloodshed. Instead of going to Governor's Island, they went to Pavonia and Hoboken. What happened there was too well known to the people on Manhattan Island, who stood on the shore and watched the flames arise from the ravaged boweries. Men were killed, women and children taken prisoners. The savages then went to Staten Island, where the same scenes were enacted. For three days there was burning and murdering

all about the Bay, Long Island, and Manhattan Island. The killed numbered one hundred; the prisoners, one hundred and fifty; the homeless, three hundred.

Stuyvesant returned as soon as the news reached him, called in the outlying farmers, and prepared for hostilities; but the Indians sued for peace. Their attack had been provoked, and they had many prisoners in their power. Instead of seeking new vengeance and prolonging the war indefinitely as Kieft had done, the director granted a peace, and received back the prisoners. The result proved his wisdom, for there was no renewal of war on the part of the tribes about New Amsterdam. At Rensselaerwyck, no trouble was experienced. When knowledge of the hostilities at New Amsterdam was received there, the usual policy of conciliating the Mohawks was resorted to, and none of the other tribes dared to attack such allies.

In 1658 another disastrous Indian war broke out, which affected only the town of Esopus on the Hudson River, near Rondout. The Dutch there were the aggressors, and the usual course of fighting and burning continued intermittently until 1663. In that year Stuyvesant went up in person to settle the disputes, and to put an end to a state of hostility in which the settlers could not fail to have the worst. While he was holding a conference with the chiefs, the warriors suddenly fired the village, and began a massacre of the whites. After this treachery, Stuyvesant abandoned peaceful methods, and followed up the Indians until the small surviving remnant

was glad to sue for peace. The troubles were terminated by treaty in 1664, — the last Indian treaty made by the Dutch.

Religious affairs never played the important part in New Netherland that they did in New England. The Dutch had won freedom of conscience in the wars with Spain and the Inquisition. They had come to New Netherland only for self-advancement, and there existed generally among the people a tolerance of religious differences, and indeed an apathy toward sectarian disputes. Society in New Amsterdam was divided by political, but not by religious, quarrels. For thirty years after the settlement of Long Island no church was built there, the people depending upon the minister at New Amsterdam for spiritual aid. With theological rigour and persecution there was no sympathy. With these sentiments the West India Company was in full accord, and it intended New Netherland to be a common ground for persons of all opinions.

It was the arbitrary spirit of the director, rather than religious narrowness on the part of the Dutch, that brought about such persecution as occurred in New Netherland. Stuyvesant was a devout member of the Reformed Church ; but above all he believed in obedience to established authority, that power was derived from God, and that any one who rejected the generally accepted order of things was a disturber of the peace, and should be suppressed. When he persecuted a Lutheran or a Quaker, it was not so much the religious tenet that he attacked as it was the individual man who presumed to set up peculiar

views of his own and obstinately follow them out, when the right way had been pointed out to him by his superiors.

In 1654 the Lutherans had become numerous enough to have religious meetings of their own. Stuyvesant issued a proclamation to them, pointing out the propriety of their attendance at the regular Dutch church. What was good enough for the other inhabitants was good enough for them. When they tried to get a meeting-room for services, he prevented it. When they procured a minister from Holland, the director made life so uncomfortable for him that he left the colony. To have one body of non-conformists at liberty was to invite the presence of others; the idea was offensive to the director's sense of order. The Domines Megapolensis and Drisius were intolerant enough to support him. But the Lutherans appealed to Holland, where they found relief in the national spirit of liberality. The West India Company blamed Stuyvesant for persecuting these people, on grounds of both policy and principle. To retard the growth and happiness of a commercial colony on account of a "needless preciseness" on the subject of baptism was an act of folly; nor was it in accordance with the Christian spirit. So the Lutherans, who were law-abiding persons, were allowed henceforth full liberty of worship.

Stuyvesant could accept the Lutheran Church, and could even in 1656 treat the Anabaptists on Long Island with comparative mildness. But he could not endure the Quakers. They were ob-

noxious to him, as a Calvinist; but as director their methods offended him much more, and his anger at their obstinacy carried him beyond all bounds. In 1657 there arrived some "cursed Quakers;" they had been expelled from Boston, and now reached New Amsterdam from Barbadoes, on their way to Rhode Island, — that "sink of New England, where all kinds of scum dwell," as the Domines Megapolensis and Drisius described it. These Quakers went about the streets of the quiet Dutch town, gathering crowds on the corners, haranguing against steeple-houses, a priesthood, and the powers that be in general. The inhabitants of New Amsterdam stood about, and stared, without understanding the pious exhorters. But scenes of disorder were of constant occurrence, and the Quakers would submit to no regulation. Nothing could be better calculated to excite the wrath of Stuyvesant. Two of the women-preachers were thrown into prison, and sent off, with their hands tied behind them, on the first ship bound for Rhode Island. But a man named Robert Hodgson was more aggravating in his conduct, and suffered a barbarous treatment. He was arrested at Heemstede, where he had been preaching, and brought to New Amsterdam at a cart's tail. When arraigned in court, he drove the director into a paroxysm of rage by refusing to remove his hat, which was his way of showing respect to God alone. Stuyvesant proceeded to reduce the obstinate rebel to submission. He was chained to a wheelbarrow, and compelled to work on the roads; a negro accom-

panied him armed with a whip ; he slept in a dungeon. But Hodgson's spirit was hard to break, and he preached to the passers-by from his wheelbarrow. For this disobedience Stuyvesant had him hung up by the hands, and severely beaten. The contest between the outraged director and the obstinate preacher continued until the Dutch became disgusted with the spectacle. Mrs. Anna Bayard, Stuyvesant's sister, interceded for the unfortunate Quaker, and he was released, with a sentence of banishment.

Another contumacious Quaker named John Bowne, an old resident of Flushing, was sent to Holland ; Stuyvesant, writing to the directors of his offence, declared that he meant to treat others more severely. But the West India Company would not permit it. To send away active citizens on account of their religion was not the way to populate the colony. They ordered Stuyvesant to "let every one remain free as long as he is modest, moderate, his political conduct irreproachable, and as long as he does not offend others or oppose the government." This was the time-honoured custom of the magistrates of Amsterdam : "Tread thus in their steps, and we doubt not you will be blessed." Stuyvesant obeyed this injunction, and thus ended a religious persecution which had never had the sympathy of the people of New Netherland.

During the last ten years of Stuyvesant's government the emigration from Holland had been steadily increasing, and was of a good class of farmers and burghers. By 1660 New Amsterdam had three

hundred and fifty houses. Outside settlements increased rapidly, and boweries were cultivated as far as the Haarlem River. In 1656 the Rust Dorp, or Quiet Village, was settled, which was afterward called by the English Jamaica, from the Indian name Jemaico. New Utrecht and Boswyck, or Bushwick, followed in 1661. About 1656 Oost Dorp was settled in Westchester County, principally by Englishmen; Thomas Pell bought a tract of land, which included the old possessions of the unfortunate Anne Hutchinson. In 1660 New Haarlem became a distinct village. In 1661 Melyn gave up the struggle with Stuyvesant, and sold his property on Staten Island to the West India Company. There sprang up New Dorp, built by French Waldenses and Rochelle Huguenots. In the same year Bergen was founded in New Jersey, which preserved Dutch characteristics long after they had been crowded out elsewhere.

Meanwhile Rensselaerwyck pursued its even way, untroubled by religious or political dissensions. Its alliance with the powerful Mohawk nation, wisely maintained, preserved it from the dangers of Indian war. The inhabitants traded in furs, cultivated their rich soil, fished and hunted in peace. The patroon's agent governed in his name, so far as any government was necessary. Stuyvesant had a long-continued quarrel with this agent, whom he kept under arrest at New Amsterdam for a time, for defiance of his authority. But toward the end of the Dutch rule in New Netherland the patroon's officers acknowledged the director's supremacy by

an annual tribute of wheat. In 1661 Arendt van Curler bought for the patroon the "great flat" between Fort Orange and the Mohawk country, which was then opened to settlement. In 1664 Schaenheekstede, now Schenectady, was founded.

Such, briefly stated, were the more important events of Stuyvesant's administration as far as the period when New Netherland became New York. That a considerable portion of the province had fallen under English rule was due to the want of a sufficient Dutch emigration and not to any fault of the director. The same difficulty had prevented the development of the territory about the Delaware River. On Long Island and along the shores of the Hudson River the Dutch had flourished and had made permanent homes. New Amsterdam had become an orderly, substantial town, already marked by characteristics destined to be lasting. There prevailed religious and political liberty, a cosmopolitan spirit tolerant of varied tongues and customs, a commercial activity suited to an unequalled maritime situation. In the next chapter we shall consider the outward appearance of the town in the days of Dutch supremacy, its social, educational, and national features.

CHAPTER III.

SOCIAL ASPECT OF NEW AMSTERDAM IN THE TIME OF PETER STUYVESANT.

IN the early days of Dutch settlement the fort was the centre of activity, being at once the business headquarters of the West India Company and the only safe refuge from external danger. About it clustered the storehouses and dwellings of the colonists. As the settlement increased, new buildings were constructed along the line of paths which diverged from the fort to other points of interest. Thus Broadway came into existence as the road leading from the front of the fort over the ridge of the island to the common pasture-lands. Whitehall Street was the shortest way to the East River and the anchorage-ground. Stone Street originated in the path which ran from the fort down to a point on the East River, now Peck Slip, which was found to be the most convenient for a ferry to Long Island. Most of the streets at present in use in the lower part of New York city had a similar origin. In 1657 these streets were already indicated with some distinctness as thoroughfares, but they abounded in irregularities of direction and width. In this year the town below Wall Street was surveyed by Jacques Cortelyou, and the streets definitely laid out.

In front of the fort lay an open space, now called the Bowling Green. It was first used as a parade-ground for the garrison. In 1659 it became the established market-place of the town, and was called the Marckvelt. In this use it continued for many years. In 1732 the Corporation resolved to "leave a piece of land, lying at the lower end of Broadway, fronting the fort, to some of the inhabitants, in order to be enclosed to make a bowling-green there, with walks therein, for the beauty and ornament of said street, as well as for the delight of the inhabitants of this city." John Chambers, Peter Bayard, and Peter Jay were the lessees for eleven years, at one peppercorn per annum. In Stuyvesant's time, his private secretary Cornelis van Ruyven and Allard Anthony had houses facing the Marckvelt, and Martin Cregier kept a tavern there.

Broadway was first called Heere Straat, — principal street; later, the Breede Weg, translated by the English into the Broadway. It extended from the market-place to the Land Gate as a residence street, and thence northward as a country road as far as the pastures on the site of the present City Hall Park. As the business interests of the Dutch town were along the shore of the East River, Broadway was neglected for many years. Lots there had begun to be granted by Kieft in 1643, but they were generally held for speculation. In 1664 the condition of the street was about as follows: Leaving the fort and going up on the west side, near the present Morris Street, we find the town cemetery, about one hundred feet front and extending back to the North River. Some years

later the cemetery was removed, and this land was sold in four lots. Next above was the property of Paulus Leendertsen van der Grist. He had commanded one of the vessels which accompanied Stuyvesant from Holland, and had become a magistrate and a man of wealth. His house was one of the best in the town, and was built near the river with a garden about it. Beyond Van der Grist was the house lately occupied by the fiscal Van Dyck, whom Stuyvesant had expelled from the Council. Next were two lots, each ninety-three feet front and running back to the river. The first of these the director had allotted to his son Nicholas William, and the second to his other son Balthazar. Beyond these was the West India Company's garden, afterward granted to the English Church, and now Trinity churchyard. Turning at the Land Gate and going down Broadway on the east side, we find a number of small houses occupied by mechanics. This side of the street, sloping off to the marshy lands near the Broad Street canal, was not considered desirable; but it improved afterward, as the water-courses were filled up.

The site of the present Broad Street was occupied by a sort of canal, or inlet, from the East River. Toward this canal four streets ran eastward from Broadway. The first — now Wall Street — began at the Land Gate, and extended to the East River. It was called *De Cingel ofte Stadt Waal* ("The Walk by the City Wall"), and was built upon at this time only on the south side, facing the stockade. Boatmen and labourers had cottages here.

The next street — now Exchange Place — was a path called De Shaap Waytie ("Sheep-Walk") running down to a bridge across the canal. Beyond the bridge, the site of Exchange Place was occupied by a stream, which, in common with the upper part of the Broad Street canal, was called the Prince Graft. On the Graft lived Johannes Hardenbrook, Jacob Kip, and Bay Roosevelt. Here, about 1691, when the stream was filled in and the street had been named, — first Tuyen, and then Garden Street, — was built the Dutch church, to replace the old one in the fort.

Near the foot of Broadway was the Bever Graft ("Beaver Canal"), the site of a stream running to the Heere Graft, or large canal, on Broad Street. When this "old ditch" was filled up, the street was built upon with houses of an inferior character. After crossing Broad Street, the Bever Graft was called Prince Street, and later Smith Street Lane. There lived Albert the Trumpeter.

From the foot of Broadway to the East River ran Beurs Straat, or Whitehall Street. On the south side lay the fort and Stuyvesant's official residence. On the north side lived Jacob Teunis de Kay, Cornelis Steenwyck, the rich dry-goods merchant, and later Jacob Leisler.

Four streets connected Whitehall Street with the Heere Graft, or Broad Street Canal. The first was called T' Marckvelt Steegie ("Market-field Path"), because it led from a boat-landing on the Heere Graft to the open space in front of the fort. Here lived Claes van Elslant, the sexton, and some mechanics.

The present Stone Street came next. From Whitehall to Broad it was called Brouwer (Brewer) Straat, on account of Oloff Stevensen van Courtlandt's brewery situated there. Besides Van Courtlandt, the inhabitants were Jeroninus Ebbingh, Isaac de Forest and his wife Sara Philipse, and Isaac Kip. Beyond the Heere Graft, Brouwer Straat became Hoogh (or High) Straat, on account of its elevation above the East River. Hoogh Straat extended to the city wall, parallel to the Water Side. It was the favourite situation for dwellings in Stuyvesant's time, being sufficiently near the river for convenience, and yet safe from high tides ; it was also the principal thoroughfare for all persons entering the town by the Water Gate. Here lived Govert Loockermans, Johannes van Brugg, Abraham de Peyster, Abiggel Verplanck, Jacob and Johannes van Couwenhoven, Nicholas de Meyert and his wife Lydia van Dyck, Nicholas Bayard and his wife Judith Verlett, Evert Duyckinck and his wife Hendrickje Simons, and two Englishmen, — Isaac Bedlow and John Lawrence. Brouwer Straat and its continuation — Hoogh Straat — were the first to be paved ; which was done with cobblestones in 1657, under the superintendence of Isaac de Forest and Jeroninus Ebbingh. Hence was derived the present name of Stone Street.

De Brugh (or Bridge) Straat was the next, connecting Whitehall with Broad. It took its name from the large bridge over the canal which lay at its foot. Hendrick Hendricksen Kip — the ancestor of the Kip family — lived here.

Continuing down Whitehall, past Bridge, we come to Pearl Street, which formed the eastern boundary of the fort. It had this name only south of Whitehall Street. There lived Pieter Wolfertsen van Couwenhoven, Jacques Cousseau, Gerrit van Tricht, and Dr. Hans Kierstede.

North of Whitehall Street, on the present line of Pearl, there was not, during Stuyvesant's government, any street regularly built upon. The locality was called the Water Side, and was simply the shore of the East River. The present Water, South, and Front streets were then covered by the tide. The present Pearl Street came into existence gradually. In 1642 Director Kieft built the stone tavern, called the Harberg, down on the shore of the river, where it could be seen from the anchorage-ground, and there it stood alone for some years. In 1654, when the municipal government was organized, this building was granted to the municipality as a town hall, and called the Stadt Huys. Its situation was that of the present Nos. 71 and 73 Pearl Street, facing Coenties Slip. High tides rose close to the building, and to prevent such encroachments a stone wall was built out in front of the Stadt Huys to keep off the water. This wall protected the building but not the rest of the shore, which often became impassable by the washing of the tide. On this account a barrier against the water was built along the shore, on a line with the wall in front of the Stadt Huys. It was called the Schoeyninge, and consisted of planks driven endwise into the mud, the space behind them being filled in. The

work went on from 1654 to 1656, by which year it extended from Broad to Wall streets. Owners of lots fronting on the Water Side were compelled to bear part of the cost. When the Schoeyinge was completed it made a dry walk along the shore, and then houses were built on the line of the Stadt Huys and fronting on the East River. This street was called from the tide-barrier De Waal, and also Lang de Waal, and is sometimes confounded with the present Wall Street. The first people to build on De Waal were Balthazar de Haart, Carel van Brugh, Cornelis Jansen van Hoorn, and Dirck van Clyff. At a later period the street became populous.

On the shore of the East River, east of Pearl and south of Whitehall, was a small street of one block, called T' Water. When the flats along the river-front were filled in, the continuation of this block formed the present Water Street. Two short lanes, called De Winckel and Achter de Perel, near the fort, were closed up at an early period.

Extending nearly parallel to Whitehall Street and Broadway, from the East River to Wall Street, on the site of the present Broad Street, was De Heere Graft, or principal canal, — an important feature of the town. The Graft was an inlet of the East River, of which the waters rose and fell with the tide as far as Exchange Place. It was crossed by a large bridge near its mouth, at Bridge and Stone streets, and farther up by smaller foot-bridges. The Graft was the chief centre of trade. Near its outlet were the stores of the West India Company ;

opposite was the anchorage-ground, where vessels were compelled to unload. Boats laden with merchandise went into the Graft to discharge their cargoes. The Long Island farmers brought their produce there, selling from boats drawn up on the bank. Indians paddled up in canoes with skins to barter. Wooden sidings to protect the banks, like those on the East River, were constructed in 1657, and until 1659 two men were kept constantly at work upon them. Throwing refuse into the Graft was prohibited by the burgomasters. In 1659 Resolvert Waldron was made "Graft officer," with instructions to keep the sidings in repair, to prevent nuisances, and to see that "boats, canoes, and other vessels which came into it were laid in order." The vicinity of the bridge which crossed the Graft at Stone Street was the most populous portion of the town, and the bridge itself was a generally recognized place of meeting for the transaction of business. In 1670 the merchants met there every Friday morning, forming the first established Exchange in the city.

In 1660 a petition was presented to the "Respected Lords, the Burgomasters and Schepens of Amsterdam in New Netherland," to have a pavement laid on the walks along the banks of the Graft. Among the petitioners were Oloff Stevensen van Courtlandt, Johannes van Brugg, Isaac, Jacob, and Hendrick Kip, Isaac de Forest, and Maria Geraerd. The petition was granted; the street was surveyed, and the assessments apportioned by Jacques Cortelyou, town surveyor. After the paving, the Heere

Graft was used much more for dwellings, and property rose greatly in value. In 1676 the primitive conditions of commerce, which made the water-course useful, no longer existed; the Heere Graft was filled in, and became Broad Street. Persons owning lots there, besides the petitioners mentioned above, were Nicholas Delaplaine, Abel and Johannes Hardenbrook, Johannes de Peyster, Cornelius de Silla, Conraet Ten Eyck, Guilian Cornelis, Joghem Beeckman, Adriaen Vincent, Jacob van Couwenhoven, Cornelis Melyn, Brandt Schuyler and his wife Cornelia van Courtlandt, Jan de la Montagne and his wife Annetje Waldron, Wilhelm Bogardus, and Jan Vincent.

The site of William Street, south of Wall Street, and the south side of Hanover Square were on land granted to Borger Joris, who kept a blacksmith shop there. William Street and Old Slip were then called Borger Joris's Path, and later Burgher's Path. The name was afterward Smee Straat, and under the English became Smith Street. Abel Hardenbrook and John Ray lived there.

Such were the streets of New Amsterdam in the last years of Dutch supremacy. The town was included in the space bounded on the south by the fort and Whitehall Street, on the west by Broadway, on the north by Wall Street, and on the east by Pearl Street. It was intersected near the middle by the waterway on Broad Street. The large majority of the people lived near the fort and the East River. Two or three streets only had been roughly paved with cobble-stones; the others were muddy

and uneven. The only drainage was a gutter in the middle of the street. Trees abounded both in the streets and in the gardens about the houses. The houses were set irregularly, and generally surrounded by fences to keep out wandering hogs and cows. There was no attempt made to light the streets at night during the Dutch period. At first, horses, cows, goats, and hogs were allowed to run free in the streets and unenclosed grounds; as the town improved, regulations on this subject were made: "On account of damage to roads by rooting of hogs, all inhabitants are ordered to stick a ring through the noses of their animals." Later: "On account of damage to orchards and plantations by hogs and goats, these animals are ordered to be kept within enclosures." In 1650 the fort having been injured and trodden down by animals, Stuyvesant ordered that none should be allowed at large within the city. As nearly every house had its cow, which had to go daily to the common pastures, it was found convenient to have a town herdsman. One Gabriel Carpsey was chosen; and for many years he went each morning from house to house, collected the cattle, and drove them along the Heere Weg to the commons. At night he drove them back; and, as each cow stopped before its familiar gate, he sounded a horn to announce the arrival.

Above the stockade at Wall Street, we find ourselves in the country. Broadway, within the stockade called the Breede Weg, now becomes the Heere Weg. It extended from the Land Gate north as far

as the City Hall Park, then the common pastures called De Vlacke, or Flat. Thence it took a northeasterly course on the line of Park Row, Chatham Street, and the Bowery, as far as New Haarlem, to which village it was extended in 1669.

The land lying between the stockade and Maiden Lane, from river to river, was granted by Director Kieft in 1644 to Jan Jansen Damen, and was occupied by him as a farm. He had married Adriana Cuvilje, widow of Guleyn Vinje. He left no children; but his wife had four by her first husband, who inherited and lived upon this property. They were John Vinje the son, and three daughters, — Maria, wife of Abraham Verplanck; Rachel, wife of Cornelis van Tienhoven; Christina, wife of Dirck Volkertsen.

On the west side of Broadway, next above the Damen farm, was a farm belonging to the West India Company; its boundaries were about the present Fulton and Chambers streets and the North River. On the capture of the town by the English, this land was confiscated and called the King's farm; it was afterward given to the English Church.

North of the King's farm lay a tract of about sixty-two acres. Its boundary line began at a point between Warren and Chambers streets, ran along the site of Broadway about as far as Duane Street, thence northwesterly to the Hudson River. This tract was known as the Domine's bowery. At a very early period in the settlement it was granted by Director Van Twiller to Roeloff Jansen, a superintendent at Rensselaerwyck who had removed

thence to New Amsterdam. Jansen married a woman named Annetje, or Annie, who as Annetje Jans attained a curious fame. On the death of Jansen she inherited the farm, and married Domine Everardus Bogardus. By each husband she had four children. After the death of Bogardus in the wreck of the "Princess," she went to live in Albany, and died there in 1663, leaving a will executed in January of the same year. The will provided that all her property should be divided equally among her eight children, — the four children of Jansen, however, to be first paid one thousand guilders, out of the proceeds of the farm which Annetje had received from their father. The widow's title to the land had been confirmed by Stuyvesant in 1654, and was confirmed again in 1667 by Nichols, the first English governor. In 1670, Governor Lovelace bought the Domine's farm, but only a majority of the heirs signed the deed. Lovelace getting into debt, the property was confiscated by his successor, Governor Andros, and called the Duke's farm after the Duke of York. It was afterward considered to belong to the English Crown, and was granted by Queen Anne to Trinity Church. This land had rented for many years for a few hogs per annum; when Governor Lovelace purchased it, he had not thought it worth while to get a perfect title. But as the town grew and values rose, the heirs of Annetje Jans began to cast longing eyes upon the great patrimony which had been sold for a mess of pottage. The heirs of those of Annetje's children who had not signed the deed claimed that Queen Anne

had no right to convey their share in the property. The first suit to recover possession was brought by Cornelius Brower in 1750, and unsuccessful litigation since that time has kept alive the name of Annetje Jans and her Domine's bowery.

To return to Broadway. Only one street extended eastward connecting Broadway with the East River. This was a path called T'Maagde Paatje, now Maiden Lane, which formed the northern boundary of the Damen farm. Maiden Lane was the first side-street above Wall to be built upon; but although the Damen heirs sold some lots here about 1660, it was many years before the Maiden's Path lost its rural beauties. In 1679 there was an orchard between the present Cedar Street and Maiden Lane. One day a bear was found among the trees feeding upon the fruit, and the neighbours had an exciting time chasing him with clubs from tree to tree.

On the east side of Broadway above the Damen farm was the property of Wilhelm Beeckman. In 1656 Beeckman applied to the burgomasters and schepens, stating that certain persons claimed a right of way across his land, and requested that they be ordered to show their right. The alleged trespassers proved that there had long been a path through Beeckman's by which they drove their cattle to the common. This was the beginning of Beekman Street, but it was not laid out and paved until 1750.

There were no streets parallel to Broadway between it and the East River. Nassau Street was not begun until 1692. In that year we find a "pe-

tition of Teunis de Kay, that a carte-way may be made leading out of the Broad Street to the street that runs by the Pye-woman's leading to the common of this city ; that the petitioner will undertake to do the same providing he may have the soyle." This road was called Kip Street in 1732. The Middle Dutch church was erected upon it, which in our own time was used as a temporary post-office, and then torn down to make way for the Mutual Life Insurance Building.

Another road extended out of the town along the shore of the East River from the Water Gate to the Long Island Ferry. It was a continuation of Stone Street, and was called De Smit's Valey. At the corner of this road and Maiden Lane a blacksmith called Cornelius Clopper had set up his forge to get the custom of visitors from Long Island, and his occupation gave the name to the road. For many years the street connecting Wall Street with Franklin Square continued to bear the name, although modified with time to Valey, Vly, and Fly. As it was directly on the shore, houses were built only on its west side, overlooking the river. Pearl Street now occupies its site.

Just outside the Water Gate, Augustyn Heermans had a good house, with an orchard and garden extending back over the present line of Pine Street. Heermans made a drawing of the town as it appeared from the East River in 1656, which remains our best guide as to the appearance of New Amsterdam. Beyond his house, on the Smith's Valey, we find some of the Damen heirs, — John Vinje, and Abra-

ham Verplanck with his sons Isaac and Guleyn. North of them lived Thomas Hall, an Englishman prominent in the affairs of the colony. On his death, the widow sold the property to Wilhelm Beeckman. That part of it called Beekman's swamp afterward belonged to Jacob Leisler, and was confiscated on his attainder. In 1732 Jacobus Roosevelt bought it for £200, and sold it off in lots. It is still known as the Swamp, and is the site of the leather trade. The tanners had first established their pits in the swampy places on Broad Street; thence they had moved to Maiden Lane and the shores of the Fresh Pond; they finally moved to Beekman's swamp, where the leather business has since remained.

The ferry-landing was at Peck Slip. There one Cornelis Dircksen had settled before 1642, and added to his earnings by ferrying to the Long Island shore. As the number of travellers increased, the municipality assumed control of the ferry, and in 1654 regulated its use. Dircksen was given a monopoly of the business, but was compelled to conduct it systematically. He was allowed double fares at night, and might refuse passage during a storm. His wife furnished refreshments and beer to travellers, and Dircksen's became an important place.

North of the common lands, and on the site of the Tombs prison, was a pond called the Kolchhock. The name signified "Shell Point," and was derived from a deposit of shells on a point on the westerly side of the pond. This name was abbre-

viated into Colck, and changed by the English to Collect. A stream ran from the pond to the East River, near the line of Roosevelt Street, and was called by the Dutch the Versch (fresh) Water; the land north of it was called Overyet (beyond) Versch Water. The pond itself was afterward called the Fresh Water by the English. It long remained the favourite fishing-ground for boys; and even as late as 1734 a town law was passed to prevent netting, or the taking of fish in any manner other than angling. Fifty years after the capture of the town by the English, land in the vicinity of the pond sold for twenty-five dollars per acre.

Another outlet of the pond flowed in a north-westerly direction, into the large creek which occupied the site of Canal Street, and mingled its waters with those of the Hudson River. The creek was navigable for small boats. The shores of the pond were a constant camping-ground for Indians; they paddled their canoes from the Hudson up the creek, and nearly to the pond itself. The creek and the marshy lands about it formed a serious obstacle to travel, so that the road northward to Haarlem kept along the east side of the island. It crossed the fresh-water stream by a bridge known afterward as the Kissing Bridge. A few labourers and negroes had houses near the creek, and they were described as living "Aen de Groote Kill," which was the first name for Canal Street. The low lands in the vicinity were called Lispernard's Meadows.

As the dread of Indian hostility passed away, farms were gradually established in the upper part of the island. In Stuyvesant's time there were five boweries between the common-lands and his house, in the neighbourhood of Fourth Avenue and Twelfth Street; but the greater portion of the land was densely wooded. A small hamlet, containing a few houses and farms, called Sapokanican, was the beginning of Greenwich, now comprising most of the eighth and ninth wards of the city. New Haarlem was in its infancy, and growing.

On Stuyvesant's arrival at New Amsterdam in 1647 he found about one hundred and fifty houses and seven hundred people, but not more than one hundred permanent citizens capable of bearing arms. In 1664, when his directorship terminated, there were two hundred and twenty houses and a population of fourteen hundred. The inhabitants of Rensselaerwyck and the other Dutch towns had increased in the same proportion. Ten years later there were three thousand people on Manhattan Island. At the end of the seventeenth century the population had increased to four thousand four hundred, and the commerce of the port had become so considerable that forty square-rigged vessels and sixty-two sloops were entered at one time at the custom-house. Another century passed before the population of New York reached sixty thousand.

When Stuyvesant had restored order in the colony, and particularly after the establishment of municipal government, the emigration from Holland increased considerably, and was of a good character.

Some of the laws made in 1656 by the West India Company for the government of its emigrant-ships may be cited as illustrative of the times : —

“No man shall raise or bring forward any question or argument on the subject of religion, on pain of being placed on bread and water three days in the ship’s galley; and if any difficulty should arise out of the said disputes, the author thereof shall be arbitrarily punished.

“If any one quarrel or strike with the fist, he shall be placed three days in irons on bread and water; and whoever draws a knife in anger, or to wound, or to do any person bodily injury, he shall be nailed to the mast with a knife through his hand, and there remain until he draws it through; and if he wound any one, he shall be keel-hauled, forfeiting besides six months’ pay. If any person kill another, he shall, while living, be thrown overboard with the corpse, and forfeit all his monthly wages and booty.”

The desire to possess lands of their own was the chief attraction to emigrants; and the West India Company, after the fur-trade became unprofitable, could gain only through the sale of its territory, and thus encouraged emigration as much as possible. The new-comers spread over Long Island, northern New Jersey, and the banks of the Hudson River as far as Rensselaerwyck.

In 1655, the burgomasters Allard Anthony and O. S. van Courtlandt requested the director and Council to establish some system for the allotment of land within the city to emigrants wishing to settle

there. Stuyvesant directed the road-masters, together with councillor La Montagne and burgomaster Anthony, to divide the spare land into lots, and to sell them at reasonable prices to persons wishing to build. These commissioners held regular sessions, at which they adjusted conflicting claims, ordered repairs and improvements, sold and gave away lots. The following examples will illustrate their procedure : —

“Jan Videt asks permission to build on the ground heretofore given to Daniel Teneur, which has not been built upon. *Answer.* Jan’s application is refused, because on the ground asked for a corner house should be built, and he wishes to build little houses thereon.

“Albert Jansen requests that, inasmuch as he is ready to build a house, a piece of ground may be given him, which is acceded to, and he may have the ground next to that of Jannette Boon.”

Until 1653, the government of the colony was conducted arbitrarily by the director and his Council, who acted with the authority of the States-General of Holland, but more particularly as the servants of the West India Company. The director’s commands were announced by proclamations. In 1648 Stuyvesant thus ordained a proper observance of Sunday : “Whereas the Sabbath in various ways has been profaned and desecrated, to the great scandal, offence, and reproach of the community : . . . Therefore the director-general and Council for the purpose of averting as much as lies in their power the dreaded wrath and punishment of God, through

this sin and other misdemeanours, . . . ordain that from this time forth, in the afternoon as well as in the forenoon, there shall be preaching from God's Word." All the Company's servants were ordered to attend the services, and "tapping" during the day was forbidden. Similar proclamations were issued against brawling, drunkenness, and other misdemeanours as circumstances called for them.

At first, the only courts of justice in New Netherland were those held by the patroon's agent at Rensselaerwyck and by the director at New Amsterdam. Town courts were established on Long Island at Heempstede in 1644, at Gravesend in 1645, and at Breukelen in 1646. Stuyvesant and his Council at first undertook to hear all lawsuits arising in New Amsterdam at their own court. But the amount of business soon became embarrassing. Many suits of trifling importance were brought. The attention of the director and Council was drawn by them from more important matters, and at the same time the delays were becoming vexatious to litigants. Hence, in 1647, when Stuyvesant found it necessary to attract popular support by the appointment of the Nine Men, he placed upon their shoulders the duty of hearing the cases of lesser moment. Three of the Nine sat in rotation as a court of arbitrators, their decisions subject to appeal to the director's Council. The pressure was somewhat relieved by this means, but dissatisfaction with the administration of justice continued to prevail. Stuyvesant was far from being fitted for a judicial position; his temper carried him away; his preju-

dices caused him to adopt one side or the other impetuously before he had heard the whole case. In court he browbeat one side or the other, and when resisted he "made a to-do that was dreadful." This continued to the distress of the colony until Van der Donck and his companions obtained their reforms in Holland, and a government by burgomasters and schepens was established in New Amsterdam in 1654. Henceforth Stuyvesant governed New Netherland for the West India Company, but New Amsterdam became a free Dutch town. The administration of justice as well as the regulation of the municipality was conducted by the burgomasters and schepens during the remainder of the Dutch possession. In 1655, a separate "Orphan's Court" was established for surrogate cases.

The scene of the meetings of the burgomasters and schepens was the two-story stone building erected by director Kieft in 1642 as a tavern, then called the Harberg, and under the management of the inn-keeper, Philip Gerritsen, who there retailed the Company's wines. Stuyvesant gave the building to the municipal government in 1654, to be used as a town hall, after which it was called the Stadt Huys. It stood on Pearl Street, opposite Coenties Slip, at high-water mark, overlooking the East River. Before it was the walk along the Schoeyinge, called De Waal, or Lang t'Wall; behind it was a garden fronting on Hoogh (or Stone) Street. In the tavern days this space was used for growing vegetables; but after the building became the town hall, the burgomasters' secretary was allowed to raise a crop of

grain in the garden for his own use. In 1659, Evert Duyckinck engraved the city arms on a window-pane in the council-chamber, where for forty years it was pointed out with pride. On the roof was a cupola, where in 1656 was placed a bell, rung for the assemblage of the magistrates and on the publication of proclamations, which was done from the front steps. Jan Gillisen, nicknamed "Koeck," held the office of bell-ringer for many years. The Stadt Huys contained a council-chamber, town offices, and a prison. In 1697 the building had become so old and insecure that the judges refused to hold court in it. A new town hall was built in Wall Street, opposite Broad; and the old Stadt Huys, with its garden, was sold at auction for £920 to John Rodman, a merchant.

The town magistrates were eight in number, — a schout or sheriff, two burgomasters, and five schepens. When the States-General granted municipal government to New Amsterdam, they intended these offices to be elective. But Stuyvesant, as we have seen, ignored their intention, and appointed the first set himself. Half of the officers retired each year, and their places were filled according to the following method: The schout, on behalf of the director's Council, appeared at the meeting and requested the burgomasters and schepens to nominate a list of men of "goed naem and faem staen" (of good name and standing), from which the director and his Council should choose magistrates for the next year. Each burgomaster and schepen made out a separate list; they were compared, and the per-

sons receiving the highest number of votes were declared in nomination. From these Stuyvesant then made his choice.

Among the magistrates who held office during Stuyvesant's time may be mentioned the following: *Schouts* — Cornelis van Tienhoven, Nicasius de Sille, Pieter Tonneman, Allard Anthony. *Burgomasters* — Arent van Hatten, Martin Cregier, Allard Anthony, Oloff Stevensen van Courtlandt, Paulus Leendertsen van der Grist, Cornelis Steenwyck. *Schepens* — Wilhelm Beeckman, Pieter Wolfertsen van Couwenhoven, Johannes de Peyster, Jacob Strycker, Johannes van Brugg, Hendrick Kip, Govert Lookermans, Adriaen Blommaert, Hendrick Jansen Vandervin, Isaac de Forest, Jacob Kip, Jeroninus Ebbingh.

The magistrates were treated by the people with much respect, and were generally addressed as "Most worshipful lords." But they seemed to have no confirmed official titles; and when Stuyvesant addressed them, he adopted a form which suited the importance of the communication or his own momentary humour. Thus, in announcing to the magistrates a Fast Day, he directed his letter to "The Most Worshipful, Most Prudent, and very Discreet, their High Mightinesses, the Burgomasters and Schepens of Nieuw Amsterdam." When he had occasion to request them to adopt regulations to keep pigs out of the fort, he addressed them as "Respected and particularly dear friends." But when a quarrel had arisen between the director and the municipal authorities on the subject of the propriety of a game called "Riding the Goose,"

Stuyvesant addressed his angry reproofs to "The Small Bench of Justices."

In 1654 the salary of the burgomasters was fixed at about one hundred and forty dollars, and that of the schepens at one hundred dollars. But the salaries were to be paid out of the municipal "chest," which was always empty. The magistrates grumbled occasionally, and hoped for better times when the arrears might be collected. But those times never came, and they were obliged to be satisfied with the dignity of office, with the title of "worshipful lord," and the separate pew in church, where they sat in state on cushions brought over from the Stadt Huys by the sexton.

The schout's duties combined in a primitive fashion those of a sheriff and district attorney. He prosecuted offenders, executed judgments, and supervised the order of the town. Nicasius de Sille used to complain that when he made his rounds after dark, the boys would annoy him by shouting "Indians!" from behind the fences and raising false alarms.

The duties of the burgomasters and schepens were of two kinds. They regulated the affairs of the town like a board of aldermen, and they sat as a court of justice both civil and criminal.

Among their proceedings we find ordinances forbidding galloping through the streets and shooting partridges or other game within the town limits; ordering horses and oxen to be led through the streets by the head, and children to be catechised on Sunday; regulating the value of wampum and the

prices of various commodities. But although these municipal powers were usually conceded to the magistrates, the director and his Council reserved the right to make regulations overriding those of the burgomasters and schepens. Thus the arbitrary spirit of Stuyvesant continued to obstruct the free institutions which the States-General intended to implant in New Netherland. One day an order issued from the fort forbidding the game of "Riding the Goose" at the feast of Backus and Shrove-tide. The order was very unpopular, and the magistrates at the Stadt Huys felt aggrieved that it should have been proclaimed without any consultation with them. "Aggrieved, forsooth!" wrote Stuyvesant, haughtily, "because the director-general had done this without their consent and knowledge! As if without the knowledge and consent of the burgomasters and schepens no order can be made, no mob interdicted from celebrating the feast of Backus; much less have the privilege of correcting such persons as tread under foot the Christian and holy precepts, without the knowledge and consent of a little bench of justices! Appreciating their own authority, quality, and commission better than others, the director and Council hereby make known to the burgomasters and schepens that the institution of a little bench of justices under the name of the schout, burgomasters, and schepens, or commissioners, does in no wise diminish aught of the power of the director-general and councillors."

The first police and fire departments were established by the burgomasters and schepens. In 1658

was organized the "ratel wacht," or rattle-watch. The first watchmen were Pieter Jansen, Hendrick van Bommel, Jan Cornelisen van Vlensburg, Jan Pietersen, Gerrit Pietersen, Jan Jansen van Langstraat, Hendrick Ruyter, Jacques Pryn, and Tomas Verdran. The wages were twenty-four stuyvers per night, to have "one or two beavers besides, and two or three hundred sticks of firewood." The captain of the watch, Ludowyck Pos, was authorized to collect monthly from each house the sum of fifty stuyvers to meet the expenses. The following rules of the watch were adopted : —

"When any one comes on the watch being drunk, or in any way insolent or unreasonable in his behaviour, he shall be committed to the square-room or to the battlements of the town hall, and shall besides pay six stuyvers.

"When any one shall hold watch in the battlements, he shall diligently be on the lookout; and if he be found asleep during his hours of watch, he shall forfeit ten stuyvers.

"If any one be heard to blaspheme the name of God, he shall forfeit ten stuyvers.

"If any one attempt to fight when on the watch, or tries to draw off from the watch for the purpose of fighting, he shall forfeit two guilders.

"When they receive their quarter money, they shall not hold any gathering for drink or any club meeting.

"They shall at all corners of the streets, between the ninth hour of the evening and the break of morning, call out the time of night and how late it is."

The customary thatched roofs, wooden chimneys, and hay-stacks near the houses were a constant source of danger from fire. An order was issued in 1655 forbidding the future construction of wooden chimneys between the fort and the Fresh Water. Adriaen Keyser, Thomas Hall, Martin Cregier, and Joris Wolsey were appointed wardens to enforce the regulation. But it was not until 1657, when it was evident that one fire might sweep the town, that systematic precautions were adopted. In that year all wooden chimneys, thatched roofs, hay-stacks, hen-houses, and hog-pens within the town wall were ordered to be removed. The burgomasters and schepens levied a tax on each house, great or small, of one beaver-skin, or eight guilders in seawant, to furnish fire-buckets, ladders, and hooks. To maintain them a yearly tax of one guilder was collected for every chimney. The shoemakers were called before the burgomasters, and it was agreed with Remout Remoutsen and Adriaen van Lair to make two hundred and fifty buckets for six guilders two stuyvers each; payment, — half beavers, half seawant. The ladders were placed at convenient points in the streets. The buckets were distributed as follows: in the Stadt Huys, fifty; in Abraham Verplanck's house in the Smith's Valey, twelve; in Johannes Pietersen van Brugghe's, twelve; in Heer Paulus Leendertsen van 'der Grist's, twelve; in Heer Nicasijs de Sille's, in the Sheep Path, twelve; in Pieter Wolfertsen van Couwenhoven's, twelve; in Hendrick Hendricksen Kip's, ten.

The burgomasters and schepens met as a civil and criminal court once a fortnight ; and when business required it, once a week. A recess of a month took place about Christmas-time, and no sittings were held during the harvest. At nine o'clock Jan Gillisen Koeck rang the court-house bell ; and inside the council-chamber Johannes Nevius turned the hour-glass, and fined all persons who were late. The burgomasters and schepens sat on benches provided with cushions, the same which on Sundays were carried to their pew in church. Behind them was the coat-of-arms of New Netherland, sent over from Holland. Johannes Nevius had charge of the law-library, to which the court resorted when in doubt. Among the books were "Placards, Ordinances, and Octroys of the Honourable, Great, and Mighty Lords, the States of Holland and of West Friesland," "The By-laws of Amsterdam," and "The Dutch Court Practice and Laws." Claes van Elslant, son of the old sexton, was court-messenger ; Pieter Schaaftbanck was jailer ; and Matthew de Vos, bailiff. Proceedings were opened by a prayer from the domine.

Litigants nearly always appeared in person, and presented their own cases. Van der Donck, who was an educated lawyer, requested permission of the College of the XIX., in 1653, to practise at New Amsterdam ; but he was allowed only to give advice, on the ground that "as there was no other lawyer in the colony there would be none to oppose him." There were several notaries. Dirck van Schelluyne, who came out in 1641, was the first ; others were

David Provoost, Solomon La Chair, Van der Veen, Van Vleck, and Pelgrum Clocq. These men could draw wills and deeds, and their knowledge of legal forms was sufficient for the simple needs of their clients. If they made a mistake, the Worshipful Court was not slow in its reprimand. Pelgrum Clocq drew up a deed without procuring the appointment of a guardian for an infant, whereupon he was thus addressed in open court:—

"Whereas, you, Pelgrum Clocq, in the above and other of your instruments, have committed great abuses, wherefrom serious mischiefs might arise; and, according to the law of the Orphan Chambers, no notary can draw up any instrument relating to widows and orphans without a chosen guardian,—therefore you are hereby ordered and charged by the burgomasters and schepens of this town not to draw up within six weeks from date any instrument appertaining to the Subaltern court of this town."

The proceedings of the court may be shown best by reciting some cases, and their disposition.

"Jan Haeckins, plaintiff, demands payment from Jacob van Couwenhoven, defendant, for certain beer sold him according to contract. The defendant says the beer is bad. Plaintiff denies that the beer is bad, and asks whether people would buy it if it were not good. He further insists that the beer is of good quality, and such as is made for exportation. Couwenhoven denies this, and requests that after the rising of the bench the court may come over and try the beer, and then decide. The parties having been heard, it was ordered that after the

meeting breaks up the beer shall be tried, and if good, then Couwenhoven shall make payment according to the contract; if otherwise, the plaintiff shall make deduction."

Wolfert Webber, plaintiff, against Judith Verleth, defendant: "The plaintiff makes complaint that the defendant has for a long time pestered him, and with her sister Sara came over to his house last week and beat him in his own house, and afterward threw stones at him. He requests that said Judith may be ordered to let him live quietly in his own house. The defendant acknowledges that she has struck Webber, but excuses the act because he has called her names; moreover, he once threatened to strike her with a broom. The parties are ordered to leave each other unmolested." Webber is fined twelve stuyvers for passing the lie during the meeting.

Certain domestic troubles between Arent Juniaansen Lantsman and his wife Beletje, the daughter of Ludowyck Pos, having been brought to the notice of the court, the matter was referred to the Dominus Megapolensis and Drisius, who were requested to reconcile the pair. "Then, on the promise of amendment and that such should not occur again, shall the past be forgiven; but if one or the other party shall not abide by nor submit to advice and arbitration of the reverend preachers between this and the next court day, then proceedings may be expected according to the style and custom of law, as an example to other evil housekeepers."

Pieter Kock and Anna van Voorst having entered

into an agreement of marriage, and then having shown unwillingness to fulfil the engagement, "the burgomasters and schepens by these presents decide, that as the promise of marriage has been made before the Omniscient God it shall remain in force ; so that neither the plaintiff nor defendant, without the approbation of their lordships the magistrates and the other one of the registered parties, shall be permitted to enter matrimony with any other, whether single man or single woman."

As there was no prison for criminals, they were punished by fines, whipping, branding, the stocks, the ducking-stool, labour with negroes, riding on a wooden-horse, and banishment. The rack was used to threaten with ; but it is unlikely that there ever was a rack on Manhattan Island. In criminal cases the schout prosecuted.

Hannen Barentzen was sentenced to be chastised with the rod and banished from the town for five years for stealing three half beavers, two nose-cloths, and a pair of linen stockings. Mesaack Martens stole cabbages from Pieter Jansen, in the Maiden Lane. He had to stand in the pillory with cabbages on his head, and was then banished for five years. Jan Alleman, an officer in the fort, was sentenced to ride the wooden-horse and to be cashiered for sending a challenge to Jan de Fries who was *bed-ridden*. Abel Hardenbrook was fined forty guilders for having "at night and at unseasonable hours, in company with some soldiers, created an uproar and great insolence in the street by breaking windows." Madaleen Vincent accused Wilhelm Beeckman and

the schout-fiscal of winning her husband's money at play, and of leading him into evil courses. She could not prove her allegations, and so was fined sixty guilders. Pieter Pietersen Smit called Joghem Beeckman a "black pudding;" Isaac Bedlo called Joost Goderis a "horned beast." The slanderers were fined.

An aggravated case was that of the schout Anthony de Mill against Abel Hardenbrook. "The Heer Schout complains that the defendant Hardenbrook has shoved him on the breast, and abused him with foul and unseemly language, wishing that the devil should break his neck, when, on the third September last, the Heer Plaintiff repaired, by order of the burgomasters and schepens, to defendant's house, to warn his wife that she should not go again to the house of the Heer Burgomaster Johannes de Peyster, as she now had twice done, to make trouble there; also had obstinately refused to obey the order of the burgomasters and schepens as well as the court-messenger Henry Newton, the burgomaster Luyck, and Heer Schepen Wilhelm Beeckman, as to him the plaintiff; and that the said delinquent being in the evening a prisoner at the town hall, in the chamber of Pieter Schaeftbanck, carried on and made a racket like one possessed and mad, notwithstanding the efforts of the Heer Burgomaster Johannes van Bruggh, running up to the court-room and going away next morning as if he had not been imprisoned. . . . All which ought in no manner to be tolerated in a well-ordered burghery, being directly contrary to the customs and provisions of the laws. . . . The burgomasters and

schepens, having heard the delinquent's excuse and the arguments between parties, and examined the evidence produced, condemn the delinquent in a fine or penalty of twenty-five florins in beavers; further, that the delinquent for the assault shall beg pardon of the Court, God, and Justice, and pay the costs incurred herein."

The magistrates were careful to uphold the dignity of public office. When the fire inspectors were going about ordering the demolition of wooden chimneys, Solomon la Chair lost his temper, and abused the inspectors, calling them, among other names, "chimney-sweepers." His conduct having come to the knowledge of the court, he was fined, and a messenger was sent to collect the fine. Solomon paid it with the contemptuous remark, "Is it to have a little cock booted and spurred that I am to give it?" For this the court imposed a further fine of twelve guilders, on the ground that "it is not seemly that men should mock and scoff at persons appointed to any office, — yea, a necessary office." The house of Pietertje Jans was sold on an execution for debt. Whereupon she declared publicly to the officers of the court, "Ye despoilers! ye bloodsuckers! ye have not sold, but given away my house!" The officers complained that such words were "a sting that cannot be endured." Whereupon Pietertje was brought before the magistrates, and reprimanded in the following terms:

"*Whereas*, thou, Pietertje Jans, hast presumed shamefully to attack honourable people with foul, villainous, injurious words, — yea, infamous words;

also insulting, defaming, affronting, and reproaching the Worshipful Court of this town, publicly on the highway, to avenge the loss which thou hast caused thyself in regard that thy house and lot were sold on an execution, — which blasphemy, insult, affront, and reproach cannot be tolerated or suffered to be done to a private individual, more especially to the court aforesaid, but must in the highest degree be reprimanded, particularly corrected, and severely punished as criminal: Therefore the heeren of the court hereby interdict and forbid you to indulge in such blasphemies for the future, or by neglect the judge shall hereafter provide for it."

The notary Walewyn van der Veen was in contempt of court several times. On one occasion, when a case had been decided against him, he spoke of the magistrates as "simpletons and block-heads." The court decided that "Van der Veen, for his committed insult, shall here beg forgiveness, with uncovered head, of God, Justice, and the Worshipful Court, and moreover pay as a fine one hundred and ninety guilders." On another occasion, when the secretary Johannes Nevius declined to show him some records, Van der Veen called him a "rascal," and said further, "Had I you at another place I would teach you something else." The secretary complained to the burgomasters and schepens of this treatment, and the schout, as prosecutor, presented the case to the court, saying: "That in consequence of the slander and affront offered to plaintiff in scolding him as a rascal,

which affects his honour, being tender ; and as the Honourable and Worshipful Court is not willing to be attended by a rascally secretary, — he demands a fine of fifty guilders, that it may serve as an example to all other slanderers, who for trifles have constantly in their mouths curses and abuse of other honourable people."

Until the adoption of the burgher government the finances of New Amsterdam were entirely in the hands of the West India Company. But in 1654, when the director found himself confronted by a debt of seven thousand guilders incurred in preparing for the expected hostilities with New England, he resolved to shift the burden upon the new magistrates, and directed them to consider the means to pay the debt. A special meeting was held for the purpose, the following being present: Arent van Hatten, Martin Cregier, Paulus Leendertsen van der Grist, Pieter Couwenhoven, Wilhelm Beeckman, and Martin van Gheel. The importance of the issue made it advisable to secure the support of the Commonalty, and a number of burghers were requested to attend in an advisory capacity, among whom were Johannes Pietersen van Brugg, Johannes Gilliesen van Brugg, Jacob van Couwenhoven, Govert Loockermans, Oloff Stevensen van Courtlandt, Abram Verplanck, Johannes de Peyster, and Coenraet Ten Eyck. The burgomasters and schepens, with the concurrence of the private burghers, decided that the duty of defending the town belonged to the West India Company, and that the Commonalty was not liable for the debt. They

would take no steps in the matter until the director-general abandoned his excise on wine and beer, when they would find means to raise the necessary money. Stuyvesant refused to give up the obnoxious excise, saying that it had already been paid into the Company's counting-house. The magistrates held another meeting, and declared positively that they would do nothing toward paying the debt until the excise was transferred to the treasury of the burgomasters and schepens. If any calamity resulted, they held themselves blameless. The director was obliged to yield, and relinquished the "tapster's excise" to the town authorities, with the only condition that the salaries of Domines Megapolensis and Drisius should be paid out of it. This was the first revenue coming to the town of New Amsterdam.

Having gained this point, the burgomasters and schepens raised the seven thousand guilders in 1655 by a direct tax on the citizens in proportion to their supposed wealth. A considerable number not only paid the sum levied upon them, but added a further voluntary contribution. The largest payments were made by P. Stuyvesant, C. van Tienhoven, A. Anthony, O. S. van Courtlandt, T. W. van Couwenhoven, J. P. van Brugg, C. Steenwyck, Govert Loockermans, Jacobus Backer, J. L. van der Grist, J. van Couwenhoven, P. L. van der Grist, Jo. Nevius, Jo. de Peyster, Martin Cregier, Domine Megapolensis, Domine Drisius, Jeremias van Rensselaer, Isaac de Forest, Cornelis van Ruyven, Wilhelm Beeckman, Hendrick van Dyck, Ludowyck

Kip, Arent van Corlaer, Jacob Kip, Isaac Kip, Conraet Ten Eyck, Abram Verplanck, P. C. van der Veen, H. J. Vandervin.

The next year the town was again in financial straits. The town wall, the schoeyinge, the Stadt Huys, the watchroom, the schoolhouse, and the graft were all in need of repairs, for which the excise duties were far from sufficient. The burgomasters and schepens applied in vain to the West India Company for relief. Stuyvesant was resolved that the Stadt Huys should get no help from the Fort. The next year, 1657, matters were not improved, as the records show: —

“Hendrick Hendricksen, drummer, attended the meeting of the burgomasters, and requested payment of promised yearly wages; but as the chest at present is not well supplied, the applicant is requested to wait until the first convenient opportunity, when he shall be satisfied.

“Jan Jansen, woodcutter, left at the meeting his account for timber and other work for the town; but since he is not present himself, and the chest is not well supplied, the consideration of the same is put off.”

In 1658 the burgomasters and schepens placed taxes upon land-transfers, taverns, and slaughtered cattle, and managed to raise sufficient money to meet the necessary expenses of the town. But the chest never contained enough to pay their own salaries.

There was very little gold or silver money at New Amsterdam. In their place beaver and other skins

and the Indian wampum, or seawant, served as a medium of exchange in cases where simple barter was inconvenient. The beaver-skin was the standard. The West India Company paid eight guilders for a beaver over its counter, and thus its value was fixed. Inferior skins brought less, and so their condition entered into every bargain. The seawant derived its value from its purchasing power with the Indians. As beaver-skins grew scarcer, it required more seawant to buy one: hence this currency depreciated steadily. The buyer and the seller had to come to an agreement as to the amount of beavers and seawant an article was worth.

The foreign trade of New Amsterdam was made up by the exportation of skins and tobacco, and the importation of tools, clothing, and articles adapted to Indian exchange. Until 1660 the foreign trade was limited to Holland, — a circumstance which restricted the enterprise of New Amsterdam merchants, and caused much complaint. In that year trading was allowed with France, Spain, Italy, and the West India Islands, on payment of duties; and this extension brought added prosperity during the few years which remained of Dutch rule. It was not until after the English occupation, when New York became a grain-producing and exporting country, that wealth became considerable. The peltry-trade alone was never sufficient to meet the wants of the colony.

Several causes tended to reduce the profits of the Dutch-Indian trade. The French in Canada became

active competitors; as New Netherland grew, the Indians were pushed into the interior, and skins were less easily obtained. But the most serious cause was the intrusion of foreign traders, who sailed past New Amsterdam, outbid the Dutchmen at the trading-posts up the river, and gradually stole away their business. Even in the town the foreign peddlers, who kept no "fire and light," were reaping profits which belonged to Dutch citizens. Realizing the injury which resulted to permanent settlers by the operations of these "base, itinerant dealers," who bore no share in the expense of government, the burgomasters and schepens petitioned the director and Council to withdraw the privilege of free trade from foreigners; to make them keep open shop in New Amsterdam, and pay the usual taxes.

In February, 1657, Stuyvesant and his Council limited the right of trade to recognized citizens; and in order to draw the line between them and the foreigners, an institution called the "Great and Small Citizenship" was established. The Great Citizens were to be: (1) Those who have been or are members of the supreme government, with descendants in the male line; (2) Past and present burgomasters and schepens in the town with their descendants; (3) Former and present ministers of the gospel, with their descendants; and (4) Officers of the militia, with their descendants. Other persons could obtain the distinction by paying fifty guilders. The Small Citizens were to be: (1) Residents for one year and six weeks, who have kept fire and light; (2) All born

in the town ; (3) All who have married daughters of citizens born in the town ; and (4) All who have opened a store, and paid to the burgomasters twenty guilders. The distinction created between Great and Small Citizens was declared to be "grounded in reason," and to be "in conformity with the customs of the city of Amsterdam in Europe." But very few of the burghers considered the rank of Great Citizens to be worth fifty guilders. The names on the list were nearly all of persons who had held office ; others who desired enrolment for business reasons contented themselves with the Small Citizenship. Of these there were two hundred.

Until 1656, the shores of the Heere Graft formed the market-place of the town. There the Indians drew up their canoes and bartered their beaver-skins. There the farmer from Long Island, from Bergen, Nieuw Haarlem, or Gamoenepa, exchanged his vegetables and fruits for tools, clothing, sugar, and beer. In 1648 was inaugurated the annual fair called the Kermis, which began on the first Monday after the feast of Saint Bartholomew and continued for ten days. All comers sold their goods from tents. In 1656, it became evident that better means were required to bring together the producer and consumer ; and the magistrates proclaimed, "Whereas, divers articles, such as meat, pork, butter, cheese, turnips, cabbage, and other country produce, are from time to time brought here for sale by the people living in the country, and oftentimes wait at the strand without the people living out of that immedi-

ate neighbourhood knowing that such things are for sale in the town: Therefore it is ordered that from this time forward, Saturday in each week shall be appointed as market-day, the articles to be brought on the beach, near Mr. Hans Kierstede's house; of which all shall take notice." This spot remained for many years a resort for dealers in country produce. In 1659 a yearly cattle-market was established by the burgomasters and schepens for "fat cattle, steers, cows, sheep, goats, hogs, bucks, and such like." It opened on October 20, and lasted till the end of November. The site was the present Bowling Green, where shambles were erected and "the key given to Andries the baker, to keep oversight of the same." Posts were set up along Broadway opposite the churchyard, to which the animals were attached pending sale. The proclamation for this market was translated into English and sent to Standtfort, Uncque, Suidhampton, Suidhool, Straatfoort, Milfort, and Oosthampton. This fair was held for more than thirty years. During its continuance no visitor could be arrested for debt, and the attendance was large from Connecticut and all parts of New Netherland. The fish-market was at Coenties Slip, so-called because the land in this vicinity was the property of Conraet Ten Eyck, who was familiarly known as Coentje.

Of separate shops there were none; but many of the merchants used parts of the ground-floor of their houses as retail stores, especially those living on the Hoogh Straat. Most of these were general stores, in which hardware, dry-goods, and wines were

all sold. Cornelis Steenvyck, at the corner of Bridge and Whitehall streets, made a specialty of dry-goods, and grew rich by selling petticoats, linen, and ribbons to the women, breeches and shirts to the men. Steenvyck's was the most fashionable store, and much frequented by the "vrows."

When Peter Stuyvesant came out as director, the houses of New Amsterdam were nearly all poorly built of wood, with thatched roofs and wooden chimneys; but with the return of peace and prosperity the town was gradually rebuilt. By 1664, when the Dutch rule terminated, there were about two hundred and fifty houses, of which a considerable number were of a substantial character. Small coloured bricks, and black and yellow tiles for roofs, were imported from Holland; and it was the ambition of the wealthier Dutch citizens to construct their houses of these. The buildings stood with the gable end toward the street, the roof rising to a peak by a series of steps. The stoop was made an important feature; there the burgher sat with his family on pleasant evenings. Connected with every house of any pretension was a garden, where kitchen vegetables and flowers were cultivated. In some cases these gardens were made highly ornamental, and the subject of family pride. The improvement in the appearance of the town was gradual, but continuous. After the haystacks, piggeries, and other unsightly objects had been suppressed by the magistrates, and the streets straightened and paved, the citizens made individual efforts to adorn their properties, which soon changed the appearance of New

Amsterdam very much for the better. The water supply during this period was derived from wells near the houses, and from streams and springs when convenient. Later on, public wells were dug in various parts of the town. •

In the interior of the houses we see the same improvement keeping pace with prosperity. The floors were covered with a thin layer of sand drawn by the broom into quaint figures. Carpets were long in coming into use. There was one in Cornelis Steenwyck's "great chamber" when he died in 1686, and by that time the parlours of the principal citizens probably had them. There were "tabby" curtains at the windows. The principal articles of furniture, imported from Holland and handed down from father to son, were the sideboard, with its pewter and sometimes silver or china furniture, the sofa and chairs in the best room, the four-posted bed, the linen chest, and the hand-loom. As it appears by the inventories of deceased persons, the furniture increased very much in quantity and value as time went on. Before 1650 people had only the most necessary articles; after 1670 a great increase in wealth and comfort appears. Dr. Jacob Lange died in 1685. Enumerated as part of his estate were a sword with silver handle, another with an iron handle, a carbine, a pistol, a cane with silver head, and another with ivory head. Among his clothing were found a gros-grained cloak lined with silk, a black broadcloth suit, a coloured serge suit with silver buttons, silk and calico drawers, silk night-caps, a pair of yellow hand-gloves with black silk fringe, five

white calico stockings, and two worsted stockings. Dr. Lange's wife had when she died red and scarlet under-petticoats, cloth petticoats with black lace, striped stuffed petticoats, coloured drugget petticoats with various coloured linings and lace, black silk petticoats with gray silk lining, black pottotfoo petticoats with black and gray silk linings: these petticoats were valued at £30. Besides these she had a black tartanel samare with a tucker, a flowered calico samare, flowered and red calico night-gowns, silk and red calico waistcoats, a bodice, white cotton stockings, five black love-hoods, one white love-hood, sleeves with great lace, cornet caps with and without lace, a black silk rain-cloth, a yellow love-hood, a black plush mask, an embroidered purse with silver bugle and chain to the girdle, a silver hook and eye, five small East India boxes, five hair-curlings, four yellow love-drowlas, one silver thread-wrought small trunk, in which was the following jewelry: a pair of black pendants with gold hooks, a gold boat, wherein were thirteen diamonds to one white coral chain, one pair gold pendants in each ten diamonds, two diamond rings, one gold ring, and another gold ring with diamonds.

When Cornelis Steenwyck died in 1686, he left seven hundred and twenty-three ounces of silver plate and £300 in money. Among the articles found in his house, apart from the store, were a gold chain and medal, a child's whistle, coats and breeches with silver buttons and buckles, rush-leather chairs, velvet chairs with fine silver lace, tables, a cabinet, a looking-glass, thirteen pictures, bedsteads,

ten pieces of china, five alabaster images, tapestry for twelve cushions, a great deal of pewter, and some watches and clocks which were out of order. Probably purchased at Steenwyck's store were the following articles of men's dress, which are elsewhere enumerated: green silk breeches flowered with silver and gold, silver gauze breeches, scarlet stockings, blue silk stockings, laced shirts, laced neck-cloths, a lacquer hat, bob wigs and periwigs.

Elizabeth van Es died in 1694, aged seventy years. Her inventory contains the goods in the shop, a share in a brigantine, a negro-boy Toby, two bands of seawant, two breast-plates of seawant, one silver tankard, one silver beker, one silver mustard-pot, three gold hoop-rings, two gold rings with stones, one hundred and three beaver-skins, eighteen otters, twenty-three maters, nine fishers, eight minks, two cats, eighteen rat-skins, forty-nine hespannen, nine gray squirrels, one red squirrel, seven bear-skins, one wolf, one beaver-rock, two Bibles with silver clasps and two Dutch Bibles, a New Testament with silver clasps, and two catechisms. Her library — which was a good sample of the contemporary bookshelf — contained "Isaac Ambrosius," "Housewife," Howin's "Church History," French "Flock of Israel," Coleman's "Christian Interest," "Christ's Ways and Works," Dewitt's "Catechism," Duyken's "Church History."

In Stuyvesant's time domestic servants were rare; the housework was performed by the housewife and her daughters. In a few of the wealthier families one or two Dutch domestics were employed as

apprentices ; but as their term of service expired they usually married. The same difficulty prevailed in regard to male labourers. Thus, a ready market was found for African negroes when Dutch traders brought them to Manhattan Island. In 1629 the West India Company promised to supply negro slaves to the colony as fast as possible ; but for many years the arrivals were few, and these served as labourers for the Company. The treatment of them was humane, and freedom was generally within their reach as a reward of good conduct. In 1644 a number of slaves petitioned Kieft to free them, on the ground of long service. The petition was granted as to themselves and their wives, but not as to their children. The freedmen were placed on the same footing with other citizens, except that they had to pay a yearly tribute to the Company. In 1646, on request of Domine Megapolensis, a slave named Jan Francisco was freed in consequence of faithful service, on condition of paying the Company ten skepels of wheat annually. Negroes were brought to New Amsterdam only from the West Indies until 1654, when the first cargo arrived direct from Africa. The slave-trade was allowed to citizens of New Netherland, but was not participated in by them until the end of the century. The negroes seemed to have fared well at the hands of the Dutch citizens, and to have been orderly and contented. At the end of the century they had increased in number, and were generally employed as domestic servants. At that time, we find that the widow Van Courtlandt had seven adults

and two children; Colonel de Peyster, the same number. William Beeckman had three; Rip van Dam, five and one child. The widow Philipse had four, and three children. Members of the Kip family had twelve. Mrs. Stuyvesant had five; Balthazar Bayard, six; John van Horn, four; Jacobus van Courtland, four and a child; David Provoost, Jr., three; Col. Nicholas Bayard, three; Abraham Loockermans, five and three children. Rebecca van Schaick had three.

During the rule of the West India Company building-lots were conveyed to settlers at nominal prices, and until near the end of Dutch control real-estate values remained very low. About 1660 there was a decided advance, following on increased prosperity; and this advance continued steadily. In 1647 a farm of two hundred acres near Haarlem brought forty dollars. In 1667 the house and lot on west side of Broadway, near Morris Street, brought three hundred dollars. In the same year the house and lot next north of Trinity churchyard, fifty by ninety feet, was sold for seventy-five dollars. In 1682 a lot on Wall Street brought thirty dollars. In 1683 a lot on Pearl Street, near John, brought one hundred and fifty dollars. In 1700 Wall Street had become a favourite locality, and a lot on the corner of Wall and Broad was sold for \$815. The following is a record of a contract of sale of real estate made in Stuyvesant's time: —

“Before me, Cornelius van Tienhoven, secretary of New Netherland, appeared Harck Sybesen, who acknowledged to having sold to Barent Dircksen his

house and lot, earth and nail-fast, both big and little, as the same is situated on the Island of Manhattan, near Fort Amsterdam, — which Dircksen also acknowledges to have purchased for one hundred and seventy-five guilders, and a half-barrel of beer as a treat for the company, to be paid in fourteen days, when the delivery of the house and dependencies shall take place. It is agreed that if either party backs out, or repents of the sale, he shall pay a half-barrel of beer."

The descriptions of property transferred were usually rather indefinite. When Govert Loockermans purchased the land near Hanover Square, on which he lived, it was thus described in the deed, dated 1642: "A dwelling-house and lot situated on East River, on Manhattan Island, beginning at a brook of fresh water emptying into the East River, till to the farm of Cornelius van Tienhoven, whose palisades extend from the long highway toward the East River, as may be seen by the marks by him made bordering on the aforesaid land, from the fence to the great tree."

In the disposition of property by will, the general custom among the Dutch was for the husband and wife to inherit absolutely from each other. The married pair appeared before a notary and declared such to be their wish, "out of love and special nuptial affection." When husband or wife married a second time, it was arranged that the property of the deceased should eventually go to his or her children. The children inherited equally, without regard to sex or priority of birth. "An instance of which I

remember," said Wooley, "in one Frederick Philipse, the richest Mein Heer in that place, who was said to have whole hogsheads of wampum, who, having one son and one daughter, I was admiring what a heap of wealth the son would enjoy; to which a Dutchman replied that the daughter must go halves." In dividing property among the children, the testator usually specified every article in detail: the scarlet petticoat was to go to Gertruyd, the black love-hood to Annetje, the pewter tankard to Jan. So the father left his Sunday suit to Pieter, the three-cornered hat to Evert, the gun to Nicholas, the linen-chest to Tryntje. Through these wills heirlooms can be traced in families for several generations. When a man died insolvent, his widow could relieve herself from the claims of creditors by relinquishing the right of inheritance. This was done in legal form, when the wife declared that she "kicked the estate away with the foot, and laid the key on the coffin."

The festivals observed by the Dutch were Kerstydts — Christmas; Nieuw Jar — New Year's Day; Pinxter — Whitsuntide; Paas — Passover; and Saint Nicholas Day. For two or three weeks after Christmas the burghers and their families spent much of their time in firing guns, beating drums, dancing, card-playing, playing at bowls or nine-pins, and in drinking beer. The public offices were closed during these holidays. "Whereas," says the record of the burgomasters and schepens, "the winter festivities are at hand, it is found good that between this day and three weeks after Christmas the

ordinary meetings of the court shall be dispensed with." May Day was observed so boisterously that the burgomasters provided that damage done to property during its celebration should be reported to them, and reparation would be made. There was always a contest between the rigid director at the fort and the complaisant magistrates at the Stadt Huys as to the toleration of these public amusements. On one occasion Stuyvesant proclaimed: "Whereas experience has taught us that on New Year's days and on May days from the firing of guns, the planting of May-poles, and drunken drinking there have resulted unnecessary waste of powder and much intoxication, with the bad practices and accidents which generally arise therefrom: therefore we expressly forbid on New Year and May days any firing, or planting of May-poles, or beating of the drum; nor shall there be at those times any wines, brandy, or beers dealt out." This order may have modified, but it did not suppress, the popular ebullition of spirits. There was a game called "Pulling the Goose," introduced at New Amsterdam in 1654. A goose with head and neck smeared with grease was suspended between two poles. Men rode at full gallop, and tried to grasp it as they passed. Stuyvesant forbade this game, pronouncing it "an unprofitable, heathenish, and popish festival, and a pernicious custom." Some farmers who "pulled the goose" after the prohibition were fined and imprisoned, "in order to prevent more sins, debaucheries, and calamities." Against this severity the burgomasters remonstrated.

As the colony grew in wealth and stability, the amusements of the people became more refined. The rougher sports were replaced by ball games, bowling, and cricket, introduced by the English. Shooting and fishing were much in favour. The young people of both sexes met at dancing-parties and at jaunts in boats, wagons, and sleighs. Mrs. Knight, an English visitor, in 1700, says: "Their diversion in winter is riding in sleighs about three miles out of town, where they have houses of entertainment at a place called the Bowery; and some go to friends' houses, who handsomely treat them. . . . I believe we met fifty or sixty sleighs one day; they fly with great swiftness, and some are so furious that they'll turn out of the path for none except a loaded cart. Nor do they spare for any diversion the place affords, and sociable to a degree, their tables being as free to their neighbours as to themselves." Among the wealthier families chocolate parties were much in vogue, which a domine objected to as keeping people up till nine o'clock at night.

A great deal of beer was consumed in New Amsterdam, and several of the richest men were brewers. Stuyvesant and the domines had to struggle against intemperance and its consequences, which they did very earnestly. The traditional fondness of the Dutch for smoking seems not to have been exaggerated. "They are obstinate and incessant smokers," says Wooley, "both Indians and Dutch, — especially the latter, whose diet, especially of the boorish sort, being sallets and

bacon and very often picked buttermilk, require the use of that herb to keep their phlegm from coagulating and curdling. I once saw a pretty instance, relating to the power of tobacco, in two Dutchmen riding a race with short campaign-pipes in their mouths, — one of whom, being hurled from his steed, as soon as he gathered himself up again, whip'd to his pipe, and fell a-sucking and drawing, regarding neither his horse nor fall, as if the prize consisted in getting that heat which came from his beloved smoke. Tobacco is two pence and a half a pound."

The church in the fort was the only Dutch Reformed church in New Amsterdam during Stuyvesant's time. The first religious services at Manhattan were begun in 1626, in the room over the horse-mill. When Domine Bogardus arrived in 1633, a plain wooden building was erected on the East River, near Old Slip, with a parsonage for the domine. The people worshipped here until 1642, when, at the suggestion of De Vries, the stone church in the fort was built. This building remained in use until 1693, when it had become much dilapidated, and the congregation, under Domine Selyns, gladly removed to the new church in Garden Street, now Exchange Place. The old edifice in the fort was used by the military until 1741, when it was burned. The site remained untouched until 1790, when the government house was built upon it. Then it was that the commemorative stone erected by Kieft in 1642 was dug up and placed in the Garden Street church.

Subscriptions began to be taken up for the new building in 1689. Many persons thought Garden Street was too far up-town; but a piece of land there was finally chosen in 1690, which adjoined the orchard of Domine Drisius's widow. The church was opened in 1693, having cost about \$28,000. It was an oblong building with a brick steeple. The windows were of small panes set in lead. On many of the panes were the coats-of-arms of elders and magistrates engraved thereon by Gerard Duyckinck. There were also painted coats-of-arms hung on the walls. Galleries ran along the sides; in them sat the men, with the women below. The interior was quite plain; the seats were wooden benches; the pulpit, imported from Holland, stood in the middle of the end opposite the door; the bell-rope hung down in the middle aisle.

As the population increased, another church was built on Nassau Street, on the corner of Liberty Street. It was of stone, with a clock in the tower; and there the true Reformed doctrines were preached far into the nineteenth century. It was surrounded by trees in early times, and looked as though "built in a wood." The Garden Street church was then called the Old Church, and the Nassau Street church the New Church. When another was built at the corner of Fulton and Williams streets it was called the North, that in Garden Street the South, and that in Nassau Street the Middle Church. The building in Garden Street was destroyed in the great fire of 1835; that in Nassau Street was pulled down in our own time; prayer-meetings of the Dutch Reformed Church are still held in Fulton Street.

Religious services on Manhattan Island were first held by a schoolmaster and "consoler of the sick." In 1633 the first domine came out, Everardus Bogardus, who served the people faithfully for fourteen years, resisted the tyranny of Kieft, and perished with him in the wreck of the "Princess" in 1647. Johannes Backerus succeeded him in 1648, but returned to Holland in the following year. His departure left Manhattan without a minister, much to the discouragement of Stuyvesant. At this juncture Domine Johannes Megapolensis, who had served at Rensselaerwyck since 1642 as minister to the Dutch and Indians, arrived at New Amsterdam on his way to Holland, whither his wife had preceded him. Stuyvesant pictured to him the miserable state of the people without a minister, and persuaded him to remain. He continued to be the leading domine in the colony until his death in 1669. The famous Jesuit, Father Lemoyne, visited him in 1658, in order to convert him to Romanism, but without success. Megapolensis had a son Samuel, who had been taught Latin and English at the "Academy of New England," in Cambridge. In 1658 Samuel went to Holland, studied for five years at Utrecht, and was ordained. In 1664 he came out to Manhattan, and ministered to a parish which included Breukelen, the Waal-Bogt, Gowanus, and Stuyvesant's bowery. But after five years he wearied of colonial life, and returned permanently to Holland.

Samuel Drisius of Leyden arrived in 1652. He could preach in Dutch, English, and French, and remained for twenty years, during most of this time

acting as a colleague of Megapolensis. Wilhelmus van Nieuwenhuysen officiated from 1671 to 1681, and Henricus Selyns from 1682 to 1701. Although Selyns began his ministrations in New Amsterdam only in 1682, he had lived for a long time in New Netherland. In 1660 he succeeded Domine Joh. Polhemus at the parish of Breukelen, which included also Midwout (Flatbush), Amersfoort (Flatlands), and the Waal-Bogt. The population of Breukelen was then only one hundred and ninety-four persons. When Selyns arrived from Holland, Stuyvesant deputed Nicasius de Sille and Martin Cregier to introduce him to his parishioners, and invited him to preach from time to time at his bowery. In 1664 Selyns decided not to live under the English rule, and went to Holland. But the call to the New Amsterdam church in 1682 brought him back, and he died here in 1701. Among those who were influential in inducing him to return were Stephanus van Courtlandt, Nicholas Bayard, Joh. de Peyster, and Dr. Joh. Kerfbyl. He was the most cultivated and accomplished of the domines.

These preachers were all of the Reformed Dutch Church. The Lutherans only succeeded in forming a congregation toward the end of Stuyvesant's rule, and many years passed before it became considerable in numbers. Megapolensis and Drisius gave a vigorous support to Stuyvesant's attempt to suppress the Lutherans, and were never on cordial terms with their minister. Megapolensis accompanied Stuyvesant to the South River in 1655, and preached the Thanksgiving sermon at the taking of Fort Casimir.

He then thought the terms of the treaty of capitulation too easy, because they allowed the Lutheran minister to continue to preach. This antagonism animated his successors also. The Rev. Charles Wooley, who was rector of the English church, now Trinity, in 1679, relates the following anecdote :

“ In the city of New York, where I was minister to the English, there were two other ministers, or domines as they were called there, — the one a Lutheran, a German or High Dutch ; the other a Calvinist, an Hollander or Low Dutchman, — who behaved themselves one toward another so shily and uncharitably as if Luther and Calvin had bequeathed and entailed their virulent and bigoted spirits upon them and their heirs forever. They had not visited or spoken to each other with any respect for six years together before my being there ; with whom I being much acquainted, I invited them both, with their vrows, to a supper one night, unknown to each other, with an obligation that they should not speak one word in Dutch, under the penalty of a bottle of Madeira, alleging I was so imperfect in that language that we could not manage a sociable discourse. So accordingly they came ; and at the first interview they stood so appalled as if the ghosts of Luther and Calvin had suffered a transmigration. But the amaze soon went off with a *salve tu quoque* and a bottle of wine, of which the Calvinist domine was a true carouser ; and so we continued our *menzalia*, the whole meeting in Latin, which they spoke so fluently and promptly that I blushed at myself with a passionate regret that I could not keep pace with them.”

Claes van Elslant was the first sexton of the church in the fort. After him came Jan de la Montagne, who had a son Jan who was sexton of the Garden Street church. A third Jan, a son of the preceding, succeeded his father. Egbert Benson, when a boy in the latter part of the eighteenth century, saw the third Jan de la Montagne going his rounds to collect the "Domine's gelt." The Dutch were careful to pay their minister promptly, so that he should not need to "desire a gift."

Sunday was not observed in New Amsterdam with anything like the strictness of New England. Still, the day was kept with respect. Stuyvesant would tolerate no selling of beer or disorder on Sundays, and treated the offenders with great severity. In this he was supported by the burgomasters and schepens. Albert the Trumpeter had to answer to the magistrates for being found on Sunday with an axe on his shoulder; he excused himself on the ground that he only intended to cut a bat for his little boy. Fishing, fowling, gathering nuts or strawberries, the playing of children in the streets, were forbidden on Sundays. Dancing, playing ball, cards, tric-trac, tennis, cricket, nine-pins, and pleasure parties were not allowed before or during divine service. It was a day of relaxation, however, when the people put on their best clothes (which were used at no other time) and enjoyed a respite from toil.

As the occasions for social reunion were few, marriages were made much of, and furnished the opportunity for the display of silver, pewter, or

china, and the best clothing. The publication of banns at the church was necessary, and run-away or impatient couples had to go down to Lady Moody's settlement at "Gravenzande," where there were no such restrictions. At both weddings and funerals it was customary to load the dining-table with the best dishes, wine, or beer which the family could afford. At funerals a pewter or silver tankard was passed around filled with hot wine.

In Holland the church was an essential part of the government, and it was not less so regarded in New Netherland. It was as much the duty of the West India Company to keep the colony supplied with a domine as with a director. And the domines were of the utmost importance to the social order. They were a mediation between the authorities and the people, — a restraint on the one hand to tyranny, on the other to rebellion. Upon them the burgomasters' court frequently relied to reconcile husband and wife, or to reform the youthful evil-doer.

Not less inseparately connected than the church with the Dutch idea of government was the school. The church and the school belonged to each other and to the civil authority. The appointment of domines and schoolmasters rested conjointly with the Company and the Classis of Amsterdam. When Domine Bogardus came out in 1633, there accompanied him Adam Roelandsen, the first schoolmaster. He taught the children until 1639, when he resigned and went to Rensselaerwyck. Jan Cornelissen, a carpenter living there, heard of the vacant post, and coming down to New Amsterdam secured

it. He taught until 1650. Roelandsen had a school-room assigned to him; Cornelissen received his pupils in the house in which he lived. In 1647, when Domine Backerus returned to Holland, Stuyvesant sent by him a message to the Classis of Amsterdam asking for "a pious, well-qualified, and diligent schoolmaster." William Vestens was sent in answer to this appeal, arriving in 1650 in the same ship with Domine Megapolensis's wife. Vestens continued in office for five years, the school being held in a hired room. During this period he was the principal teacher; but there being more scholars than he could well take care of, Jan de la Montagne was appointed a second teacher, and a room in the tavern was assigned to him. A school-house was then built, and at the same time Vestens was succeeded by Harmanus van Hoboocken. The school was soon after burned, and Hoboocken was allowed one hundred guilders annually to hire new accommodations, "as the town youth are doing so uncommonly well now." In 1661 Hoboocken was transferred to Stuyvesant's bowery, to teach the children of settlers in that growing quarter. Evert Pietersen then became the schoolmaster at New Amsterdam, living and teaching in the Brouwer Straat. The school with difficulty founded and maintained through the early years of the settlement was continued by the Collegiate Dutch Church after the English possession. There the Dutch youth were educated for many years in their native language only, later in both English and Dutch. The school, like the church, still exists and flourishes

in New York ; they are bound together by the old ties, and look back upon an honourable and interesting history.

While this was the official free school, maintained by Church and State, there were also private schools in New Amsterdam. Licenses for the teachers of these were issued before 1664 to Jan Stevensen, Aryaen Jansen, Andries Hudde, Jacob van Corlaer, Jan Lubberts, Joost Carelse, Adriaen van Ilpendam, Juriaense Becker, and Johannes van Gelaer.

In 1658 a general desire was felt for a high or classical school, which would carry the youth beyond the rudiments of education. Accordingly the burgomasters and schepens thus petitioned the West India Company: "It is represented that the youth of this place and the neighbourhood are increasing in number gradually, and that most of them can read and write, but that some of the citizens and inhabitants would like to send their children to a school the principal of which understands Latin, but are not able to do so without sending them to New England ; furthermore, they have not the means to hire a Latin schoolmaster expressly for themselves from New England, and therefore they ask that the West India Company will send out a fit person as Latin schoolmaster,—not doubting that the number of persons who will send their children to such a teacher will from year to year increase, until an academy shall be formed whereby this place to great splendour will have attained, for which, next to God, the Honourable Company which shall have sent such teacher here shall have laud and praise. For our

own part, we shall endeavour to find a fit place in which the schoolmaster shall hold his school." The petition was granted, and in 1659 Dr. Alexander Carolus Curtius, of Lithuania, arrived in New Amsterdam. The burgomasters gave him the use of a house and garden, promised him a salary of five hundred guilders, and allowed him to charge each scholar a fee of six guilders per quarter. Curtius turned out to be not a fit person for the place. Parents complained that he could keep no order among the pupils, who "beat each other and tore the clothes from each other's backs." Curtius excused the lack of discipline on the ground that "his hands were tied, as some of the parents forbade him punishing their children." He overcharged some scholars by asking from them a whole beaver-skin per quarter. The discontent with his services sent Curtius back to Holland. The Rev. Ægidius Luyck, who had been tutor to Stuyvesant's sons, was then appointed principal, and under his care the academy succeeded admirably, — students attending it from Virginia, the South River, and Rensselaerwyck, as well as from the neighbourhood of New Amsterdam.

The first educated physician who practised in New Amsterdam was Dr. Hans Kierstede, who lived on the East River, near the foot of Whitehall Street. Samuel Megapolensis, the domine's son, added the practice of medicine to his spiritual duties while he lived in the colony. Other physicians were Johannes de la Montagne, Johannes Kerfbyl, — a graduate of Leyden, — Jacob Bloeck,

Samuel Coster, and two or three of lesser fame. In 1652 the profession petitioned the director and Council that none but surgeons should be allowed to shave people. After weighty consideration, the Council gave the following answer : —

“That shaving doth not appertain exclusively to chirurgery, but is only an appanage thereof. That no man can be prevented from operating herein upon himself, or doing another this friendly act, provided that it be through courtesy, and that he do not receive any money for it, and do not keep any open shop of that sort, which is hereby forbidden, declaring, in regard to the last request, this act to belong to chirurgery and the health of man.”

The medical profession, like other skilled occupations, increased very much in importance toward the end of the century, when there was wealth enough in the colony to attract well-trained men from Holland.

Only a portion of the early Dutch settlers had family names. It was at about this time that such names were becoming fixed and hereditary. There were three ways in which, commonly, family names were attained. The first and most usual was the attachment of *sen* or *se* (a termination meaning *son*) to the father's Christian name : thus, Evert Pietersen and Frederic Philipse. To signify a daughter the termination *s* was used : thus, Annetje Jans, Tryntje Everts. If we take, for example, a man named Jan : his son Hendrick, to distinguish himself from other Hendricks, calls himself Hendrick Jansen ; his son again is called

Evert Hendricksen ; his son Teunis Evertsen ; his son Willem Teunissen. Thus the second name varied from generation to generation. Gradually the second name became hereditary, and Hendrick Jansen's children were called Jansen instead of Hendricksen.

Another method of fixing a family name was by the father's trade. Thus, the brewer Willem Hendricksen was called Willem Brouwer ; Jan Willemssen the bleacher was called Jan Bleecker. In the same way originated the names of Coster, Schoonmacker, Stryker, Dyckman, and Hofman.

A third derivation of names was that from places of origin. When Oloff Stevensen van Courtlandt first came out to New Amsterdam as a soldier, he was known as Oloff Stevensen, and so signed his name to the protest carried by Van der Donck to the States-General. As he became a leading man, he distinguished himself from other Stevensens by adding van Courtlandt — the town of his birth — to his name ; his descendants continued the custom, and so it became the family appellation. Other names of similar origin are Van Bergen, Van Antwerp, Van der Veer (Ferry), Verplanck (of the plank-walk), Ten Eyck (at the oak), Ten Broeck (at the marsh,) Opdyck (on the dyke), and Wyckoff (parish-court). Some of these names had been borne in Holland ; many became hereditary first in New Netherland.

Augustyn Heermans, who made a good sketch of the city of New Amsterdam as it appeared from the East River, was the only artist whose work survives.

But three Dutchmen wrote poetry in their native language, which may still be read. Jacob Steendam composed a "Complaint of New Amsterdam" and "The Praise of New Netherland," dedicated to the Hon. Cornelis van Ruyven, secretary of the West India Company, — "a faithful and very upright promoter of New Netherland." The next poet was Nicasius de Sille. He was a member of Stuyvesant's Council and an educated man. In 1656 he succeeded Van Tienhoven as fiscal, and afterward held the office of schout. In 1657 he built a house at New Utrecht, L. I., where he afterward lived. This house was of stone, roofed with large Dutch tiles, and originally protected by palisades. In 1850 this house was still standing, and formed a comfortable dwelling. In front of it stood a great tree, which had probably shaded De Sille himself. He kept the records of New Utrecht in good language and handwriting. One of his daughters married Hendrick Kip, and another Gerritse van Couwenhoven of Breukelen. He composed "Imitations of the Psalms," an "Epitaph on a Cortelyou Child," — the first born in New Utrecht, — and "The Earth speaks to its Cultivators." The third poet was the good Domine Henricus Selyns. The subjects which inspired him were: "Nuptial Song for Ægidius Luyck and Judith van Isendoorn;" "Birthday Garland woven in Honour of Matilda Specht;" "To my Friend, Captain Gerard Douw;" "Epitaph on Domine Johannes Megapolensis;" "Epitaph for Madam Anna Loockermans, widow of Oloff Stevensen van

Courtlandt ;" "Epitaph for P. Stuyvesant ;" "Reasons for and against marrying Widows."

There was no lack of good food in New Amsterdam in time of peace. Game was shot in plenty by the young men, and brought to town in canoes by the Indians. Deer were very numerous: an Indian would sell a fat buck for five guilders; in some seasons a pipe would buy one. Bears, elk, hares, and rabbits abounded. Close at hand were quail, partridges, and wild turkeys; of the latter De Vries shot one weighing thirty pounds. Along the shores of the rivers and harbour fluttered and swam great numbers of wild geese, ducks, and swans. Van der Donck knew a gunner, named Hendrick de Backer, who killed eleven gray geese out of a large flock at one shot from his gun. The waters in the vicinity of Manhattan Island furnished sturgeon, salmon, bass, shad, drum, smelts, cod, sheepshead, herring, mackerel, black-fish, lobsters, weakfish, oysters, and shrimps. Nor did the terrapin swim unappreciated. "Some persons," wrote Van der Donck in 1656, "prepare delicious dishes from the water terrapin, which is luscious food."

The gardens of New Netherland produced lettuce, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, beets, spinach, radishes, parsley, cresses, onions, leeks, artichokes, asparagus, squashes, melons, cucumbers, and beans. On the farms were cows, goats, sheep, and hogs. Horses were bred and used; but oxen did the farm work. The native grasses were mixed with the wild onion, which gave its taste to the milk. A great deal of tobacco was raised, which ranked next to that of

Virginia. But the crops most cultivated were wheat, rye, barley, and corn. The latter was grown in hills with pumpkin-vines, as at present. The rye grew so tall that a man could bind the ears together above his head. Van der Donck saw a field of barley, of which the stems were seven feet high. The soil seemed inexhaustible. Domine Megapolensis stated that a farmer had raised fine crops of wheat on the same field for eleven years in succession.

It was when the inhabitants of New York looked for profit to the land rather than to the forest, that wealth flowed in upon them. At the end of the century the colony was celebrated more for its grain than for its beaver-skins; then the trader and the farmer, working together, laid the foundations of a great prosperity.

43

CHAPTER IV.

NEW NETHERLAND BECOMES NEW YORK.

DURING the last few years of Stuyvesant's administration the Dutch colonists prospered, good order prevailed, and immigration steadily increased. Except for the Indian war at Esopus, nothing occurred to interrupt the growing activity of the settlement. But although the people were contented and prosperous, the director had cause for ceaseless anxiety and exertion. The encroachments of the English were menacing the very existence of New Netherland as a Dutch colony. On the South or Delaware River, the "crowding out" policy was being pursued with little disguise. The English there claimed jurisdiction over the whole territory under Lord Baltimore's patent. Stuyvesant sent Wilhelm Beeckman to defend the Dutch rights and direct the affairs of the colony. Matters not improving, Cornelis van Ruyven went to the assistance of Beeckman, accompanied by Captain Martin Cregier and sixty soldiers. Later on, the director appointed Resolved Waldron and Augustyn Heermans as commissioners to negotiate with the English authorities. They presented the Dutch claims so forcibly that further English aggression was postponed until 1664.

New England gave the director still greater cause for apprehension. Massachusetts set up the claim that her territory extended indefinitely westward, and so claimed the northern Hudson. Connecticut did more. In 1662 John Winthrop obtained in London a new patent from Charles II., which made Connecticut, like Massachusetts, extend indefinitely westward and include all northern New Netherland. In Westchester and on Long Island, English settlers were increasing much faster than the Dutch, and their towns were becoming restive under Dutch jurisdiction. Against this accumulation of threatened disaster Stuyvesant laboured earnestly but with little effect. He made a visit to Boston in person and conferred with representatives of the United New England colonies. But all his efforts were checkmated by the English policy of delay. While the director was thus pressed from the East and the South by harassing aggressions, and had the Esopus war on his hands, the Long Island English towns revolted under John Scott and repudiated Dutch authority.

Stuyvesant had to struggle on alone. In 1660 he had written to the Amsterdam Chamber of the West India Company: "Place no confidence in the weakness of the English government and its indisposition to interfere in affairs here. New England does not care much about its troubles and does not want its aid. Her people are fully convinced that their power overbalances ours tenfold; and it is to be apprehended that they may make further attempts at this opportunity without fearing or caring for home

interference." While New England needed no help from the mother country, Stuyvesant could get none. The West India Company was unable to send military assistance, and the subtle character of English aggression was of a sort difficult to make, through the States-General, a national grievance.

A treaty of peace between England and Holland had been signed at Westminster in 1662. But Charles II. hated the Netherlands; he had his reasons for wishing to conciliate New England; and he had the fortune of his brother, the Duke of York, to make. Hence in March, 1664, he granted to the Duke of York all the territory between the Connecticut River and Delaware Bay, the exact boundaries of New Netherland. The grant was kept secret, and nothing was heard of it in Old or New Amsterdam.

In April, 1664, a fleet of four ships sailed for New England under the command of Colonel Richard Nicholls, carrying three hundred and fifty soldiers. This news was brought to Stuyvesant in July by Captain John Willett. The director divined the object of the fleet, and feared that his worst predictions were about to be realized. All his energies were immediately devoted to preparations for defence. But the same news had reached Holland long before. The West India Company had made inquiries in London, had been informed that the expedition was intended only to enforce certain of the king's wishes in New England, and the directors wrote to Stuyvesant that he had nothing to fear. Thus thrown off his guard, Stuyvesant

went up to Fort Orange to conduct negotiations with the Mohawk Indians. The English fleet arrived in Boston Harbour, remained there inactive for a month, and all seemed safe.

One day toward the end of August the English flagship was seen sailing into the lower bay. Stuyvesant was informed, and hurried down from Fort Orange. One by one the other ships of the hostile fleet came to anchor in the Narrows with reinforcements of men from New England. The enemy made no secret of its mission. A fort on Staten Island was taken immediately. Soldiers were landed on the Long Island shore, and the inhabitants were warned not to send supplies or assistance to the town. Stuyvesant threw himself into the work of defence with all his wonted vigour. All able-bodied men were put to work on the fortifications or enrolled as soldiers; new guns were mounted, and the shores patrolled. But with all this effort, the result could be slight. The town lay unprotected except for the poor fort at the Battery. There were guns, but of powder hardly sufficient for a day's cannonade. On the north the only defence was an earthen rampart three feet high, surmounted by the old rotten palisade which had done duty in the Indian wars. From the hills beyond it cannon could command the whole town. On the east and west the hostile ships could sail up and down, pouring in unanswered broadsides. Stuyvesant, however, was hot for the fight.

On Friday, August 29, he sent a messenger to Nicholls, demanding to know the meaning of his

invasion. The answer, couched in friendly language, was a summons to surrender the town, with a promise of protection and fair treatment to all who submitted like good subjects to the authority of Charles II. The director read this communication to his Council and the assembled magistrates. His labours to provide means of defence had been ill supported. The Long Island farmers refused to come in, on the ground that they had their own property to defend. The townspeople were persuaded that resistance was useless, and their work was half-hearted. Stuyvesant was anxious to keep the summons secret, lest its favourable terms should incline the people to yield. But he was overruled by the Council and the burgo-masters. They were resolved not to have their houses knocked about their ears to preserve the interests of the West India Company. They insisted on making public the contents of Nicholls's letter, and the director had to give way, saying that he would not hold himself "answerable for the calamitous consequences."

The evident intention to accomplish their objects as peacefully as possible helped the English cause very much. On Monday, Winthrop, who guided the policy of the invaders, came up the Bay under a flag of truce, bearing another summons yet more attractive in its terms. There was to be no change but that of the flag and the governor. The Dutch were to trade with Holland as before, Dutch property was to be inviolate, and immigration from Holland to continue. When this communication was read in the council-chamber at the fort, Stuyvesant

saw in it a death-knell to his plans. The people, with the consequences of a bombardment in their minds, seeing no prospect but bloodshed, fire, and the destruction of homes acquired by long and painful toil, were already nearly unanimous for surrender on any favourable terms. The soldiers were becoming mutinous, and were heard talking of booty and where the young women lived who wore gold chains. Stuyvesant felt that the only way to make his people fight was to give them no other alternative. Hence, he announced in Council that the letter must be kept secret ; but the councillors, the burgomasters, and schepens, knowing that defeat was certain in the end, and wishing to preserve life and property, contended that the public had a right to know what the English proposed. A hot debate ensued, in which the director maintained his point with his customary violence. At last Stuyvesant, finding that all were against him, characteristically settled the question by tearing the letter into small pieces, and throwing them passionately on the floor. The meeting broke up in confusion, and its members carried into the town information of what had occurred. The people became angry and rebellious, work on the fort ceased ; a large crowd gathered in front of the Stadt Huys clamouring for Stuyvesant and the letter. The director appeared, harangued the people, and sought to inspire in them some of his own patriotic determination ; but they continued to call for the letter, and denounced him and the West India Company as indifferent to their interests. Stuyvesant returned

mournfully to the fort. The fragments of the letter were gathered up by a secretary, pieced together, and delivered to the burgomasters. A copy was then made, which was read from the steps of the Stadt Huys. Meanwhile, Stuyvesant retired to his own house to compose his answer. He demonstrated the title of the Dutch to New Netherland by discovery, settlement, and possession; he denounced the violation of English and Dutch treaties by the present invasion; he concluded by defying the English, and by declaring his trust to be in God, who could give victory to the weak over the strong.

On receipt of this communication, Colonel Nicholls made his preparations for an assault. Soldiers were landed on Long Island, and marched toward Breukelen. The war-ships were anchored off the fort, with their guns trained on the town. Stuyvesant stood gloomily beside a gun on the ramparts; his situation was desperate, and he could expect no better issue than death at his post. From time to time came Domine Megapolensis, members of the Council, the burgomasters and schepens, begging him not to make a useless sacrifice of the town. After some hours, the director went down to the shore with one hundred soldiers, prepared to oppose a landing. Thus matters remained all day, neither side being desirous of firing the first shot. Then Stuyvesant sent another letter to Nicholls, his tone still defiant; but he despatched commissioners with it, whom he hoped might gain some advantage. But the commissioners returned with the final answer that the terms could not be changed, and that the

only choice lay between their acceptance and bombardment. When this became known, the people crowded about the director clamouring for surrender. A remonstrance against resistance was handed to him, signed by all the principal burghers, including his son Balthazar. Stuyvesant declared that he would rather be carried a corpse to his grave than to surrender; but there was no alternative, a fact as well known on board the fleet as in the town. On Saturday, September 6, Jan de Decker, Nicholas Verleth, Samuel Megapolensis, Cornelis Steenwyck, Jacques Cousseau, and O. S. van Courtlandt met Colonel Nicholls, and agreed upon terms of surrender. By these, safety of life and property, freedom in religion, trade, and emigration, and a representative government were guaranteed to the Dutch. On Monday, Stuyvesant had to ratify the treaty; and immediately afterward he walked out of the fort followed by his soldiers, whom he led through Marckvelt Straat to the East River, where the military were embarked on the ship "Gideon" for Holland. The English flag was hoisted in place of the Dutch; Fort Amsterdam became Fort James; and New Netherland, New York. A fortnight later Fort Orange surrendered, and was named "Albany,"—the Duke of York's second title. The inhabitants of Rensselaerwyck were given the same terms as those of New Amsterdam, and the patroon himself afterward received a confirmation of his rights. On October 1 Fort Casimir, on the South River, was taken, and the Dutch flag ceased to wave in North America.

The object of the English — to gain possession of the Dutch colony without injuring its value — had been gained ; but such a proceeding was tantamount to a declaration of war, and it was so received in Holland. As soon as the "Gideon" arrived with the garrison of Fort Amsterdam, orders were despatched to Admiral de Ruyter, off the coast of Africa, to reduce the English possessions there, which he did without delay. In 1665 great preparations for the war were made in Holland, and the fisheries were suspended to gain men for the warships. Then Charles II. formally declared war. During its progress the advantage remained with the Dutch, whose captures were much the more important.

Meanwhile the West India Company sent word to Stuyvesant to come out, and explain the surrender in person. Before his departure, he asked from the burgomasters and schepens a statement regarding his conduct as director. They testified : "His Honour hath, during eighteen years' administration, conducted and demeaned himself not only as a director-general, as, according to the best of our knowledge, he ought to do on all occasions for the best interests of the West India Company, but besides as an honest proprietor and patriot of this province, and as a supporter of the Reformed Religion." Stuyvesant arrived at The Hague in October, 1665, and presented his report to the States-General. He found the directors of the West India Company much incensed against him. Angry at the loss of their property, and prejudiced

by misrepresentations of the facts made by hostile members of the Fort Amsterdam garrison, they wished to hold him responsible for the "scandalous surrender." His situation for some time was very unpleasant. He wrote to New York for testimony in confirmation of his defence, and received in six months letters from the city magistrates and from Jeremias van Rensselaer, which enabled him to make before the States-General an able and conclusive vindication of his conduct.

Meanwhile negotiations for peace were conducted between England and Holland. A treaty was signed in August, 1667, according to which each nation was to retain its conquests. These terms were considered both in London and The Hague to be highly favourable to the Dutch, who gained more than they lost. Stuyvesant exerted himself to obtain from the English government privileges of trade advantageous to New York, and returned there in October, 1667, where he passed the remainder of his life in retirement on his bowery.

Nine years afterward Holland and England were again at war. In August, 1673, while De Ruyter and Tromp were maintaining the reputation of the Dutch for prowess on the seas, by defeating the combined English and French fleets off the Helder, Dutch mariners again hoisted the national flag on Manhattan Island.

Cornelis Everts and Jacob Binckes had just captured eight English tobacco ships in the Chesapeake, when the idea occurred to them that New York would be an easy prey. They were soon

anchored off the fort, at which they fired a few broadsides, while Capt. Anthony Colve, at the head of six hundred men, landed at Trinity churchyard, and marched down Broadway. No defence was offered beyond a cannon-shot fired at the fleet. The fort surrendered unconditionally; the English marched out, and the Dutch marched in. Governor Lovelace then formally capitulated. The English had taken the place by surprise in time of peace. The Dutch re-took it in time of open war. Prizes were made of all the English vessels in the harbour. The province was re-named New Netherland; the city was called New Orange; and the fort, William Hendrick. A Dutch administration was appointed, with Anthony Colve at its head. Anthony de Mill was made schout; Johannes van Bruggh, Johannes de Peyster, and Ægidius Luyck, burgomasters; Wilhelm Beeckman, Jeroninus Ebbingh, Jacob Kip, Laurens van der Spiegel, Gelyn Verplanck, schepens. The joyful shout of "Oranje Boven" was heard throughout the province.

But England soon became disgusted with a war which cost her too much. Twenty-seven hundred British ships had been taken by Dutch men-of-war and privateers. In 1674 the Treaty of Westminster was signed, by which it was agreed that each power should return to the other the conquests made during hostilities. Thus New Netherland became permanently New York.

Peter Stuyvesant died in 1672 at his bowery, and his remains were interred in a vault beneath the chapel which he had built near his house. When

the present St. Mark's church was erected, on the site of the old chapel, the vault was preserved, and a commemorative stone was placed upon its wall, which still marks the grave of the hardy director of New Netherland. The character of Stuyvesant has appeared plainly in the narrative of events at New Amsterdam. Honest, blunt, and passionate, his virtues and his faults were evident to all men. He had been a faithful servant to the West India Company, guarding its interests with a jealous fidelity and promoting them with untiring zeal. In the service of his employers, he never lacked vigour or courage. In his enforced conflicts with other colonies he showed judgment and foresight, yielding when he must, but struggling to the last against any odds. Had the West India Company heeded his warnings, New Amsterdam might have resisted for many years the English pressure. In his dealings with the Indians he pursued a policy of stern justice, which won their respect and confidence. No Indian war can be laid to his charge ; and during his presence on Manhattan Island, the sleep of the Dutch settlers was undisturbed by fears of savage invasion. His conduct as director was marred by conflicts with those under his authority, which were caused not so much by harshness of nature as by an unnecessarily rigid idea of his duty. To govern a colony of adventurous men, settled in the wilderness, threatened on the one hand by savage enemies, on the other by aggressive neighbours of uncertain friendliness, — he conceived that his mastery must be unquestioned. The responsibility was his, — the authority must be

his also. His life had been spent in Dutch colonial adventures, where the word that was passed from the quarter-deck was the law without appeal. Hence the contentions which characterized the early years of his rule, and the attitude of apparent tyranny in which he appeared. As time wore on, he and the burghers understood each other better, and a mutual respect succeeded to the old antagonism. Headstrong and violent in his temper he always was, but animated by good motives, faithful to the line of his duty, and seeking the interest of those committed to his charge.

Stuyvesant's last years were passed in seclusion on the old bowery, which had been the home of his family for some years before the capitulation in 1664. The house was of wood, two stories in height, with projecting rafters. Its situation, as described by the Hon. Hamilton Fish, was a point about one hundred and fifty feet east of Third Avenue and about forty feet north of Twelfth Street. In front of it was a stiff Dutch garden, laid out with formal paths and flower-beds. Near the house Stuyvesant had planted a pear-tree, which had a remarkable history. For more than two hundred years it marked the spot where had been the old director's garden. Generations of his descendants grew up and passed away, and still the pear-tree held its own. As new streets were laid out and the open fields of Stuyvesant's bowery became city lots, the pear-tree found itself on the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street, protected by an iron railing. The onward march of improvement had

left it behind in a thickly settled part of the city, when in February, 1867, it was blown down in a storm. The boundaries of Stuyvesant's bowery were, roughly speaking, Fourth Avenue on the West, the river on the East, on the North Seventeenth Street, and on the South Sixth Street; it contained about six hundred acres.

Stuyvesant's widow, Judith Bayard, lived upon the bowery until her death in 1687. By her will, she founded St. Mark's Church. She had two sons, — Balthazar, born in 1647; and Nicholas William, born in 1648. Balthazar went to the West Indies, where he died, leaving a daughter. Nicholas William married, first, Maria Beeckman; and, secondly, Elizabeth Schlectenhorst. He passed his life at New York, and is the ancestor of the present family.

Although New Netherland became a permanent English colony under the Treaty of Westminster in 1674, its population remained largely Dutch until nearly the middle of the next century. The prosperity of New York, growing steadily with the progress of trade and the exportation of grains, attracted emigrants from Holland notwithstanding the change of flag. Many families now living on Manhattan Island are descended from Dutchmen who came out after the English occupation. The old names with which we have become familiar in the early annals of New Amsterdam continue in positions of honour and prominence through the English colonial records. In 1673, we find among the city magistrates Johannes van Brugg, Johannes de Peyster, Ægidius Luyck, Jacob Kip, Laurans van der Spiegel,

Wilhelm Beeckman, Guleyn Verplanck, Stephen van Courtlandt. In 1677, Stephanus van Courtlandt is mayor, and Johannes de Peyster deputy-mayor. In 1682, Cornelis Steenwyck is mayor; in 1685, the office is filled by Nicholas Bayard; in 1686, by Van Courtlandt again. Abraham de Peyster was mayor from 1691 to 1695; and in his time the following Dutchmen were aldermen: W. Beeckman, Johannes Kip, Brandt Schuyler, Garrett Douw, Arent van Scoyck, Gerard Douw, Rip van Dam, Jacobus van Courtlandt, Samuel Bayard, Jacobus van Nostrandt, Jan Hendricks Brevoort, Jan van Horne, Petrus Bayard, Abraham Wendell, John Brevoort. These names recur down to 1717. In 1718, John Roosevelt, Philip van Courtlandt, and Cornelius de Peyster are aldermen. In 1719, Jacobus van Courtlandt is mayor, and among the aldermen are Philip van Courtlandt, Harmanus van Gilder, Jacobus Kip, Frederic Philipse, John Roosevelt, Philip Schuyler. In 1745, Stephen Bayard is mayor. During the last half of the eighteenth century the Dutch names are more and more crowded out by the English. But we still find Nicholas and Cornelius Roosevelt, Cornelius van Horne, Dirck Brinckerhoff, Huybert van Wagener, Henry Brevoort, Jacob Lefferts, John Hardenbrook, Nicholas Bayard, Tobias van Zandt, John Quackenboss, Theophilus Beeckman, and others. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Dutch names occur only occasionally.

These Dutchmen not only preserved their leadership in public affairs, but carried on a large propor-

tion of the city's trade. New York was an English colony, but its greatness was largely built on Dutch foundations. It is often said that the city became flourishing only after the English occupation. This is true, with the qualification that the Dutch trader and the Dutch farmer after that event had greater opportunities for successful activity.

Not a few of the old Dutch houses have remained intact until our own day. Notable among these was the De Sille house at New Utrecht ; the Cortelyou, Schermerhorn, and De Hart houses in Brooklyn ; and the Kip house on Kip's Bay, near the foot of East Thirty-fifth Street, New York. The Van Courtlandt manor-house at Yonkers still stands in much its original condition.

Some of the Dutch geographical names remain unchanged, as Barnegat, Kill van Cull, Staten Island, Corlaer's Hook, Spuyt den Duyvel (in spite of the devil). Others have been Anglicised or translated ; thus, Sandt Hoeck, Sandyhook ; Beeren's Island, Barren Island ; Conyn's Island, Coney Island ; Vlachte Bos, Flatbush ; Jemaico, Jamaica ; Vliessengen, Flushing ; Robyn's Rift, Robin's Reef ; Waal-Bogt, Wallabout ; Kruine Punt, Crown Point ; Deutel Bay, Turtle Bay ; Helle-gat, Hell Gate ; Martyn Wyngaard's Island, Martha's Vineyard ; Antonie's Neus, St. Anthony's Nose. Yonkers was called Jonckers, from Jonge Heer, and signified the "young gentleman's place."

Dutch continued to be the language of New York until the end of the seventeenth century, after which time English contended for the mastery with

steady success. In the outlying towns of Long Island and New Jersey and along the Hudson River, Dutch was generally used for a century later. The dialect called "Jersey Dutch" is still heard in the Ramapo Valley. But in New York city the large English immigration, the requirements of commerce, and the frequent intermarriages of Dutch and English families had given to English the predominance by the year 1750. The Rev. Dr. Laidlie preached to a Dutch Reformed congregation the first sermon in English in March, 1764, in the Middle Church. In 1773, English was first used in the Dutch school. Mary, the daughter of Peter van Schaack of Kinderhook, and the wife of James Jacobus Roosevelt, who died in 1845, spoke Dutch in her family; and her son, C. V. S. Roosevelt, who lived on the southwest corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, could also speak it. Many similar cases of the survival of the language occurred. But after the beginning of the present century they were unusual, and the services of the Reformed churches were conducted entirely in English. The colony of Cape Town in South Africa, like New Amsterdam, became an English possession after being settled by the Dutch. There the language continued more steadily in use. The late Nicholas L. Roosevelt visited Cape Town in 1870 as a lieutenant on board the United States ship "Alaska" of the East Indian squadron. A ball was given on board to the residents of the town, and some of them expressed to Lieutenant Roosevelt their surprise that he could not converse with them in the language of the fatherland.

The language and customs of Holland survived until recent years in isolated villages of Long Island, of New Jersey and the Hudson River. In Albany, the Dutch inhabitants continued in nearly exclusive possession through the eighteenth century. The Van Rensselaer patroonship was the only one which succeeded and endured. After the English occupation, the patroonship was changed to a manor, but the proprietor retained his title. Stephen van Rensselaer, the last of the family to be called "The Patroon," died in 1839.

In New York city, the high-stoop house, and the peculiar observance of New Year's Day which continued until 1870, are two familiar relics of Holland. The valuable custom of registering transfers of real estate has been received from the same source. The Collegiate Dutch Church has flourished for two centuries and a half in a career of uninterrupted and unmeasured usefulness. When the English flag was hoisted at New Amsterdam in 1664, the infant city had already stamped upon it the characteristics of commercial enterprise, of a cosmopolitan spirit, of religious toleration, of free public education, and of a representative municipal government.

INDEX.

ACHTER DE PEREL STRAAT, 109.

Adriaensen, Maryn, 37, 42, 46.

Albert the Trumpeter, 106.

Allerton, Isaac, 47.

Alva, Duke of, 10.

Amersfoort, 91.

Amsterdam Trading Co., 16.

Anchorage ground, 110.

Animals, at large, 112.

Anthony, Allard, 85, 104, 125.

Artists, 165.

BACKER, Jacobus, 138.

Backerus, Johannes, 156.

Bayard, Annake, 59.

— Balthazar, 59, 149.

— Nicholas, 59, 107, 149, 183.

— Peter, 59, 104, 183.

— Samuel, 183.

— Stephen, 183.

Baxter, George, 62, 90.

Beaver Street, 106.

Becker, Juraense, 162.

Bedlow, Isaac, 107, 134.

Beekman, Joghim, 111.

— Maria, 182.

— Theophilus, 183.

— Wilhelm, 85, 115, 125, 133, 137,

138, 149, 169, 179.

Beekman Street, 115.

Beekman's Swamp, 117.

Belcher, Thomas, 29.

Benson, Egbert, 159.

Bentyn, Jacques, 37.

Bergen, 101.

Beurs Straat, 106.

Beverwyck, 73.

Bikker, Gerrit, 92.

Binckes, Jacob, 178.

Bloeck, Jacob, 163.

Block, Adriaen, 16.

Blommaert, Adriaen, 21, 125.

Bogardus, Everardus, 22, 32, 43, 53,

67, 114, 156.

— Wilhelm, 111.

Books, 147.

Bout, Jan E., 48, 69, 77.

Bowery, the Domine's, 113, 114.

— Stuyvesant's, 181.

Bowling Green, 104.

Bowne, John, 100.

Bommel, van, Hendrick, 128.

Breede Weg, 104.

Brevoort, Henry, 183.

— Jan Hendrick, 182.

Bridge Street, 107.

Bridge, the, 107, 110.

Brinckerhoff, Dirck, 183.

Broadway, 103, 104, 112, 115.

Broad Street, 105.

Bronck, Jonas, 39.

Brooklyn, 29, 91.

Brouwer, Cornelius, 115.

— Straat, 107.

Brugg, van, Carel, 109.

— Johannes, 107, 110, 125, 179, 182.

— Johannes G., 137.

— Johannes P., 129, 137, 138.

Brugg Straat, 107.

Building lots, 149.

Burgher's path, 111.

Burgomasters and schepens, the first,

85; method of appointment, 124;

meetings of, 123; duties of, 126;

- powers of, 127; salary of, 126; title of, 125; impose taxes, 138; sitting as civil and criminal court, 130, 133.
 Bushwyck, 101.
- CANAL, on Beaver Street, 106.
 — on Broad Street, 105, 109.
 Canal Street, 118.
 Carelse, Joost, 162.
 Carpsey, Gabriel, 112.
 Cemetery, the, 104.
 Chambers, John, 104.
 Charles II. grants New Netherland to Duke of York, 171.
 Charter of privileges, 19.
 Christiansen, Hendrick, 16.
 Church, the first building, 22; in the fort, 31, 32; others, 154, 155; the English, 105.
 Cingel ofte Stadt Waal, 105.
 Citizenship, great and small, 141.
 Clergyman, the first, 22.
 See Domines.
 Clocq, Pelgrum, 131.
 Clopper, Cornelius, 116.
 Clothing, 145.
 Clyff, van, Dirck, 109.
 Coenties Slip, 108.
 Collect, the, 118.
 Collins, John, 30.
 Colve, Anthony, 179.
 Connecticut lands, 22.
 Corlaer, van, Jacob, 162.
 Cornelis, Guilian, 111.
 Cornelissen, Jan, 160.
 Cortelyou, Jacques, 103, 110.
 Coster, Samuel, 164.
 Courts of justice, 122, 123, 130.
 Courtlandt, van, Cornelia, 111.
 — Jacobus, 149, 183.
 — Oloff Stevensen, 28, 77, 79, 107, 110, 125, 137, 138, 148, 176.
 — Philip, 183.
 — Stephen, 183.
 Cousseau, Jacques, 108, 176.
 Couwenhoven, van, Jacob, 22, 69, 77, 107, 111, 131, 137.
 — Johannes, 107.
 — Pieter, 85, 108, 125, 129, 137.
 Cows, 112.
- Cregier, Martin, 85, 89, 104, 125, 129, 137, 138, 169.
 Crops, 168.
 Curier, Arendt, 54.
 — Jacob, 28.
 Curtius, Alex. C., 163.
 Cuvilje, Adriana, 113.
- DAM, Jan Jansen, 32, 37, 47, 69.
 Dam, van, Rip, 149, 183.
 Damen, Jan Jansen, 113.
 Decker, de, Jan, 176.
 Delaplaine, Nicholas, 111.
 Delegates to Holland, 77, 78, 84.
 Dincklage, van, Lubbertus, 59, 78.
 Dircksen, Barent, 47.
 — Cornelius, 117.
 — Gerrit, 37.
 Domines, the, their salaries, 138; influence of, 160; those who officiated in New Amsterdam, 156, 157.
 Donck, van der, Adriaen, consults with people, 75; sent to Holland to procure reforms, 77; publishes "Vertoogh," 77; returns successful, 84; law practice, 130.
 Doughty, Francis, 30, 48.
 Douw, Gerard, 183.
 — Gerrit, 183.
 Drainage, 112.
 Drisius, Domine, 98, 138, 156.
 Duyckinck, Evert, 107, 124.
 — Gerard, 155.
 Dutch people, character of, 8 et seq.
 Dutch influence, after English occupation, 182, 184, 186.
 Dyck, van Hendrick, 39, 59, 78, 94.
 — Lydia, 107.
 Dyre, William, 88.
- EAST INDIA COMPANY, 15.
 Eaton, Governor, 71.
 Ebbingh, Jeroninus, 107, 125, 179.
 Eight Men, the, 47, 51.
 Elbertsen, Elbert, 77.
 Elkens, Jacob, 23.
 Elslant, van, Claes, 106, 130, 159.
 Emigration, 100, 119, 120.
 English language, first used in Dutch church and school, 185.
 Es van, Elizabeth, 147.

Esopus War, 96.
 Everts, Cornelis, 178.
 Exchange Place, 106.
 Exchange, the first, 110.

FAIRFIELD, 88.
 Farm, the Duke's, 114; the king's,
 113; West India Company's, 113.
 Ferry, the, 103, 116, 117.
 Festivals, 151.
 Finances, 137.
 Fire department, 127, 129.
 Fish, Hamilton, 181.
 Flat, the, 11.
 Flatbush, 91.
 Flatlands, 91.
 Flushing, 91.
 Fly, the, 116.
 Food, 176.
 Forest, de, Isaac, 28, 107, 110, 125,
 138.
 Fort Amsterdam, 18, 103, 176.
 — Casimir, 92, 176.
 — Christina, 55, 94.
 — Good Hope, 22, 56, 88.
 — James, 176.
 — Nassau, 18.
 — Orange, 17.
 — Trinity, 92, 94.
 — William Hendrick, 179.
 Franklin Square, 116.
 Fresh Water, the, 118.
 Front Street, 108.
 Funerals, 160.
 Fur trade, 18, 57, 140, 141.

GAME, 167.
 Garden Street, 106.
 Garden, West India Company's, 105.
 Gelaer, van, Johannes, 162.
 Geographical names, Dutch, 184.
 Geraerd, Maria, 110.
 Gerritsen, Philip, 123.
 Gheel, van, Martin, 137.
 — Maximilian, 85.
 Gilder, van, Harmanus, 183.
 Gillisen, Jan, 124.
 Godyn patroon, 21, 55.
 Golden fleece, 9.
 Good Hope, Cape of, 14.

Governor's Island, 95.
 Graft, Bever, 106.
 — Heere, 109, 142.
 — Prince, 106.
 Gravesend, 29, 91.
 Greenwich, 119.
 Grist, van der, Paulus L., 62, 71, 85,
 95, 105, 125, 129, 137, 138.

HAART, de, Balthazar, 109.
 Haeckens, Jan, 131.
 Half-Moon, the, 15.
 Hall, Thomas, 29, 47, 50, 69, 77, 117,
 129.
 Hanover Square, 111.
 Hardenberg, van, A., 66, 69, 76, 77.
 Hardenbrook, Abel, 111, 133, 134.
 — Johannes, 106, 111, 183.
 Harlem, 101, 119.
 Hartford treaty, 84.
 Hatten, van, Arent, 85, 125, 137.
 Heemaker, Jacob, 13.
 Heemstede, 91.
 Heere Straat, 104.
 Heere Weg, 112.
 Heermans, Augustyn, 69, 77, 116,
 165, 169.
 Hendricksen, 55.
 Herberg, 31, 108.
 Herdsman, the, 112.
 Hermann, Wolfert, 13.
 Heyn, Peter, 20.
 Hoboocken, van, Harmanus, 161.
 Hodgson, Robert, 99.
 Hoogh Straat, 107.
 Holland, naval victories, 13; war with
 England, 177, 178.
 Holmes, George, 29.
 Hopkins, Governor, 89.
 Horne, van, Cornelius, 109, 183.
 — Jan, 149, 183.
 Horst, van der, Ulyndert, 29, 48.
 Houses, 144, 145, 184.
 Houtman, Cornelius, 14.
 Hudson, Henry, discoveries, 8; at
 Hudson River, 15.
 Hubbard, James, 90.
 Hudde, Andries, 162.
 Hull, Edward, 88.
 Hutchinson, Anne, 30, 48.

- ILPENDAM, van, Adriaen, 162.
 Indian War, the, 35; end of, 53; in
 Stuyvesant's time, 95.
 Indians, treatment of, by Dutch, 33,
 34; by Stuyvesant, 94.
 Inheritance, 150.
 Inventories, 146, 147.

 JAMAICA, 101.
 Jans, Annetje, 114.
 Jansen, Albert, 121.
 — Aryaen, 162.
 — Hendrick, 37.
 — Machyel, 69, 77.
 — Pieter, 128.
 — Roeloff, 113.
 Jay, Peter, 104.
 Jersey, Dutch, 185.
 Joris, Borger, 111.

 KAV, de, Jacob Teunis, 106, 116.
 Kerfbyl, Johannes, 157, 163.
 Kermis, 142.
 Keyser, Adriaen, 59, 129.
 Kieft, Wilhelm, his appointment as
 director and previous reputation,
 26; his administration, 27 *et seq.*;
 his conduct toward Indians, 35, 37;
 attacks Indians, 42; accuses Kuyter
 and Melyn, 61, 65; his death, 66.
 Kierstede, Hans, 28, 108, 143, 163.
 Kip, Hendrick, 52, 69, 77, 110, 125.
 — Hendrick H., 107, 129.
 — Isaac, 107, 139, 149.
 — Jacob, 85, 106, 110, 125, 139,
 179, 182, 183.
 — Johannes, 183.
 — Ludowyck, 138.
 Kip Street, 116.
 Kissing Bridge, 118.
 Koeck, Jan, 130.
 Kolch-hoeck, 117.
 Koorn, Nicholas, 28, 54.
 Krank-besoecker, 18.
 Kuyter, 28, 32, 37, 47, 50, 61, 64, 66, 67.

 LA CHAIR, Solomon, 131, 135.
 Laidlie, Dr., 185.
 Lair, van, Adriaen, 129.
 Land Gate, 104, 105.
 Lang de Waal, 109.

 Lange, Jacob, 145.
 Langstraat, van, Jan, 128.
 Lawrence, John, 107.
 Lawyers, 130.
 Lefferts, Jacob, 183.
 Leisler, Jacob, 106, 117.
 Leverett, Captain, 89.
 Lispernard's Meadows, 118.
 Litigation, 130.
 Loockermans, A., 149.
 — Govert, 22, 54, 69, 77, 107, 125,
 137, 138.
 Long Island, settlement of, 30.
 Long Island towns, convention of, 90.
 Lovelace, Governor, 179.
 Lubberta, Jan, 162.
 Lubbertsen, Frederik, 37.
 Lutherans, the, 98, 157.
 Luyck, Aegidius, 134, 163, 166, 179,
 182.

 MAAGDE Paatje, 115.
 Magistrates, the, 124, 125.
 Maiden Lane, 115.
 Manhattan Island, purchase of, 18.
 Marckvelt, the, 104.
 Marckvelt Steegie, 106.
 Market-field Path, 106.
 Markets, 142, 143.
 Marriages, 159.
 Maurice, Prince, 13, 14.
 Megapolensis, Johannes, 54, 94, 98,
 138, 156, 175.
 — Samuel, 156, 163, 176.
 Melyn, Cornelius, 28, 47, 50, 61, 64,
 66, 67, 76, 80, 101, 111.
 Mespath, L. I., 30.
 Mey, Cornelis, 17.
 Meyert, de, Nicholas, 107.
 Midwout, 91.
 Mill, de, Anthony, 179.
 Minuit, Peter, 18, 21, 55.
 Mixam, 86.
 Molenaar, Abram, 37.
 Money, 139.
 Montagne, de la, Jan, 111, 159.
 — de la, Johannes, 27, 28, 43, 62,
 78, 163.
 Moody, Lady Deborah, 48.
 Municipal government, its beginning,
 84, 85.

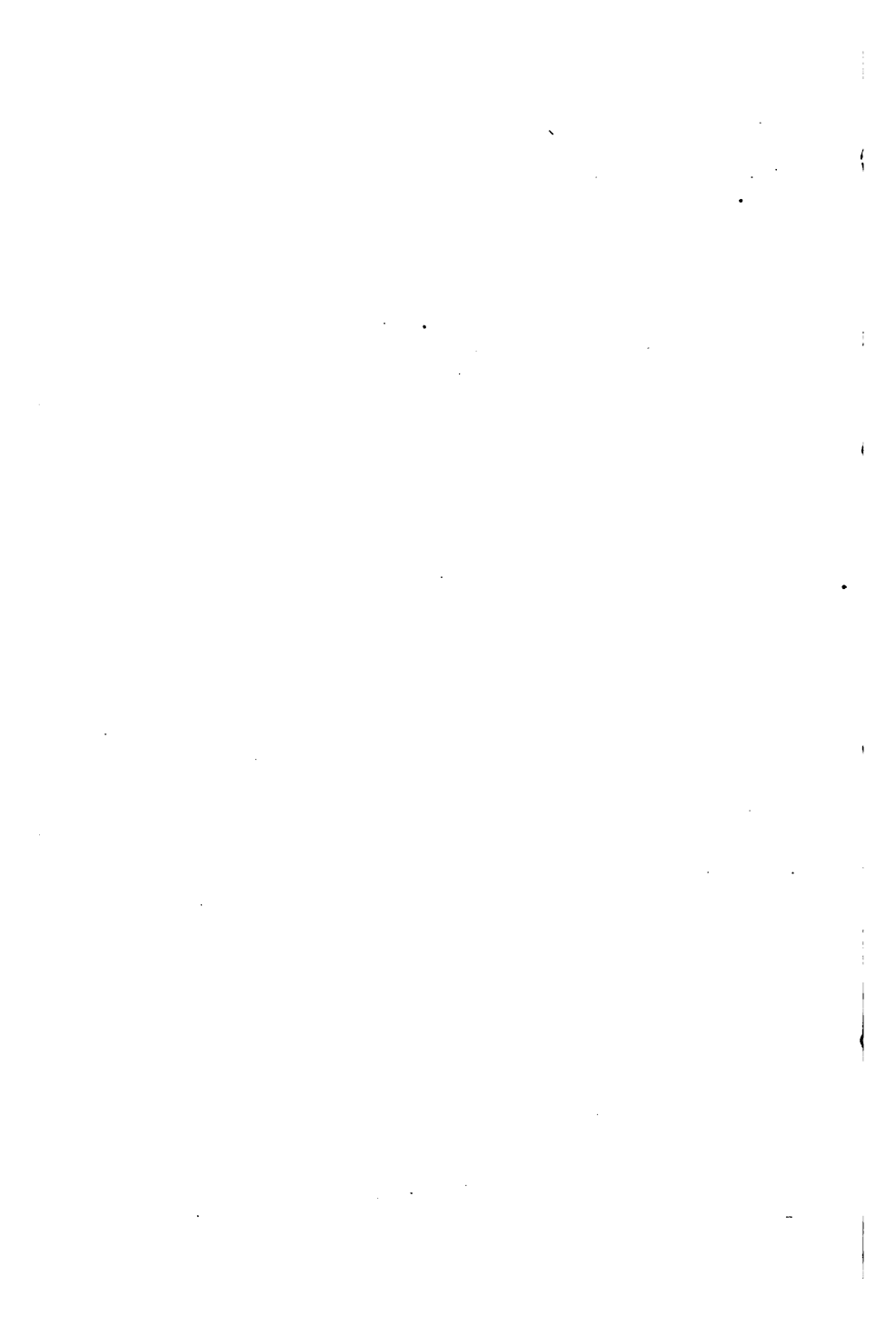
- NAMES, family, 164, 165.
 Nassau Street, 115.
 Nevins, Johannes, 130, 136, 138.
 New Amsterdam, as Stuyvesant found it, 62; its limits, 111; its appearance, 112; houses in, 119; population of, 119; allotment of land in, 121; establishment of municipal government, 123; finances of, 137; first public debt, 137; first revenue, 138; foreign trade, 140; attacked by English force under Nicholls, 171; its surrender, 176; re-taken by Dutch, 178.
 Newark Bay, 29.
 New Dorp, 101.
 New England, encroachments of, 57, 70, 82, 170.
 New England settlers in New Netherland, 30.
 New Netherland named, 16; growth under Stuyvesant, 100; its charter, 19; government of, 121; courts of justice, 122; granted by Charles II, to Duke of York, 171; becomes New York, 176, 179.
 "New Netherland," built at Manhattan, 19.
 New Orange, 179.
 Newton, Bryan, 59, 78.
 Newtown, 91.
 New Utrecht, 101.
 Nicholls, Richard, 171, 176.
 Nieuwenhuysen, van, Wilhelmus, 157.
 Nine Men, the, 68, 69, 75, 122.
 Ninigret, 86.
 Nostrandt, van, Jacobus, 183.
 Notaries, 130, 131.
 Nutton's Island, 95.
 OLFERTSEN, Jacob, 47.
 Oost Dorp, 101.
 Op Dyck, Gyspert, 28, 56.
 PALISADE, at Wall St., 86.
 Park, City Hall, 113.
 Pastures, the, 104, 112.
 Patroons, their creation and privileges, 20; failure of the system, 27; the last patroon, 186.
 Pauw, Michael, 217.
 Pavonia, massacre at, 43.
 Pearl Street, 108, 116.
 Peck Slip, 103.
 Pell, Thomas, 101.
 Pessicus, 86.
 Peyster, de, Abraham, 107, 183.
 — Cornelius, 183.
 — Johannes, 111, 125, 137, 138, 149, 179, 182, 183.
 Philipse, Frederic, 147, 151, 183.
 — Sara, 107.
 Physicians, 163.
 Pietersen, Abraham, 47.
 — Evert, 161.
 — Gerrit, 128.
 — Jan, 128.
 Pine Street, 116.
 Poets, 166.
 Polhemus, Johannes, 157.
 Police, 127.
 Pos, Ludowyck, 128.
 Prince Street, 106.
 "Princess," wreck of, 67.
 Provoost, David, 28, 131, 149.
 Pryn, Jacques, 128.
 Punishments, 133.
 QUACKENBOS, John, 183.
 Quakers, 99.
 Quebec, 8.
 RAPELJE, George, 38.
 Rattle-watch, 128.
 Ray, John, 111.
 Real estate, 149, 150.
 Religious toleration, at New Amsterdam, 99.
 Remoutsen, R., 129.
 Rensselaer, van, Jeremias, 138, 178.
 — Johan, 73.
 — Kilian, 21, 54.
 — Stephen, 186.
 Rensselaerwyck, 55, 73, 101, 176.
 Representative government, in New Amsterdam, 37, 47, 68, 69, 75, 84, 85, 127, 133.
 "Restless," the, 16.
 Rodman, John, 24.
 Roelandsen, Adam, 22, 160.
 Roosevelt, Bay, 106.
 — C. V. S., 185.

- Roosevelt, Cornelius, 183.
 — Jacobus, 117.
 — James Jacobus, 185.
 — John, 183.
 — Nicholas, 183.
 — Nicholas L., 185.
 Roosevelt Street, 118.
 Rust Dorp, 101.
 Ruyter, de, Admiral, 177.
 Ruyter, Hendrick, 128.
 Ruyven, van, Cornelis, 104, 138, 166, 169.
 Rysyngh, Captain, 92, 94.

 SALEE, Anthony, 29.
 Schaack, van, Peter, 185.
 — Rebecca, 149.
 Schaafbanck, Pieter, 130.
 Schaap Waytie, 106.
 Scheep Walk, 106.
 Schenectady, 102.
 Schepens, 85.
 Schelluyne, van, Dirck, 130.
 Schlechtenhorst, van, Brandt, 73.
 — Elizabeth, 182.
 Schoeyinge, the, 108, 109, 123.
 School, the, 160, 161.
 — the Latin, 162.
 Schoolmaster, the first, 22; others, 160.
 Schout, the first, 85; duties of, 124, 125.
 Schuyler, Brandt, 111, 183.
 — Philip, 183.
 Scott, John, 170.
 Scoyck, van, Arent, 183.
 Seawan, 30, 140.
 Sedgwick, Major, 89.
 Selyns, Henricus, 157, 166.
 Servants, 147.
 Sexton, the, 159.
 Ship, first built at Manhattan, 16.
 Shops, 143.
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 11.
 Silla, de, Cornelius, 111.
 Sille, de, Nicasius, 125, 129, 166.
 Simons, Hendrickje, 107.
 Slavery, 148.
 Smee Straat, 111.
 Smith, Capt. John, 7.
 Smith Street, 111.
 Smith Street Lane, 106.
 Smith, the, Claes, 36.
 Smit's Valey, 116.
 Smoking, 153.
 South River, 55, 92, 169.
 South Street, 108.
 Spiegel, van der, Laurens, 179, 182.
 Stadt Huys, 108, 123.
 Stamford, 88.
 St. Augustine, 7.
 "St. Benino," capture of, 71.
 Stevensen, Jan, 162.
 Steen, Hans, 43.
 Steendam, Jacob, 166.
 Steenwyck, Cornelius, 106, 125, 138, 144, 146, 176, 183.
 Stirling, Lord, 70.
 Stoffelsen, Jacob, 37, 48.
 St. Mark's Church, 180.
 Stone Street, 103, 107.
 Stoop, the, 144.
 Streets, origin of, 103; the first paved, 107.
 Strycker, Jacob, 125.
 Stuyvesant, Balthazar, 58, 105, 176, 182.
 — Judith Bayard, 149, 182.
 — Nicholas William, 105, 182.
 — Pear Tree, 181.
 — Peter, at Curaçoa, 50; appointed Director, 57; early life, 58; loss of his leg, 58; his wife, 59; voyage to New Netherland, 60; his overbearing spirit, 60; arrival at Manhattan, 61; organizes government, 62; his reforms, 63; his course toward Kieft, Kuyter, and Melyn, 64, 65; his anger at an appeal to Holland, 66; quarrels with burghers about taxation, 68; appoints nine men, 68; negotiates with New England, 70; quarrels with New Haven, 71; with Rensselaerwyck, 73; dissatisfaction with his government, 74; punishes Van der Donck, 75; quarrels with Melyn, 76, 80; sends Van Tienhoven to represent him in Holland, 77; his arbitrary temper and acts, 81; negotiates with Connecticut, 82; journey to Hartford, 83; appoints burgomasters and schepens, 85; prepares for war, 86, 89; opposes Long Island towns,

- 90; his expedition against Swedes, 93; pacification of Indians, 96; persecutes Lutherans, 98; the Quakers, 99; his authority, 121; as a magistrate, 122; overrules burgomasters, 127; his opposition to English encroachment, 169; visits Boston, 170; his dread of invasion, 171; hears of Nicholl's expedition, 172; prepares for defence, 172; determination to defend the city, 173; his contest with the burgomasters, 174; defies the English, 175; is forced to surrender, 176; goes to the Hague, 177; vindicates his conduct, 178; returns to New York, 178; his death, 179; his character, 180; his bowery, 181.
- Sunday, observance of, 159.
- Surrender of New Amsterdam, 176.
- Surveyor, the town, 110.
- Swamp, the, 117.
- TANNERS, the, 117.
- Taxation, 68, 138, 139.
- Teneur, Daniel, 121.
- Ten Eyck, Contraet, 111, 137, 139, 143.
- Thomas, Jesmer, 59.
- Throgmorton, John, 30.
- Tienhoven, van, Cornelius, 27, 42, 61, 77, 79, 82, 113, 125.
- Tonneman, Pieter, 125.
- Tricht, van, Gerrit, 108.
- Tromp, Admiral, 178.
- Tuyen, Straat, 106.
- Twelve Men, the, 37.
- Twiller, van, Wouter, 21, 22.
- UNCAS, 86.
- Underhill, John, 30, 48, 87.
- Utrecht, Union of, 12.
- VERN, van der, Walewyn, 131, 136.
- Verdran, Thomas, 128.
- Verhulst, Wilhelm, 17.
- Verleth, Nicholas, 176.
- Verplanck, Abraham, 28, 38, 42, 113, 117, 129, 137, 139.
- Abigge, 107.
- Guleyn, 117, 179, 183.
- Isaac, 117.
- Verplanck, Maria, 113.
- Vesteus, Wilhelm, 161.
- Videt, Jan, 121.
- Vin, van der, 125.
- Vincent, Adriaen, 111.
- Jan, 111.
- Vinje, Guleyn, 113.
- Vlacke, the, 113.
- Vlensburg, van, Jan, 128.
- Vly, the, 116.
- Volkertsen, Dirck, 113.
- Voorst, van, Gerrit, 40, 48.
- Vos, de, Mathew, 130.
- Vries, de, arrives at Manhattan, 22; opposes Van Twiller, 24; colonizes Staten Island, 28; opposes Kieft's War, 40, 44; leaves New Netherland, 49.
- Vriesendaal, 29, 45.
- WAAL, the, 109.
- Wagener, van, Huybert, 183.
- Waldron, Annetje, 111.
- Resolved, 110, 169.
- Wall Street, 86, 105.
- Walloons, 17.
- Water Side, the, 108.
- Water Street, 108, 109.
- Water Gate, 116.
- Wendell, Abraham, 183.
- Werckhoven, Van, 90.
- West India Company, incorporation, 17; profits, 18; successes, 20; bankruptcy, 52, 57; opposed to reforms, 77, 84; its religious toleration, 98, 100; summons Stuyvesant to Holland, 177.
- Westminster, treaty of, 179.
- Whitehall Street, 103, 106.
- Willet, John, 171.
- William of Orange, 10, 12.
- William Street, 111.
- Winckel Straat, 109.
- Windmills, 22.
- Winthrop, John, 70, 170, 173.
- Wolfertsen, Gerrit, 47.
- Wolsey, Joris, 129.
- Woolley, Charles, 158.
- Wynkoop, Peter, 50.
- ZANDT, van, Tobias, 183.

GENERAL HOUSTON

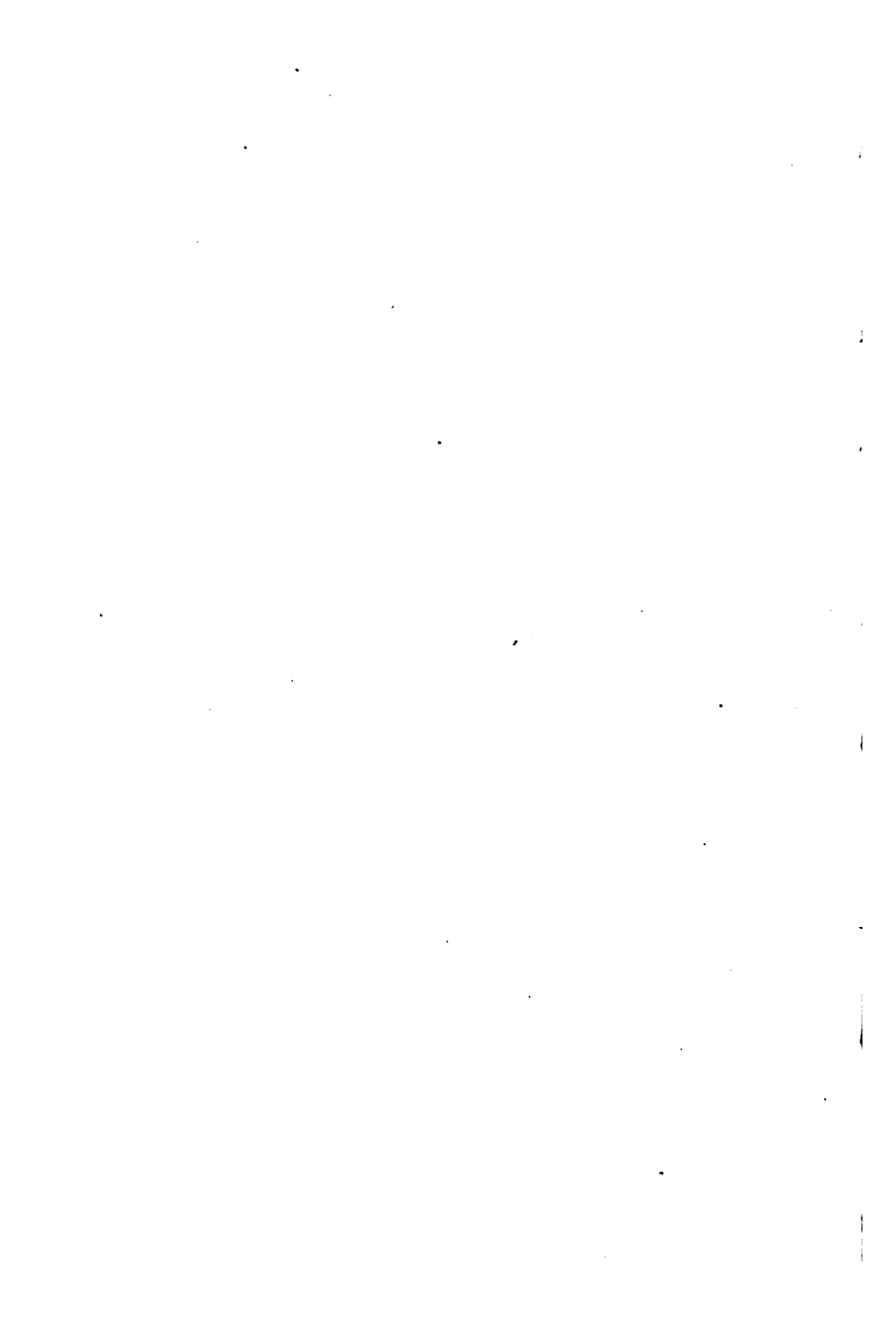


TO

Louise Chandler Moulton

THIS VOLUME

IS GRATEFULLY AND ADMIRINGLY INSCRIBED.



P R E F A C E.

THE true secret of wearying one's reader, says Voltaire, is to try to tell him everything. In other words, an exhaustive book is sure to be exhausting. While keeping this fact clearly in mind, I have tried to embody most of the interesting incidents that can now be recovered in regard to the independence of Texas, and the career of that foremost Texan of whom it has been said that his life was as romantic as that of Harold Hardrada, and far more important in its results.

I do not think that in all my previous years I have read the amount of bad literature that I have been obliged to go through in the preparation of this volume. The Texans could fight like heroes ; but they do not seem to have imagined for an instant that the pen was mightier than the sword. No Life of Houston has hitherto been published which is not either imbecile or occasionally dishonest. If there be anything of justifying value in my story of Houston and of Texas, I have certainly plucked it up, like "drowned honour by the locks," from the bottom of the unfathomed deep.

Among the few good books on this subject it is a relief to be able to mention Mr. Parton's valuable Life of Andrew Jackson, his invaluable and perfect Life of Aaron Burr, and the fitting portions of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's History of the Pacific States of North America. The two Histories of Texas, by William Kennedy and by Colonel Henderson Yoakum, though far from good, are sufficiently valuable to require mention.

I was unable or unwilling to undertake the six-months' journeying through Tennessee and Texas, which would have constituted the ideal preliminary to a Life of Houston; but I have done the next best thing in coming here to avail myself of the unmatched resources and courtesies of the British Museum. I have to express my grateful obligations to my most honoured friend and master, Mr. James Parton; to Mrs. Maggie Houston Williams, Colonel A. J. Houston, and Mr. W. R. Houston, children of General Houston; and to Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Mr. F. D. Barker, Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, and Colonel T. W. Higginson.

For the Index I shall be indebted to my tried friend, Dr. John Milton Gitterman, the first Ph.D. of the Harvard class of '88, and the author of a fascinating and well-known volume, in German, on Ezzelin of Romano.

HENRY BRUCE.

LONDON, December 11, 1890.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

- 1521. Spanish Conquest of Mexico.
- 1685. Lasalle and the French discover Texas, February.
- 1687. Death of Lasalle in Texas, March.
- 1689. Spaniards from Mexico occupy Texas in order to keep it from the French.
- 1693. Spaniards abandon Texas.
- 1714. The French of Louisiana begin to stretch out towards Texas. — Spaniards from Mexico re-occupy Texas in order to keep it from the French. — Period of the Missions begins in Texas.
- 1763. Louisiana ceded to Spain. — Texas and Louisiana united under Spanish rule.
- 1793. GENERAL HOUSTON BORN IN VIRGINIA, MARCH 2.
- 1794. End of the period of the Missions in Texas.
- 1796. Tennessee admitted to the Union.
- 1800. Louisiana re-ceded from Spain to France.
- 1801. First American filibustering expedition into Texas.
- 1803. Louisiana ceded from France to the United States.
— Is Texas a part of Louisiana?
- 1806. General Pike in Texas. — First American colonists in Texas. — Aaron Burr's scheme for capturing Texas. — Population of Texas, not Indian, 7,000.
- 1807. Death of Houston's father. — His mother removes to Tennessee.
- 1813. Houston enlists as a private in the War of 1812.

1814. Houston at the Battle of Tohopeka, March 27.
1816. Houston retained in the regular army as second lieutenant.
1818. Houston leaves the army and begins the study of the law. — Admitted to the bar in six months.
1819. Houston Colonel of Militia and Adjutant-General. — Florida ceded to the United States. — Does Texas go with Florida?
1821. Houston Major-General. — End of the three centuries of Spanish rule in Mexico. — Independence of Mexico, of which Texas is a part. — Beginning of indubitable American colonization of Texas.
1823. Houston elected to Congress from Tennessee. — Stephen Fuller Austin in Texas. — Rise of Santa Anna in Mexico.
1824. Mexico adopts a Federal Republican Constitution, and invites American colonization in Texas.
1825. Houston re-elected to Congress.
1827. Houston elected Governor of Tennessee.
1829. Houston marries, is deserted by his wife, resigns his Governorship, and retires among the Indians of Arkansas.
1830. American population in Texas, 20,000. — Mexican government, getting alarmed, suspends all existing land contracts, and forbids further immigration from the United States. — Struggles in Texas. — Houston among the Indians.
1832. Santa Anna rises again to the top in Mexico. — Mexican soldiers expelled from Texas. — Houston assaults Stanberry in Washington. — Is sent by Jackson to capture Texas.
1833. Santa Anna elected President of Mexico for the term corresponding with the second term of Andrew Jackson. — Convention in Texas. — Austin sent to Mexico on behalf of Texas. — Beginning of the Texan Revolution.

- 1834. Quiescence of the Texan Revolution. — Austin detained in Mexico.
- 1835. Texan Revolution bursts out again, October. — General Cos besieged in San Antonio. — Meeting of Consultation, and Declaration of partial Independence of Texas, November 3. — Taking of San Antonio.
- 1836. Mexicans temporarily expelled from Texas. — Winter of discontent. — Santa Anna marches from Mexico with 8,000 men. — Meeting of Convention in Texas. — Houston Commander-in-Chief. — Declaration of absolute Independence of Texas, March 2. — Santa Anna takes the Alamo and slays 175 Americans in cold blood. — Slays 400 Americans at Goliad. — Houston retreating. — Houston meets, defeats, and captures Santa Anna at SAN JACINTO, APRIL 21. — Texas evacuated by the Mexicans. — Houston, in the autumn, elected first President of Texas. — Death of Austin. — Population of Texas, 50,000.
- 1837. Santa Anna sent back to Mexico. — Audubon in Texas. — Texas recognized by the United States.
- 1838. End of Houston's first term.
- 1840. Texas recognized by France and England. — Houston's second marriage.
- 1841. Houston again elected President of Texas. — Population about 80,000.
- 1842. Houston repeatedly saves the country.
- 1844. Houston's retirement from his last term as President.
- 1845. General Jackson annexes Texas. — Death of Jackson, Houston's great model; born 1767.
- 1846. Amalgamation of Texas with the United States. — Houston elected first Senator from Texas. — Mexican War.

- 1854.** Houston joins the Baptist church. — Speaks against disunion. — "People's candidate" for President of the United States.
- 1857.** Houston defeated as candidate for Governorship of Texas.
- 1859.** Houston fails of re-election to the Senate. — Elected, in the autumn, Governor of Texas for two years.
- 1861.** Houston opposes the secession of Texas from the United States, and is deposed from his governorship, March.
- 1863.** Battle of Vicksburg. — GENERAL HOUSTON DIES AT HUNTSVILLE, IN TEXAS, JULY 26, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY.
- 1867.** Death of Mrs. M. M. Houston ; born 1819.
- 1876.** Death of Santa Anna, Houston's great antagonist ; born 1795.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
THE EARLIEST HISTORY OF TEXAS, 1685-1806 . . .	I

CHAPTER II.

RAGGED YOUTH OF GENERAL HOUSTON, 1793-1813 .	12
--	----

CHAPTER III.

SOLDIERING WITH JACKSON, 1813-1818	25
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE RISING MAN OF TENNESSEE, 1818-1829	36
--	----

CHAPTER V.

A CATASTROPHE, 1829	44
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

DARK DAYS, 1829-1832	52
--------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION OF TEXAS, 1806-1832	64
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

	PAGE
HOUSTON SENT TO CAPTURE TEXAS, 1832-1833 . . .	77

CHAPTER IX.

BEGINNING OF THE TEXAN REVOLUTION, 1833-1835 .	84
--	----

CHAPTER X.

THE COMING OF SANTA ANNA, 1835-1836	96
---	----

CHAPTER XI.

"T WAS THE MANNER OF PRIMITIVE MAN," 1836 . .	105
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO, 1836	115
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO, 1836	130
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

HOUSTON'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION, 1836-1838 . . .	147
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

ADMINISTRATION OF MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR, 1838-1841	157
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

HOUSTON'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION, 1841-1844 . .	163
--	-----

CONTENTS.

XV

CHAPTER XVII.

	PAGE
GENERAL JACKSON ANNEXES TEXAS, 1844-1845 . . .	180

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOUSTON IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, 1846-1859	187
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FINE CLIMAX OF HOUSTON'S PUBLIC LIFE, 1859-1863	202
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

THE POPPIED SLEEP, THE END OF ALL, 1863 . . .	215
---	-----

INDEX	227
-----------------	-----

LIFE OF GENERAL HOUSTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLIEST HISTORY OF TEXAS, 1685-1806.

FOR the sake of perfect clearness it will be well to remember that the present State of Texas has a population of 2,000,000, and an area of about 275,000 square miles, — or more than twice the area of Italy, more than the utmost extent of the empire of Napoleon. With its seaboard of four hundred miles it forms the northwestern arc of the Gulf of Mexico. It may be not inaccurately regarded as a huge block of land, enclosed between the Red River and the Rio Grande, and flung southeastwards from the uplands of Colorado against the Gulf of Mexico. This is the direction of its rivers, — southward, with a decided inclination to the east.

These rivers may be said to average at least five hundred miles in length. Besides the Red River, twelve hundred miles long, which makes a part of the northern boundary of Texas, and then passes through Louisiana to pour its sluggish crimson flood into the Mississippi (into the Red River flows from the north the Washita), the rivers which concern us are as follows, beginning from the east : the Sabine, forming most of the boundary between Louisiana and Texas ; the Neches, flowing, like the Sabine, into Sabine Lake ;

dangers and travails he forced his way back to France ; and in 1684, with hundreds of colonists and a little fleet at his command, he set sail for the Mississippi. By some inconceivable fatality or futility he lost his bearings, and in February, 1685, he entered Matagorda Bay in Texas, thinking that this was the mouth of the Mississippi. His admiral, with whom he had never got along well, sailed away hereupon, having done the technical part of his duty ; and the colony went to pieces in a miserable fashion, which vividly reminds us of the fate of Spanish expeditions in the same regions more than a hundred years before.

"Of what avail," says Mr. Parkman, "to plant a colony by the mouth of a petty Texan river? The Mississippi was the life of the enterprise, the condition of its growth and of its existence. Without it, all was futile and meaningless ; a folly and a ruin. Cost what it might, the Mississippi must be found."

La Salle was evidently caught, like a lion in the toils. Nobly, for two years, he strove to rend them. In March, 1687, he had crossed the Brazos and reached the waters of the Trinity, in a last desperate attempt to break across the unknown continent to Canada. Near the Trinity his followers rose upon him and slew him treacherously, leaving his naked body in the bushes, a prey to the wolves and the buzzards. He was not yet forty-four.

"It is easy," says Mr. Parkman, "to reckon up his defects, but it is not easy to hide from sight the Roman virtues that redeemed them. Beset by a throng of enemies, he stands, like the King of Israel, head and shoulders above them all. He was a tower

of adamant, against whose impregnable front hardship and danger, the rage of man and of the elements, the southern sun, the northern blast, fatigue, famine and disease, delay, disappointment, and deferred hope emptied their quivers in vain. . . . To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh, and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onward towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

I shall borrow for yet a little from Mr. Parkman's tense and splendid narrative. "While the king of France," he continues, "abandoned the exiles of Texas to their fate, a power, dark, ruthless, and terrible, was hovering around the feeble colony on the Bay of St. Louis [Matagorda Bay], searching with pitiless eye to discover and tear out that dying germ of civilization from the bosom of the wilderness in whose savage immensity it lay hidden. Spain claimed the Gulf of Mexico and all its coasts as her own of unanswerable right, and the viceroys of Mexico were strenuous to enforce her claim. The capture of one of La Salle's four vessels at St. Domingo had made known his designs, and in the course of the three succeeding years no less than four expeditions were sent out from Vera Cruz to find and destroy him. . . . For a time the jealousy of the Spaniards was lulled

to sleep. They rested in the assurance that the intruders had perished, when fresh advices from the frontier province of New Leon caused the Viceroy Galve to order a strong force, under Alonzo de Leon, to march from Coahuila and cross the Rio Grande. Guided by a French prisoner, probably one of the deserters from La Salle, they pushed their way [1689] across wild and arid plains, rivers, prairies, and forests, till at length they approached the Bay of St. Louis, and descried, far off, the harbouring-place of the French. As they drew near, no banner was displayed, no sentry challenged; and the silence of death reigned over the shattered palisades and neglected dwellings. The Spaniards spurred their reluctant horses through the gateway, and a scene of desolation met their sight. No living thing was stirring. . . . Two strangers, however, at length arrived." These strangers, after telling the story of the ruin of their comrades, were carried off to miserable ends in Spain; "and thus in ignominy and darkness died the last embers of the doomed colony of La Salle. Here ends the wild and mournful story of the explorers of the Mississippi. Of all their toil and sacrifice no fruit remained but a great geographical discovery and a grand type of incarnate energy and will."

And thus it was, in 1689, and under Alonzo de Leon, that the nightmare of Spanish rule came upon Texas. In 1690 the same captain was sent once more to Matagorda Bay, and established the Mission of San Francisco on the site of the ruined French colony. In 1691 several other Missions were founded, and a nominal governor of Coahuila and Texas was

appointed. It was a dog-in-the-manger policy on the part of the Spaniards; they wanted only to keep the French out of Texas. In 1693 all the colonies and Missions were abandoned, and Texas was left without a white inhabitant.

It must be remembered that the Louisiana of that day extended indefinitely from the Alleghanies to the Rio Grande. By about 1714 the enterprising French of Louisiana began to stretch their long arms across Texas. The Spaniards were alarmed, and determined to re-colonize Texas in order to keep it away from the French. Texas was made into a government, distinct from Coahuila, and Missions were established at San Antonio de Bexar, east of the San Antonio River, at La Bahia or Goliad, lower down on the San Antonio, and far to the east, at Nacogdoches, beyond the Neches. These three are therefore the oldest towns in Texas.

For about eighty years followed what may be called the period of the Missions. It will not be edifying to dwell upon this period. A Mission was a religious establishment in a new country, and a Presidio was the fort connected with it. The soldiers were criminals of the worst sort, and were under the authority of the fathers: the Franciscan fathers were generally a little more respectable than the soldiers. The object of a Mission was to collect about it, if possible, a self-supporting community of Christianized Indians. The Texan Indians seem to have been of a quite peculiarly squalid and uninteresting type, and they strongly objected to the process of being Christianized. The Christianized Indians were made to labor in the fields, and at night they were locked up in

separate buildings, the men in one building, and the women in another. The fathers kept the keys, and punished, by whipping, any attempt to emend the arrangement. The men were whipped in public, the women and the girls in private. In the spring these Indians were sent out to hunt and bring in their unreclaimed kindred, very much as tame elephants are employed in India to capture the wild ones. Children were considered especially valuable.

The eighty years of this sluggish period passed by like a dream. It is useless to seek for facts and dates, — life was merely passive. Sometimes there would be bitter fighting with the French; sometimes the Indians, disapproving of civilization, would unite and destroy a single Mission. Perhaps there were throughout Texas less than a dozen of these Missions, with perhaps a hundred soldiers and fathers, and twice as many Indians, attached to each. They did their work in their day, and mitigated the wildness of the wilderness. They were all secularized in 1794, and here and there the crumbling white ruins of massive buildings, and walls three feet thick, still bear witness to a bygone state of things.

In 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, Louis XV. ceded Louisiana to Spain, — not at all of his own free grace, as he declared, but in order to keep it from falling into the hands of England. For forty years the feud was closed; Texas was indisputably Spanish, and a part of Louisiana. During the American Revolution Texas was passive; but Galveston is named after the superb young Bernardo Galvez (1755-1786), who was then Spanish governor

of Louisiana, who took Florida from the English in such a fine way, and died tragically at thirty-one as viceroy of Mexico. In the year 1801 a gallant Irishman named Philip Nolan, the first American filibuster in Texas, was slain near the upper waters of the Brazos, and his followers were captured or dispersed. One of these followers ultimately survived to tell a tale as strange as Monte Cristo's, — but the adventures of Colonel Ellis Bean would make a story of themselves.

In 1800 Spain ceded Louisiana to Napoleon in exchange for the new kingdom of Etruria; and in 1803, before he had fairly taken possession, Napoleon had to sell Louisiana to the United States for fifteen million dollars, once more in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of earth-encircling England. Louisiana, measuring only as far as the Sabine, included nine hundred thousand square miles, or more than the domain of the original thirteen colonies, and the area of the country had thus been doubled at a stroke. But this was not enough; the United States wanted all the region west of the Rio Grande, including the whole of Texas and the best part of New Mexico. General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, another of the superb young men of history (1779-1813 — Pike's Peak) led two great exploring expeditions across the waste and howling spaces of Louisiana Territory. He has left a vivid account of his adventures; once, in 1806, he was caught trespassing on Spanish precincts, was taken to Santa Fé, and long detained a prisoner. And in 1805 the unscrupulous and forgotten James Wilkinson (1757-1825), the universal traitor,

Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces since 1796, was appointed Governor of Louisiana. The story of his incessant treasons and adventures and impudences, would make a sufficiently amusing booklet by itself. He it was who, by betraying Aaron Burr, ruined the most fascinating career in American history, and put off by thirty years the regeneration of Texas.

"The American Revolution," says Colonel Yoakum, "had changed the face of things. A spirit was invoked that could not be allayed; it was one of liberty of thought and action, of inquiry and progress. It soon forced its way to Texas. It came first in search of wild horses, of cattle, and of money; it came to see and admire; it came to meet dangers and contend with them; it came to say that no people had a right to shut their doors and deny the rights of hospitality; it came to diffuse itself wherever it went. At the close of 1806 Texas was in a more flourishing condition than it had been previously. The introduction of new settlers, the marching and display of so many troops, the presence of so many distinguished generals, and the introduction from Louisiana of considerable wealth, brought in by the immigrants hither in consequence of the transfer of that country to the United States, — all these causes seemed to impart life and cheerfulness to the province. The regular military force in Texas was little short of a thousand men [according to Bancroft, 1500]. The population of Texas was, at this time, about seven thousand, of which some two thousand lived in San Antonio. This population was made up of Spaniards, creoles,

and a few French, Americans, civilized Indians, and half-breeds. Their habits were wandering, most of them being engaged in hunting buffaloes and wild horses."

We must not, we cannot, pause to look upon General Pike's fascinating pictures of the Spanish society of this period. There was a growing attitude of hostility towards the United States; it was to keep out the Americans that Spanish settlers and soldiers were being introduced. But the Americans were not to be kept out. Nominally, no one not a Spanish subject could enter Texas on any pretext save that of being engaged in botanical researches; yet it is recorded that this year, 1806, witnessed the first actual American settlements in Texas. The Spanish outpost was at Nacogdoches, the American outpost at Natchitoches, just across the Sabine, on the Red River, in Louisiana. "At least you shall not dare to cross the Sabine!" the commandants seemed to be saying to one another. There was more than one fierce frontier skirmish. In addition to the seven thousand civilized inhabitants in Texas, there may have been thirty thousand wild Indians. The Mississippi had been opened to the United States ever since 1795; the restless population of the Western States was rushing incontinently down this flood-way, turbulent, discontented with the government at Washington, bearing in its own wild heart many of the qualities of the wilderness which it was subduing for others. Aaron Burr (1756-1836) was fifty years old, and was lost in vain dreams of snatching Texas from the Spaniards and building up an empire for his darling grandson.

CHAPTER II.

RAGGED YOUTH OF GENERAL HOUSTON, 1793-1813.

WE have not a Parton or a Parkman to relate to us the moving catastrophes of this particular hero. Yet a hero is still ours, and for poet we have Mr. C. Edwards Lester, a second cousin or so of Aaron Burr, and the author of *My Consulship*, *The Glory and Shame of England*, *The Napoleon Dynasty*, and of many meritorious translations from the Italian.

In 1846, at the age of thirty-one, Mr. Lester published *Sam Houston and His Republic*, a large, clear pamphlet of two hundred pages, containing fourteen chapters, and sold for fifty cents. One half of it consists of excursions upon things in general. The other half, if it were not for considerations that will appear later, one would be disposed to pronounce not at all bad, but a biography to be thankful for. It had the advantage of immediate inspiration.

Mr. Lester tells us, many years later, that it was written in General Houston's private room at the National Hotel in Washington. So that here we have at least what General Houston told Mr. Lester to write, what Houston wished the world to accept as the story of his life. It is hard to realize the state of political excitement in 1846 which could make necessary Mr. Lester's manly "Word to the Reader

before he begins the Book or throws it down : I have lived to see obloquy heaped by the Sons of the Puritans upon an outraged People bravely struggling for Independence, in the holy name of Liberty.

"I have lived to see unmeasured calumny poured on the head of an heroic Man who struck the fetter from his bleeding country on the field, and preserved her by his counsels in the Cabinet. And I have lived to do justice to that man and that People by asserting the truth.

"This Book will lose me some friends, but it will win me better ones in their places. But if it lost me all and gained me none, in God's name, as I am a free man, I would publish it," etc.

In 1855, when General Houston had been stung by the Presidential gadfly, appeared an anonymous "Life of Sam Houston. (The only authentic Memoir of him ever published)." It makes a well-printed volume of four hundred pages. It is simply a resetting of Mr. Lester's Sam Houston and His Republic, with one or two omissions, with each paragraph queerly divided and numbered as a separate section in a way that I shall illustrate, and with the addition of six perfectly worthless chapters designed for campaigning purposes. This is the version which Mr. Parton used in his invaluable Life of Andrew Jackson.

And in 1883 Mr. Lester published the Life and Achievements of Sam Houston, Hero and Statesman. It is a closely printed volume of two hundred and forty pages. It is a *rifacimento* of the two preceding volumes, — omits most of the six campaigning chapters, brings down the story to General Houston's

of such a school. The rest of the year he was kept to hard work. If he worked very well, he was sometimes permitted to run home from the fields, to be in time to retain his place in spelling. But it is doubtful if he ever went to such a school more than six months in all, till the death of his father, which took place when he was thirteen years old. This event changed at once the fortunes of the family. They had been maintained in comfortable circumstances, chiefly through the exertions of the father, and now they were to seek for other reliances.

"Mrs. Houston was left with the heavy burden of a numerous family. She had six sons and three daughters. But she was not a woman to succumb to misfortune, and she immediately sold out her homestead, and prepared to cross the Alleghany Mountains, to find a new home on the fertile banks of the Tennessee River. . . .

"Fired still with the same heroic spirit which first led them to try the woods, our daring little party stopped not till they reached the limits of the emigration of those days. They halted eight miles from the Tennessee River, which was then the boundary between white men and the Cherokee Indians.

"Sam was now set to work with the rest of the family in breaking up the virgin soil, and providing the means of subsistence. There seems to have been very little fancy in his occupations for some time; he became better acquainted than ever with what is called hard work, — a term which has a similar signification in all languages and countries where any work is being done.

“There was an academy established in that part of East Tennessee about this time, and he went to it for a while, just after Hon. Mr. Jarnagin [Spencer Jarnagin, 1793–1851, represented Tennessee in the United States Senate from 1843 to 1847], who long represented his State in the United States Senate, had left it. He had got possession, in some way, of two or three books, which had a great power over his imagination. No boy ever reads well till he feels a thirst for intelligence, and no surer indication is needed that this period has come, than to see the mind directed toward those gigantic heroes who rise like spectres from the ruins of Greece and Rome, towering high and clear above the darkness and gloom of the Middle Ages. He had, among other works, Pope’s *Iliad*, which he read so constantly, we have been assured on the most reliable authority, he could repeat it almost entire from beginning to end. His imagination was now fully awakened, and his emulation began to be stirred. Reading translations from Latin and Greek soon kindled his desire to study those primal languages, and so decided did this propensity become, that on being refused, when he asked the master’s permission, he turned on his heel, and declared solemnly that he would never recite another lesson of any other kind while he lived — and from what we have been able to learn of his history, we think it very probable that he kept his word ! But he had gathered more from the classic world through Pope’s *Iliad* than many a ghostly book-worm who has read Euripides or *Æschylus* among the solemn ruins of the Portico itself. He had caught

the 'wonted fire' that still 'lives in the ashes' of their heroes, and his future life was to furnish the materials of an epic more strange than many a man's whose name has become immortal.

"His elder brothers seem to have crossed his wishes occasionally, and by a sort of fraternal tyranny quite common, exercised over him some severe restraints. At last they compelled him [after he had served in a blacksmith's shop] to go into a merchant's store, and stand behind the counter. This kind of life he had little relish for, and he suddenly disappeared. A great search was made for him, but he was nowhere to be found for several weeks. At last intelligence reached the family that Sam had crossed the Tennessee river, and gone to live among the Indians, where, from all accounts, he seemed to be living much more to his liking. They found him, and began to question him on his motives for this novel proceeding. Sam was now, although so very young, nearly six feet high, and standing straight as an Indian, coolly replied that 'he preferred measuring deer tracks to tape — that he liked the wild liberty of the red men better than the tyranny of his own brothers, and if he could not study Latin in the academy, he could, at least, read a translation from the Greek in the woods, and read it in peace. So they could go home as soon as they liked.'"

Ap[ro]pos of Houston's academic days, before he joined the Indians, we learn from another source that he attended for a time Maryville College. One who afforded him instruction, or obstruction, in Maryville College has recorded the following reminiscences: —

"Sam was no student, and seldom or never recited a good lesson in his life ; he did not take to books, and, of course, learned little from them. But he was a boy and a man of most remarkably keen, close observation. . When the doctor [Isaac Anderson, founder of the 'college'] was thinking that Sam and his other pupils were diligently studying their lessons, Sam would have them out on the commons playing. His special pleasure and amusement was to drill the boys in military tactics. He seems to have been a sort of natural military genius. So, instead of getting his lessons, he was mustering the boys, and, as might be expected, he had no lesson at recitation hour. Dr. Anderson said : 'Many times did I determine to give Sam Houston a whipping for neglect of study, but he would come into the school-room bowing and scraping, with as fine a dish of apologies as ever was placed before anybody, withal so very polite and manly for one of his age that he took all the whip out of me ; I could not find it in my heart to whip him.'"

No man can know Pope's glorious translation as Houston knew and loved it his life through, without developing a considerable sense of form. Houston had this sense of form in a consummate degree, and we shall often have occasion to admire his skill in calculating effects.

The idea of the outcast boy, with his one book, suggests a masterly picture in *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* : "And so, for the rest of that night, the Homeric demi-gods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the

great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of 'Ash-heels,' as the Innocent persisted in denominating the 'swift-footed Achilles.' "

"Houston's family," continues Mr. Lester, "thinking this a freak from which he would soon recover when he got tired of the Indians, gave themselves no great uneasiness about him. But week after week passed away, and Sam did not make his appearance. At last his clothes were worn out, and he returned to be refitted. He was kindly received by his mother, and, for a while, his brothers treated him with due propriety. But the first act of tyranny they showed drove him to the woods again, where he passed entire months with his Indian mates, chasing the deer through the forest with a fleetness little short of their own, — engaging in all those gay sports of the happy Indian boys, and wandering along the banks of the streams by the side of some Indian maiden, sheltered by the deep woods, conversing in that universal language which finds its sure way to the heart. From a strange source we have learned much of his Indian history, during these three or four years, and in the absence of facts, it would be no difficult matter to fancy what must have been his occupations. . . .

"The poets of Europe, in fancying such scenes, have borrowed their sweetest images from the wild idolatry of the Indian maiden. Houston has since seen nearly all there is in life to live for, and yet he has been heard to say that as he looks back over the

waste of life, there 's much that is sweet to remember in this sojourn he made among the untutored children of the forest:

“ And yet this running wild among the Indians, sleeping on the ground, chasing wild game, living in the forests, and reading Homer's Iliad withal, seemed a pretty strange business; and people used to say that Sam Houston would either be a great Indian chief, or die in a mad-house, or be governor of the State, — for it was very certain that some dreadful thing would overtake him !

“ During the latter part of June, 1846, General Morehead arrived at Washington with forty wild Indians from Texas, belonging to more than a dozen tribes. We saw their meeting with General Houston. One and all ran to him and clasped him in their brawny arms, and hugged him, like bears, to their naked breasts, and called him father. Beneath the copper skin and thick paint the blood rushed, and their faces changed, and the lip of many a warrior trembled, although the Indian may not weep. These wild men knew him, and revered him as one who was too directly descended from the Great Spirit to be approached with familiarity, and yet they loved him so well they could not help it. These were the men ‘he had been,’ in the fine language of Acqui-quosk, whose words we quote, ‘too subtle for on the war path, too powerful in battle, too magnanimous in victory, too wise in council, and too true in faith.’ They had flung away their arms in Texas, and with the Comanche chief who headed their file, had come

to Washington to see their father. We said these iron warriors shed no tears when they met their old friend, but white men who stood by will tell us what they did. We have witnessed few scenes in which mingled more of what is called the moral sublime. In the gigantic form of Houston, on whose ample brow the beneficent love of a father was struggling with the sternness of the patriarch warrior, we saw civilization awing the savage at his feet. We needed no interpreter to tell us that this impressive supremacy was gained in the forest.

"But we have lost the thread of our story. This wild life among the Indians lasted till his eighteenth year. He had, during his visits once or twice a year to his family to be refitted in his dress, purchased many little articles of taste or utility to use among the Indians. In this manner he had incurred a debt which he was bound in honour to pay. To meet this engagement, he had no other resource left but to abandon his 'dusky companions,' and teach the children of pale-faces. As may naturally be supposed, it was no easy matter for him to get a school, and at the first start, the enterprise moved very slowly. But as the idea of abandoning anything on which he had once fixed his purpose was no part of his character, he persevered, and in a short time he had more scholars to turn away than he had at first to begin with. He was also paid what was considered an exorbitant price. Formerly, no master had asked above six dollars per annum. Houston, who probably thought that one who had been graduated at an Indian University, ought to hold his lore at a

dearer rate, raised the price to eight dollars, — one-third to be paid in corn, delivered at the mill at $33\frac{2}{3}$ cents per bushel, one-third in cash, and one-third in domestic cotton cloth of variegated colours, in which our Indian professor was dressed. He also wore his hair behind, in a snug queue, and is said to have been very much in love with it, probably from an idea that it added somewhat to the adornment of his person, — in which, too, he was probably mistaken.

“When he had made money enough to pay his debts, he shut up his school, and went back to his old master to study. He put Euclid into his hands. He carried that ugly, unromantic book back and forth to and from the school a few days without trying to solve even so much as the first problem, and then came to the very sensible conclusion that he would never try to be a scholar! This was in 1813. But fortunately an event now took place which was to decide his fate.

“The bugle had sounded, and for the second time America was summoned to measure her strength with the Mistress of the Seas. A recruiting party of the United States army came to Maryville, with music, a banner, and some well-dressed sergeants. Of course, young Houston enlisted — anybody could have guessed as much. His friends said he was ruined; that he must by no means join the army as a common soldier. He then made his first speech, as far as we can learn: ‘And what have your craven souls to say about *the ranks*? Go to, with your stuff; I would much sooner honour the ranks, than disgrace an appointment. You don’t know me now, but you shall hear of me.’”

“His old friends and acquaintances, considering him hopelessly disgraced, cut his acquaintance at once. His mother gave her consent as she stood in the door of her cottage, and handed her boy the musket. ‘There, my son, take this musket,’ she said, ‘and never disgrace it; for remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honourable grave, than that one of them should turn his back to save his life. Go, and remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to brave men, it is eternally shut against cowards.’”

CHAPTER III.

SOLDIERING WITH JACKSON, 1813-1818.

"INTO this regiment," says Mr. Parton, describing the junction with General Jackson, in February, 1814, of the thirty-ninth regiment of United States infantry, six hundred strong, — "into this regiment one SAM HOUSTON had recently enlisted as a private soldier, and made his way to the rank of ensign, — the same Sam Houston who was afterward President of Texas, and Senator of the United States."

Of Andrew Jackson (1767-1845) the reader will hear enough. Born on the ragged border of North Carolina on the 15th of March, 1767, orphaned by the Revolution, emigrating to Tennessee in 1788, and an United States representative and senator from the new State at thirty, — resigning his senatorship, forced once more to serve the public as Judge of the Supreme Court in Tennessee, and retiring again to private life in 1804, when only thirty-seven, — he was the extreme type of Americanism. He was so like every American, only more savagely intense, that his popularity could not but have been great under any circumstances. Notwithstanding his fine characterization of his friend Patten Anderson as "the natural

enemy of scoundrels," it is hard not to call Andrew Jackson a scoundrel. One must have read Mr. Par-ton's account of Jackson's early life in order to appreciate the completeness of the squalour of this western civilization. Horse-whippings and murderous duels were an ordinary affair with Andrew Jackson ; and yet he was the legitimate leader of the community as its best member. He was destined to tickle the vanity of Americans as never man before, by closing the disastrous War of 1812 "in a blaze of glory," to become the most popular American of the century succeeding Washington, and to make himself forever memorable by organizing the political immorality of America.

It is needless to say that he would not have been the arch-typical American had he not been a dyspeptic. Even yet his hatchet face, his dark blue eyes of lurid flame, his bristling shock of white hair, and his form like a hickory pole, are familiar to all. In a very special way he was, through all his life, the hero and the antitype of General Houston.

General Jackson had done good service in the first campaign of the War of 1812, aided by the splendid young Colonel Thomas Hart Benton (1782-1859). Then, while Jackson was at his home near Nashville, and Benton "was away in Washington, saving General Jackson from bankruptcy," there arose a spreading series of quarrels between Jackson's pet, William Carroll, and Benton's foolish brother Jesse. Jackson vowed to whip Tom Benton "on sight." He tried to do it, with every circumstance of abominable outrage, in the Nashville City Hotel, on the 4th of September, 1813. Benton stepped backwards down the cellar

stairs ; Jackson was shot, and all but killed, by one tremendous discharge from Jesse Benton, which shattered his left shoulder, made him an invalid for life, and left a rankling bullet in his body for twenty years. And from this bed of deadly illness General Jackson rose, almost immediately, to lead his Tennesseans against the Creek Indians assembled in Alabama. Houston's regiment, after unknown manoeuvres, joined Jackson in February ; and in March, 1814, Jackson marched still further to the south, through fifty miles of unbroken wilderness, to Tohopeka, on the Horseshoe Bend, where nine hundred warriors, and three hundred women and children, the ultimate remnant of the Creek nation, were gathered in a fatal position, on a peninsula formed by one of the serpentine twists of the sluggish river Tallapoosa. Jackson had two thousand men.

The battle of Tohopeka and the extermination of the Creeks occurred on the 27th of March, 1814, when Houston was just over twenty-one. It was a bloody, day-long conflict ; "every officer," as General Jackson remarked in characteristic frontier phraseology, "DONE his duty." We are not allowed to dwell upon the details, but we must notice that as the thirty-ninth regiment marched up to the Indian breastwork, firing through the loopholes, and Major Montgomery, the first man to mount, had fallen slain, young Ensign Houston (already risen from the ranks) took his place and called upon his men to follow him.

"While he was scaling the works, or soon after he reached the ground," says Mr. Lester, "a barbed arrow struck deep into his thigh. He kept his ground

for a moment, till his lieutenant and men were by his side, and the warriors had begun to recoil under their desperate onset. He then called to his lieutenant to extract the arrow, after he had tried in vain to do it himself. The officer made two unsuccessful attempts, and failed. 'Try again,' said Houston — the sword with which he was still keeping command raised over his head — 'and, if you fail this time, I will smite you to the earth.' With a desperate effort he drew forth the arrow, tearing the flesh as it came. A stream of blood rushed from the place, and Houston crossed the breastworks to have his wound dressed. The surgeon bound it up and staunched the blood. General Jackson, who came up to see who had been wounded, recognizing his young ensign, ordered him firmly not to return. Under any other circumstances, Houston would have obeyed any order from the brave man who stood over him, but now he begged the general to allow him to return to his men. The general ordered him most peremptorily not to cross the outworks again. But Houston was determined to die in that battle, or win the fame of a hero. He remembered how the finger of scorn had been pointed at him as he fell into the ranks of the recruiting party that marched through the village; and rushing once more to the breastworks, he was in a few seconds at the head of his men."

Mr. Parton, in describing a desperate assault that was made upon the stockade at the end of the afternoon, has a better account than Mr. Lester's of the second wounding of Houston on this day. "Ensign Houston," he says, "again emerges into view on

this occasion. Ordering his platoon to follow, but not waiting to see if they would follow, he rushed to the overhanging bank which sheltered the foe, and through openings of which they were firing. Over this mine of desperate savages he paused, and looked back for his men. At that moment he received two balls in his right shoulder; his arm fell powerless to his side; he staggered out of the fire; and lay down totally disabled. His share in that day's work was done."

"After the perils of this hard-fought engagement," resumes Mr. Lester, "in which he had displayed a heroism that excited the admiration of the entire army, and received wounds which to his dying day never perfectly healed, he was taken from the field of the dead and wounded, and committed to the hands of the surgeon. One ball was extracted, but no attempt was made to extract the other, for the surgeon said it was unnecessary to torture him, since he could not survive till the next morning. He spent the night as soldiers do who war in the wilderness, and carry provisions in their knapsacks for a week's march. Comforts were out of the question for any; but Houston received less attention than the others, for everybody looked on him as a dying man, and what could be done for any they felt should be done for those who were likely to live. It was the darkest night of his life, and it closed in upon the most brilliant day he had yet seen. We can fancy to ourselves what must have been the feelings of the young soldier, as he lay on the damp earth, through the hours of that dreary night, racked with the keen

torture of his many wounds, and deserted in what he supposed to be his dying hour.

"On the day after the battle Houston was started, on a litter, with the other wounded, for Fort Williams, some sixty or seventy miles distant. Here he remained, suspended between life and death, for a long time, neglected and exposed, the other regular officers of the regiment having all been removed to Fort Jackson, or the Hickory Ground. He was at last brought back . . . to his mother's house in Blount County, where he arrived in the latter part of May, nearly two months after the battle of the Horse-shoe.

"This long journey was made in a litter, borne by horses, while he was not only helpless, but suffering the extremest agony. His diet was of the coarsest description, and most of the time he was not only deprived of medical aid, but even of those simple remedies which would, at least, have alleviated his sufferings. His toilsome way was through the forests, where he was obliged to encamp out, and often without shelter. No one around him had any expectation he would ever recover. At last, when he reached the house of his mother, he was so worn to a skeleton, that she declared she never would have known him to be her son but for his eyes, which still retained something of their wonted expression."

"Those," says Mr. Parton, in quoting this account, "who had an opportunity of observing the erect and towering form of Senator Houston, the commanding Indian grace of his attitudes and gestures, when, on his last public visit to the North, he appeared before us at Niblo's Garden as the champion and defender

of the Indians, could not have supposed that he had ever been in such forlorn and desperate case as this. If we *had* known it, it would have added force to the Senator's bold and repeated assertion that in our Indian difficulties, from the beginning, the Indian has *never* been the aggressor, but always the party injured. It was a noble thing of a man to say who bore *such* scars under his broadcloth !”

General Jackson in the mean time had swept off to New Orleans. “By the Eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil !” he declared when he heard that the British had landed ; and his conduct, resulting in the battle of January 8, 1815, has been called the finest defence of native soil on record. It is not easy to make clear all of Houston's movements during these years. According to one account, he had been a member of Jackson's military family before the battle of Tohopeka ; and another witness, lest we should forget the aristocratic element in Houston's life, reminds us that after recovering in some measure from his wounds, he used to travel back and forth between Washington and Tennessee, lying in his own carriage, and attended by his body servant. We must relapse to Mr. Lester, who left Houston wounded in his mother's house : —

“ Under the hospitable roof of that cottage, whose ‘door was always open to brave men,’ he languished a short time, and when he had recovered a little strength went to Maryville to be near medical aid. Here his health gradually declined, and in quest of a more skilful surgeon, he was removed to Knoxville, sixteen miles to the eastward. The physician to whom

he applied, found him in so low a state that he was unwilling to take charge of him, for he declared that he could live only a few days. But at the end of this period, finding he had not only survived, but begun to improve a little, the doctor offered his services, and Houston was slowly recovering.

"When he had become strong enough to ride a horse, he set out by short journeys for Washington. He reached the seat of Government, soon after the burning of the Capitol. . . . Winter was now advancing, and with his wounds still festering, he journeyed on to Lexington, Virginia, where he remained till early spring.

"Having, as he supposed, sufficiently recovered to be able to do his duty as a soldier in some situation, he prepared to cross the mountains. When he reached Knoxville, on his way to report himself ready for duty, he heard the glorious news of the battle of New Orleans. His furlough had been unlimited.

"After peace was proclaimed he was stationed at the cantonment of his regiment, near Knoxville, and when the army was reduced, he was retained in the service as a [second] lieutenant, and attached to the First Regiment of infantry, and stationed at New Orleans.

"In the fall he had embarked on the Cumberland, in a small skiff in company with two young men, one of whom afterward became distinguished as Governor White, of Louisiana. He was then a beardless boy, just leaving college. They passed down the Cumberland, entered the Ohio, and at last found their way

to the Mississippi, over whose mighty waters they floated through that vast solitude, which was then unbroken by the noise of civilized life. Our voyager had with him a few of those volumes which have been the companions of so many great and good men: a Bible, given to him by his mother, Pope's translation of the Iliad, the same book he had kept by him during his wild life among the Indians, Shakspeare, Akenside, and a few standard works of fiction, which, like Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, and the Vicar of Wakefield, have become a part of the history of every man who knows how to read. It is not difficult to imagine the effect such works must have produced upon the heated imagination of a young American soldier, voyaging through those impressive solitudes.

"After many days their skiff turned a bend in the Mississippi, above Natchez, and far down the river they saw a vessel coming up the stream without sails, sending up a heavy column of smoke. Instead of being a vessel on fire, as they at first supposed, it turned out to be the first steamboat that ever went up the Mississippi river.

"At Natchez they exchanged their skiff for the steamboat, and in eight days they reached New Orleans, where Houston reported for duty.

"He now had his wounds operated on once more, and the operation nearly cost him his life. The rifle ball, after shattering most completely his right arm just below its juncture with the shoulder, had passed round and lodged near the shoulder-blade. Nothing but an iron constitution had enabled him to endure

CHAPTER IV.

THE RISING MAN OF TENNESSEE, 1818-1829.

IN the lack of any safer guidance, we must follow Mr. Lester for yet a chapter or two further.

When Houston left the army in 1818, and began the study of the law, he was in his twenty-sixth year, and not, as Mr. Lester states, in his twenty-fifth. But great men seldom shine in details, and we continue our clippings : —

“ In his wanderings in search of health, his pay in the army had been inadequate to his necessities, and he found himself burdened down by a load of debt. Before he began the study of the law, he sold the last piece of property he possessed, and appropriated the last farthing of the avails to the discharge of his debts ; but a residuum of several hundred still remained unpaid, — the balance, however, was soon discharged.

“ He entered the office of Hon. James Trimble [in Nashville], who told him that eighteen months of hard study would be necessary before he could be admitted to the bar. He began his studies in June, 1818. He read a few of the standard works prescribed in a course of law studies, and read them thoroughly. He grasped the great principles of the science, and

they were fixed in his mind forever. There is a class of men who are made up, like composite architecture, of the details of beauty stolen from primitive orders; such men constitute the *secondary formations* of society; but the intellectual world, like the frame of nature, reposes upon nobler and more massive strata.

"Those men who borrow their lights from others, never lead the human race through great *crises*; they who depend on the strength they gather from books or men are never equal to lofty achievements. The minds which electrify the world, generate their own fire; such men seldom shine in details, — they have no time to attend to them," etc., etc.

"We have used these illustrations only to convey a more perfect idea of Houston's character. His teacher had prescribed eighteen months' study; in *one third of the time* he was recommended to apply for license, and he was admitted with *eclat*. A few months' study had enabled him to pass a searching examination with great honour to himself and his new profession. He immediately purchased a small library on credit, and established himself in Lebanon, thirty miles east of Nashville, and began the practice of law. Soon after [1819] he was appointed Adjutant-General of the State, with the rank of Colonel. In the mean time he followed up his studies, and the practice of his profession, with earnestness, and so rapidly did he rise at the bar that he was, in October of the same year, elected District Attorney of the Davidson District, which made it desirable he should take up his residence at Nashville.

"There he was obliged to come in collision with

all the talent of one of the ablest bars of Western America. Every step he trod was new to him, but he was almost universally successful in prosecutions; and his seniors who rallied him upon his *recent* advancement, and his *rawness* in the practice, never repeated their jokes. They discovered to their mortification, that neither many books, nor much dull plodding, could enable them to measure weapons with a man so gifted in rare good sense and penetrating genius. . . . The labours of the District Attorney were unceasing, but the fees were so inconsiderable he resigned his post at the end of twelve months, and resumed the regular practice of his profession, in which he rose to great and sudden distinction.

"In 1821 [when only twenty-eight] he was elected Major-General by the field-officers of the division which comprised two thirds of the State. In 1823, he was recommended to offer his name as a candidate for Congress. In the various official stations he had filled he had won so much respect, and at the bar he had displayed such rare ability, that he was elected to Congress *without opposition*. His course in the National Legislature was warmly approved by his constituents, and he was returned the second time by an almost unanimous vote.

"His course in Congress won for him the universal respect and confidence of the people of Tennessee, and in 1827 [at thirty-four] he was elected Governor of that State by a majority of over twelve thousand. His personal popularity was unlimited, and his accession to office found him *without an opponent in the Legislature.*"

So much for Mr. Lester. Evidently this young man Houston had been pushing right onward and upward with conquering banners above him. I learn from another source that when he went to Lebanon at the end of 1818 or beginning of 1819, "a stranger among strangers," to begin the practice of law, he was out of funds, and could hardly have started but for the kindness of one Isaac Golladay, "a merchant of this place, and also P. M. [that is, Postmaster]," who furnished him "an office at one dollar per month; sold him clothes on credit; credited him for his postage, each letter being then charged twenty-five cents; and recommended him to the people." Houston always remembered this kindness, and a son of Isaac Golladay shall tell us in his own way, later on, how it was requited.

I must omit a great deal in this little volume, and I have pleasure in omitting almost all the details that can now be recovered about General Houston's four years in the House of Representatives, 1823 to 1827. Yet it may be interesting to glance at several little circumstances, and among others at a letter of introduction which the new representative carried up to a venerable ex-President of the United States, then in his eighty-first year.

HERMITAGE, Oct. 4, 1823.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esq.,
Monticello, near Charlottesville, Virginia.

DEAR SIR, — This will be handed to you by Gen. Sam. Houston, a representative to Congress from this State, and a particular friend of mine, to whom I beg leave to introduce you. I have known General Hous-

ton many years, and entertaining for him the highest feelings of regard and confidence, recommend him to you with great safety. He has attained his present standing without the extrinsic advantages of fortune or education, and has sustained, in his various promotions from the common soldier to the Major-General, the character of the high-minded and honourable man. As such I present him to you, and shall regard the civilities which you may render him as a great favour.

With a sincere wish that good health and happy days are still yours,

I remain,

Your friend, and very obliged servant,

ANDREW JACKSON.

This same Andrew Jackson was the dictator of Tennessee, the idol of all the land. At the end of 1823 he signified that he would be willing to serve in the Senate, and we see him shortly following Houston to Washington. Here, for a while, we can trace the two friends serving on analogous committees, and playing staunchly into one another's hands.

Daniel Webster (1782-1852) — "the one American of our time whom we could produce as a finished work of nature," writes Emerson, — was a member of the House during these four years, between 1823 and 1827. The princely Clay, too (1777-1852), was elected to the eighteenth congress, which met in December, 1823, and he was again chosen speaker, though he did not hold the office long. The veteran of the House was the Indian-blooded John Randolph of Roanoke (1773-1833). And into the nineteenth

congress (1825) there came, among the new members, the all-accomplished Edward Everett (1794-1865), and James Knox Polk of Tennessee (1795-1849). Houston was in good company, and he appears to have borne himself as if among equals. His politics, of course, were democratic. The district which he represented during these two congressional terms was the ninth, then the most recently formed district in Tennessee.

In 1827 we get a glimpse, though with no thanks to Mr. Lester, of a characteristic duel between Houston and a General White of Tennessee. Let us not inquire too closely. It would seem that the Federal government had been making appointments of which Houston did not approve, and Houston had been calling names rather freely; hence a challenge from General White, and a duel in which no one was much hurt, but which gave Houston a genuine shock. Writs were out against him in Kentucky; on the other hand, it made a popular hero of him in Tennessee, and, according to one account, carried him into the governorship on a wave of triumph. I shall quote a few sentences from an old report of a speech which he made in answer to an ovation tendered him at Tellico: "He never could recur to the late exceptional event in his life but with mingled pain and thankfulness to that Providence which enabled him to save his person and his honour, and that without injury to his assailant. He had been, and still was, opposed to the practice of duelling. He had passed through the army without any act to sanction it. He had hoped to be as successful in civil life. . . . He had risked his life in defence of his country, and he could do no less

in defence of his honour. 'Thank God!' he added, 'that my adversary was injured no worse!'

"In 1827," says Mr. James Phelan, in his good History of Tennessee, "Willie Blount [the old War-Governor, 1767-1835], Newton Cannon [1781-1842], and Sam Houston were candidates for the governorship. The vote cast for Blount was contemptibly small. Houston was elected by a large majority. His administration was successful, his recommendations conservative. Houston's career, even before he was made governor of Tennessee, was not without a touch of romantic diversity. He had been brought up among the East Tennessee mountains and on the banks of the beautiful stream which gave its name to the State. As a boy, he had been a familiar inmate of the wigwams of a small settlement of Cherokees in the neighbourhood of his mother's cottage." He "was elected solicitor-general of the Nashville district, removed to Nashville, was elected adjutant-general in 1821 over Newton Cannon, to succeed William Carroll [1788-1844], and was elected in 1823 and 1825 a member of Congress. Cannon was known to be lukewarm in the cause of Jackson. Houston was known to be his ardent partisan. This may have influenced the final result, both in the contest of 1821 and again in 1827.

"Houston had a tall, commanding figure, an imposing bearing, an affable demeanour, and popular address. As solicitor-general he had displayed oratorical talents of no mean order. Clay and Webster were just rising through the morning mists. There were no orators in Tennessee. Houston, it was then thought,

would be a great orator. Perhaps a more favourable field for the cultivation of his talents might have accomplished this result. His first efforts, considered as first efforts, were full of promise, which, however, was never realized. Perhaps there is something which unfits the man of action for words. Houston was certainly a man of action. Indeed he was a great man," etc.

Tennessee at this time enjoyed a quite peculiar distinction as the State of Andrew Jackson. And it was during Houston's governorship that Jackson was elected President. America had known nothing like the popularity of this man. It could stand anything, as used to be said. Mr. Parton's query, Could Jackson stand his popularity? is suggestive, but it has little to do with the question of Houston's prospects. In the beginning of 1829 General Houston, barely thirty-six, Governor of Tennessee, chosen favourite of the newly elected President, stood in as commanding a position as any man in the United States. A senatorship could add little to his standing; the Presidency itself might well seem to be within the grasp of legitimate ambition.

CHAPTER V.

A CATASTROPHE, 1829.

BUT the eagle was to be suddenly stricken in his exulting flight. We will listen first to Mr. Lester, writing by immediate inspiration : —

“In January, 1829, he married a young lady of respectable family, and of gentle character. Owing to circumstances, about which far more has been conjectured than known by the world, the union seems to have been as unhappy as it was short. In less than three months a separation took place, which filled society with the deepest excitement. Various reports flew through the State, all of them unfounded, and some of them begotten by the sheerest malignity, which divided the people of the State into two hostile parties, and inflamed popular feeling to the last point of excitement. As usual on such occasions, those who were most busy in the affair, were the very ones who knew least about the merits of the case, and had the least right to interfere. . . .

“Thinking, most probably, that they were doing her a kindness, the friends of the lady loaded the name of Houston with odium. He was charged with every species of crime man ever committed. The very ignorance of the community about the affair, by in-

creasing the mystery which hung over it, only made it seem the more terrible. In the mean time, Houston did not offer a single denial of a single calumny — would neither vindicate himself before the public, nor allow his friends to do it for him. He sat quietly, and let the storm of popular fury rage on. From that day he has, even among his confidential friends, maintained unbroken silence, and whenever he speaks of the lady, he speaks of her with great kindness. Not a word has ever fallen from his lips that cast a shade upon her character, nor did he ever allow an unkind breath against her in his presence. Whatever may have been the truth of the matter, or whatever his friends may have known or conjectured, he had but one reply for them: 'This is a painful, but it is a private affair. I do not recognize the right of the public to interfere in it, and I shall treat the public just as though it had never happened. And remember that, whatever may be said by the lady or her friends, it is no part of the conduct of a gallant or a generous man to take up arms against a woman. If my character cannot stand the shock, let me lose it. The storm will soon sweep by, and time will be my vindicator.'

"He had been elected to every office he had held in the State by acclamation, and he determined instantly to resign his office as Governor, and forego all his brilliant prospects of distinction, and exile himself from the habitations of civilized men, — a resolution more likely to have been begotten by philosophy than by crime.

"We have no apology to offer for this singular

event. If Houston acted culpably, it could not be expected he would become his own accuser. If he were the injured party, and chose to bear in silence his wrong and the odium that fell on him he certainly betrayed no meanness of spirit, for he never asked the sympathy of the world. But notwithstanding his unbroken silence about the affair, and the sacrifice of all his hopes, he was denounced by the journals of the day, and hunted down with untiring malignity by those who had the meanness to pursue a generous man in misfortune. After his determination to leave the country was known, they threatened him with personal violence. But in this he bearded and defied them.

“But his friends did not desert him while the sun of his fortune was passing this deep eclipse. They gathered around him, and the streets of Nashville would have flowed with blood, if Houston’s enemies had touched a hair of his head. But such ruffians never execute their vows when they have brave men to deal with, and Houston resigned his office, and taking leave of his friends, he quietly left the city of Nashville. He now turned his back upon the haunts of white men, and there was no refuge left for him but the forests. There he had a *home*, of which the reader has yet heard nothing; it was far away from civilized life.

“While he was roving in his youth among the Cherokees, he had found a friend in their chief [Oolooteka], who adopted him as his son, and gave him a corner in his wigwam. In the mean time, the chief with his tribe had removed from the Hi-Wassee

country to Arkansas, and become king of the Cherokees resident there. During their long separation, which had now lasted more than eleven years, they had never ceased to interchange tokens of their kind recollections. When, therefore, he embarked on the Cumberland, he thought of his adopted father, and he turned his face to his wigwam-home, knowing that he would be greeted there with the old chief's blessing."

If half of this is true, I have heard of few things finer than Houston's conduct and attitude. And I have discovered no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the whole of the above account.

Mr. Phelan tells almost the same story: "In January, 1829, Houston married a Miss Eliza Allen, daughter of an influential family in Sumner County, and a member of 'the quality.' In April of the same year Houston's wife left him, and returned to her father's house, after Houston had written to the father requesting him to bring about a reconciliation between him and his wife. The first information that came to the public was Houston's resignation, which took place on the 16th of April. He at once abandoned the State, and went to the Cherokee country, to the wigwam of an Indian chief who had adopted him when a boy. From here he drifted to Texas, where, fortunately for his fame, he found a proper field for the display of those strong and admirable qualities of mind which, united to a steadfast character and a high purpose, made him great despite his puerile affectations and his robust vanity. The cause of separation was at that time a mystery, and the

lapse of time has in no wise lessened it. Houston, even when deepest in his cups, never suffered a word of explanation to escape him. He always protested that the virtue of his wife remained unimpeached. The most plausible and satisfactory explanation appears to be this: Houston was spirited, sensitive, and vain. The young woman had been driven to the marriage by the importunities of her family, who were ambitious, and who saw, as they imagined, a brilliant career opening for Houston. Her affections had been won by another lover of less pretension and promise. She yielded to the wishes of her friends. The marriage took place. She was cold. Houston was importunate and passionate. Suddenly he discovered the truth. She did not love him. His suspicions were aroused, and he suspected more than the truth. Reproaches and recriminations followed. An explanation took place. Houston saw the real truth. He tried to effect a reconciliation. He wrote "a letter" to her father, to enlist his services. She remained obdurate, and returned to her father's house. Houston, who was fond of dramatic effects, determined to resign. This he did in a dramatic manner, and surrounding himself with a cloak of mystery, he left the State. This explanation is consistent with Houston's character, with the ordinary transactions of daily life, with what we know of the event, and most of all with the letter which Houston wrote before his wife left him. In this he says, 'Whatever had been my feelings or opinions in relation to Eliza at one period, I have been satisfied, and it is now unfit that anything should be adverted

to.' Again, 'Eliza stands acquitted by me. I have received her as a virtuous, chaste wife, and as such I pray God I may ever regard her, and I trust I ever shall. She was cold to me, and I thought did not love me.'"

For the sake of completeness, I will present this strange occurrence as it appeared from still a third point of view, that of a Colonel Williams, Houston's contemporary and friend. Williams had been drilling a militia regiment somewhere in the country, at Governor Houston's request, and under his inspection. "He desired me," says Colonel Williams, "to acquaint myself fully with the popular feeling [about State politics], and tell him after the meeting, which I did; and as the sentiment was greatly in his favour, it afforded him much satisfaction, and he left the grounds for the city [Nashville] in fine spirits Saturday afternoon. I was registering my name at the Nashville Inn the following Monday, when Mr. Carter, the clerk, said, 'Have you heard the news?' I answered, 'No, what news?' He replied, 'Governor Houston and his wife have separated, and she has returned to her father's family.' I was greatly shocked, having never suspected any cause for separation. I went to his room at once, and found him in company with Dr. Shelby. He was deeply mortified, and refused to explain the matter. I left him with the Doctor for a few moments, and on returning said to him, 'Governor, you must explain this sad occurrence to us, else you will sacrifice yourself and your friends.' He replied, 'I can make no explanation; I exonerate the lady fully, and do not justify myself. I am

CHAPTER VI.

DARK DAYS, 1829-1832.

THE account which Mr. Lester gives of Houston's residence among the Indians in Arkansas has so much *vraisemblance*, and so many elements of pathos, that it ought, at least, to be true : —

“ His separation from his friends at the steamboat was a touching scene. . . . Landing at the mouth of the White River, he ascended the Arkansas to Little Rock, and then on, alternately by land and water, to the Falls of the Arkansas four hundred miles to the northwest. The old chief's wigwam was built near the mouth of the Illinois, on the east side of the Arkansas, and the Cherokees were settled on both sides of the river, above Fort Smith.

“ It was night when the steamboat which carried Houston arrived at the Falls, two miles distant from the dwelling of the Cherokee chief. As the boat passed the mouth of the river, intelligence was communicated to the old man that his adopted son *Coloneh* (the Rover — the name given him on adoption) was on board. In a short time the chief came down to meet his son, bringing with him all his family.

“ This venerable old chief, Oolooteka, had not seen less than sixty-five years, and yet he measured full six

feet in height, and indicated no symptom of the feebleness of age. He had the most courtly carriage in the world, and never prince sat on a throne with more peerless grace than he presided at the council fire of his people. His wigwam was large and comfortable, and he lived in patriarchal simplicity and abundance. He had ten or twelve servants, a large plantation, and not less than five hundred head of cattle. The wigwam of this aged chieftain was always open to visitors, and his bountiful board was always surrounded by welcome guests. He never slaughtered less than one beef a week throughout the year for his table, — a tax on royalty, in a country, too, where no tithes are paid.

“Such was the home Houston found waiting for him in the forests. The old chief threw his arms around him and embraced him with great affection. ‘My son,’ said he, ‘eleven winters have passed since we met. My heart has wandered often where you were; and I heard you were a great chief among your people. Since we parted at the Falls, as you went up the river, I have heard that a dark cloud had fallen on the white path you were walking, and when it fell in your way you turned your thoughts to my wigwam. I am glad of it, — it was done by the Great Spirit. There are many wise men among your people, and they have many councillors in your nation. We are in trouble, and the Great Spirit has sent you to us to give us counsel, and take trouble away from us. I know you will be our friend, for our hearts are near to you, and you will tell our sorrows to the great father, General Jackson. My wigwam is yours, my home is yours, my people are yours, — rest with us.’

"Such was the touching greeting the old chieftain gave him; and Houston has often been heard to say, that when he laid himself down to sleep that night, after the gloom and the sorrows of the past few weeks, he felt like a weary wanderer returned at last to his father's house.

"He now passed nearly three years among the Cherokees. His history during this period is filled with stirring and beautiful incidents, many of which have come to our knowledge, well worthy of being related, since they would afford the finest pictures of the lights and shadows of forest life. But they would only illustrate more fully those characteristics of stern courage and heroism for which, throughout his life, he was so distinguished, and of which the world will require no better proofs than he gave. We shall, therefore, pass by the romance of his forest life at this period, and speak only of his untiring and magnanimous efforts and sacrifices for several years in behalf of the oppressed and outraged Indians."

It would have been better for all of us if Mr. Lester had said more about the romance of Houston's forest life and less about his efforts in behalf of Lo the poor Indian. Yet there seems to be little doubt that Houston, as a general thing, was a true and consistent friend of the Indians. This is probably the best place in which to quote certain memorable words of his at a much later period. We shall have reason to remember Prescott's remark, that *probable* is as strong a word as history may often venture to employ.

"During the period of my residence among the Indians in the Arkansas region," says General Hous-

ton, "I had every facility for gaining a complete knowledge of the flagrant outrages practised upon the poor Red men by the agents of the government. I saw, every year, vast sums squandered and consumed without the Indians deriving the least benefit, and the government, in very many instances, utterly ignorant of the wrongs that were perpetrated. Had one third of the money advanced by the government been usefully, honourably, and wisely applied, all those tribes might have been now in possession of the arts and the enjoyments of civilization. I care not what dreamers, and politicians, and travellers, and writers say to the contrary ; I know the Indian character, and I confidently avow that if one third of the many millions of dollars our government has appropriated within the last twenty-five years for the benefit of the Indian population had been honestly and judiciously applied, there would not have been at this time a single tribe within the limits of our States and Territories but what would have been in the complete enjoyment of all the arts and all the comforts of civilized life. But there is not a tribe but has been outraged and defrauded ; and nearly all the wars we have prosecuted against the Indians have grown out of the bold frauds and the cruel injustice played off upon them by our Indian agents and their accomplices. But the purposes for which these vast annuities and enormous contingent advances were made have only led to the destruction of the constitutions of thousands, and the increase of immorality among the Indians. We cannot measure the desolating effects of intoxicating liquors among the Indians by any analogy drawn from

civilized life. With the Red man the consequences are a thousand times more frightful. Strong drink, when once introduced among the Indians, unnerves the purposes of the good, and gives energy to the passions of the vicious ; it saps the constitution with fearful rapidity, and inflames all the ferocity of the savage nature. The remoteness of their situation excludes them from all the benefits that might arise from a thorough knowledge of their condition by the President, who only hears one side of the story, and that, too, told by his own creatures, whose motives in seeking for such stations are often only to be able to gratify their cupidity and avarice. The President should be careful to whom Indian agencies are given. If there are trusts under our government where honest and just men are needed, they are needed in such places, where speculation and fraud can be more easily perpetrated than anywhere else. For in the far-off forests beyond the Mississippi, where we have exiled those unfortunate tribes, they can perpetrate their crimes and their outrages, and no eye but the Almighty's sees them."

"During the entire period he resided in that region," observes Mr. Lester, "he was unceasing in his efforts to prevent the introduction of ardent spirits among the Indians ; and though for more than a year he had a trading establishment between the Grand River and the Verdigris, he never introduced or trafficked in those destructive drinks. This, too, was at a period when he was far from being a practically temperate man himself. But whatever might be his own occasional indulgences during his visits to Fort

Gibson and other white settlements, he had too much humanity and love for the Red men ever to contribute to their crimes or their misfortunes by introducing or trafficking in those damnable poisons."

So far so good. There was a cloud upon Houston's spirit, and he moved as if in a fog. It is recorded that if the Indians called him at times "Coloneh," or "The Rover," they called him at other times, more simply, "Drunken Sam."

It is also recorded that in 1832 General Houston went up to Washington in behalf of the Indians, or of his own broken fortunes. He was dressed in the Indian garb, he was cordially received by General Jackson, and, being adventurous, he met with adventures. We are now in safer hands than Mr. Lester's. For the remainder of this chapter I am chiefly indebted to Mr. Parton's *Life of Andrew Jackson*.

Houston has appeared several times already in this *Life of Jackson*. He is mentioned as a frequent and welcome guest at the Hermitage. And at the end of 1827, when Jackson went in glory down the Mississippi, to receive at New Orleans the anniversary ovation for his great battle of January 8th, 1815, young General Houston, governor of Jackson's adopted State, with his own staff about him, shone the brightest in the brilliant throng. Says Mr. Parton now:—

"Returning to the proceedings of Congress, we are compelled to notice a painful and disgraceful affair, in which General Houston, of Texas, was the principal actor. When we last [?] parted with this distinguished man, he had just leaped over the breastwork of the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa, and had fallen

wounded, all but mortally, in doing his duty as ensign of the thirty-ninth infantry. Since that day of terror and of glory he had run a bright career, and had had various fortunes. He had been Governor of Tennessee. He had represented Tennessee in the House of Representatives. But in 1830 he had come [unknown to us otherwise] to Washington, broken in fortune, unhappy in his domestic circumstances, a suitor for governmental favour. He applied for a contract for supplying rations to the Indians that were about to be removed, at the public expense, beyond the Mississippi. The President was extremely desirous that he should have the contract, — so desirous that he seemed inclined to give it to him, contrary to the spirit of the law, which obliged it to be awarded to the lowest bidder. Colonel McKenney, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, was of opinion that the rations could be supplied, at a profit, for less than seven cents a day for each Indian. Houston's bid was eighteen cents, which McKenney thought would afford a profit of thousands of dollars a week, and indeed was equivalent to the bestowal of a large fortune. He also contended that time should be allowed, after advertising for proposals, for bids to come in from the section of country where the rations were to be furnished. Time was not allowed. The affair was hurried on toward consummation, and it looked at one time as though Houston would get the contract at his own price."

After giving in detail the remonstrances of General Duff Green, President Jackson's confidential adviser, Mr. Parton adds: "Upon further reflection, the Pres-

ident was so far convinced of his error as to give up the plan of furnishing the rations by contract. General Houston was disappointed and thrown upon Texas. And, perhaps, the United States owes the possession of that State to the failure of General Houston to obtain the contract for supplying the Indians.

"Some of the facts here related having gained publicity, General Houston and his contract became the subject of many newspaper articles, satirical and vituperative. In the summer of 1831, Houston published a proclamation of a comical nature, intended to neutralize these attacks." This proclamation is of such an abominably comical nature as to make me unwilling to embody it.

"In the spring of 1832," continues Mr. Parton, "he was in Washington again, where he forgot his proclamation. Before leaving the capital to enter upon his new and marvellous career in the southwest, he was betrayed by his passions into the commission of an act which subjected him to the censure of the House of Representatives, and which he himself must, long ago, have learned to deplore. He committed a most atrocious and unprovoked assault upon a member of the House of Representatives, Mr. William Stanberry of Ohio.

"Exasperated by this reply [in which Stanberry had refused to explain a reference on the floor of Congress to Houston's Indian scheme], Houston made no secret of his intention to assault Mr. Stanberry, who from that time, went armed to and from the capitol. Ten days elapsed before the bad design of the irate

Tennessean was executed, and it was executed then [April, 1832] with peculiar circumstances of atrocity. Senator Buckner, of Missouri, stood by and saw it done, and afterward testified without a blush that he made no attempt to prevent the shameful deed. 'Houston,' he said, 'was standing near a fence in one of the avenues, when Mr. Stanberry came along. It occurred to me immediately that there would be a difficulty between them. "Are you Mr. Stanberry?" asked Houston. Stanberry replied very politely, bowing at the same time, "Yes, sir." "Then," said Houston, "you are the damned rascal;" and with that, struck him with a stick which he had held in his hand. Stanberry threw up his hands over his head and staggered back. His hat fell off, and he exclaimed, "Oh, don't!" Houston continued to follow him up, and continued to strike him. After receiving several severe blows, Stanberry turned, as I thought, to run off. Houston, at that moment, sprang upon him in the rear, Stanberry's arms hanging down, apparently defenceless. He seized him and attempted to throw him, but was not able to do so. Stanberry carried him about on the pavement some little time. When he [Stanberry] fell, he continued to halloo; indeed, he hallooed all the time pretty much, except when they were scuffling. I saw Stanberry, after receiving several blows, put out both hands, he then lying on his back. I did not discover what was in his hands, or if anything was, but I heard a sound like the snapping of a gun-lock, and I saw particles of fire. Houston appeared to take hold of Stanberry's hands, and took something from them which I could not see. After that Hous-

ton stood up more erect, still beating Stanberry with a stick over the head, arms, and sides, Stanberry still keeping his arms spread out. After Houston had given him several more blows, he lay on his back and put up his feet. Houston then struck him elsewhere. Mr. Stanberry, after he had received several blows, ceased to halloo, and lay, as I thought, perfectly still. All this time I had not spoken to either of the parties, or interfered in any manner whatever. I now thought Stanberry was badly hurt, or perhaps killed, from the manner in which he lay. I stepped up to Houston to tell him to desist, but without being spoken to, he quit of his own accord. Mr. Stanberry then got up on his feet, and I saw the pistol in the right hand of Governor Houston for the first time.'"

Mr. Stanberry complained to the House of Representatives, on a plea of breach of privilege; and that wise House "spent exactly one calendar month in debating the subject." It became a party question. Mr. James Knox Polk, of Tennessee, who was afterwards elected President on the cry of "Texas!" distinguished himself "by his zeal to prevent an investigation." I have read, in the British Museum, the readable parts of a speech in defence of Houston by one of his counsel, Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner." From court to court, for the next few years, the ineffectual complaint was carried. If Houston was ever condemned or fined, the penalty would be regularly remitted by the President. These vain attempts to bring him to justice are the "persecutions" of Mr. Lester's impassioned narrative. "General Jackson, I regret to be obliged to record,"

says Mr. Parton, "sustained his friend Houston in this bad deed. He said to a friend, in substance, that 'after a few more examples of the same kind, members of Congress would learn to keep civil tongues in their heads.' Perhaps the people of the United States will learn, after a few more examples of the same kind, that the man who replies to a word by a blow confesses by that blow the justice of that word."

As for Houston, he seems never to have repented of this assault upon poor Stanberry, whose fate it is to be remembered only because he was once outraged by a hero. His own comment, long after, upon all this vast uproar is said to have been: "I was dying out once, and had they taken me before a justice of the peace and fined me ten dollars for assault and battery, it would have killed me; but they gave me a national tribunal for a theatre, and that set me up again."

We will not dwell upon these things. If there is a doctrine which may hold good in this inconsistent and undoctrinal world, it is that of Compensation, which ordains that a man shall be judged, not by his good deeds or his bad, but by the proportion which the good bear to the bad. Houston's life was yet to compensate for worse deeds than his worst enemies could allege against him.

We recur, with a confidence which will never again be what it might have been, to the guidance of Mr. Lester:

"He returned by the way of Tennessee, and wherever he went he was received with every demonstration of regard. Years had passed since other painful

occurrences had taken place, and with them had passed, too, the storm they had raised. Reason had resumed its sway over the public mind, and a strong desire was manifested that he should again take up his abode in Tennessee. The recent persecutions he had just passed through, had only won for him a deeper sympathy than ever, and all the pride of the State was aroused to protect and honour the man it had lost. But he could not be dissuaded from his purpose of returning once more to the forest. A sight of the spot where he had seen the bright hopes that had greeted his early manhood crushed in a single hour only awakened associations he wished to forget; and he once more turned his face toward the distant wigwam of the old Indian chief, where, after a year of persecution from Christian men, he found repose by the hearthstone of a savage king, — a biting satire upon civilized life. . . . He had no more ambition to gratify. Posts of honour and emolument proffered by General Jackson, he rejected; for he would never suffer the foes of the old warrior and statesman to heap opprobrium upon his name for showing favour to a proscribed man."

CHAPTER VII.

THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION OF TEXAS, 1806-1832.

THE history of Texas, during the fifteen years succeeding 1806, is one of blood and chaos. These were the years that included the Peninsular War in Europe, the years before the accomplishment of Mexican independence. During a part of this time the patriot priest Morelos (1765-1815) was turning things topsy-turvy in Mexico, and he is only mentioned here as the probable father of a General Almonte whom we shall know. Texas was by possession a part of Mexico, and the Americans claimed that it ought to be a part of Louisiana, and Mexico belonged to Spain, though in constant rebellion, and it was quite uncertain who was king of Spain, and America was at war with England and almost with Spain, and England was at war with Spain too, and chaos was come again. After having read a score of mad accounts of the struggles in Texas a shudder comes over the compiler whenever he sees, in any connection whatever, one of the names of the parties concerned. Certain it is that the present compiler declines to help perpetuate any of these delirious names or details. The maddest part of the business is that no one knew what he was fighting for; it was always a three or a four-sided fight, carried on in the dark.

But the bloodshed was indubitable. Two things are sure, the American filibusters were desperately determined to get Texas, and the Spaniards were as determined not to let it go. We read of thousands engaged upon a side, of eight hundred Americans slain in single battles. No such numbers were ever engaged in the real Texan Revolution, twenty years later, but the story of the Revolution is great, while these details are deadly, because the secret of the story, if it had one, — the circumstance which might have made it interesting, — is lost.

In 1819 the seventy thousand square miles of Florida came to the United States for five million dollars. The question of the western boundary of Louisiana was entangled with this question of the cession of Florida, and it seemed as if the United States might have got the whole of Texas into the bargain. But the opportunity was allowed to pass, and the Sabine, instead of the Rio Grande, remained the boundary of Louisiana.

And in 1821 the three centuries (1521-1821) of the Spanish misrule in Mexico came to a sudden end. No more, whatever they might do, should the Spaniards serve the Devil in Mexico. The Mexicans, with a population of eight millions, and a territory of toward one million five hundred thousand square miles, or twice what they now possess, proclaimed to all men and demons that they were henceforth free, and took their place among the nations of the earth :

“Strange sons of Mexico, and strange her fate;
They fight for freedom who were never free;
A kingless people for a nerveless State.”

dence and daring, sufficed to stamp him as a genius. As such at least he was regarded by the widely differing parties, which, though hating and distrusting him, were compelled to appeal to him for aid ; for while by no means a natural ruler of men, he was a cunning manipulator of events."

The indubitable American colonization of Texas dates from the year 1821. In 1820 Moses Austin, of Connecticut, an old, much-enduring, honourable conqueror of the wilderness, the Grandfather of Texas, as he may be called, made his way perilously to San Antonio de Bexar, hoping to be able to obtain liberal terms for a projected colony of Louisianians. He was received with outrage by the Spanish governor, and would have had to retire baffled, had he not encountered an old friend in the person of the Baron de Bastrop, a Prussian and soldier of Frederick the Great, now one of the magnates of Texas. The Baron told him to go home in peace, guaranteeing the ultimate success of his petition. "From Bexar to the Sabine," says Kennedy, "Texas was then a total solitude, the settlements at Nacogdoches and [in] its vicinity having been destroyed by the Spaniards in 1819. Robbed and deserted by his fellow travellers, Austin was left alone on the prairies nearly two hundred miles from any habitation, destitute of provisions and the means of procuring them. In this wretched situation, with nothing to subsist upon but acorns and pecan-nuts, he journeyed onwards for eight days, constantly exposed to the weather at the most inclement season, swimming and rafting rivers

and creeks, until he reached the hospitable roof of an American settler, twenty miles from the Sabine. Worn down with hunger and fatigue, he was unable to proceed farther. His constitution had received a shock from which it never recovered. After recruiting his strength he resumed his course, and arriving in Missouri in the spring, commenced preparations for removal to Texas, but a cold . . . terminated his existence a few days after the gratifying intelligence was communicated to him of the approval of his petition [to settle three hundred families of Louisianians in Texas] by the Spanish authorities at Monterey. He died on the 10th of June, 1821, in his fifty-seventh year, leaving as a last injunction to his son Stephen to prosecute his plan of Texan colonization."

This son, Stephen Fuller Austin (1790-1836), was the Father of Texas. Of his manifold doings and sufferings and self-sacrifices for fifteen years I am unable to give any adequate account. Such an account will never be written now. But Austin seemed to live only for Texas, and the enduring prosperity of that great State is his best monument.

Austin hastened to Bexar (Bexar and San Antonio are always the same place) and secured a confirmation of his father's grant. The only important condition was that every settler should enter the Roman Catholic Church before he entered Texas, and should swear allegiance to the Spanish king. He hastened back to New Orleans, set his indefatigable agencies at work, and returned to San Antonio in March, 1822, with an advance guard of his colonists. Here he found that Mexico was independent, and that his

Spanish grants were of no value. He went on to Mexico, through a pestilent wilderness of twelve hundred miles, and arrived just in time to witness the comedy of Don Augustin. He obtained from the new Imperial government a confirmation of the Spanish grants, and was hastening back to Texas early in 1823, when Santa Anna suddenly pulled down Don Augustin. Austin waited long enough to obtain still another confirmation of his grants, and then hastened to San Antonio to find most of his colonists dispersed. But nothing could discourage him. He chose the site of San Felipe de Austin, about a hundred miles up the Brazos, and by 1824 his settlement included the stipulated number of three hundred families. He was legislator, governor, general — he gave his life to the enterprise. It must not be forgotten that he and all his colonists were nominally Mexican citizens and Roman Catholics.

In 1824 the Mexicans, with loud bragging, adopted a Federal Republican Constitution, in palpable imitation of the Constitution of the United States. We have not to read beyond the third article in order to see that something is wrong: "The religion of the Mexican nation is, and will be perpetually, the Roman Catholic Apostolic. The nation will protect it by wise and just laws, and prohibit the exercise of any other whatsoever."

By this Federal Constitution Texas was formed into one State with Coahuila, across the Rio Grande. At present Coahuila has an area of about fifty thousand square miles, and a population of one hundred thousand. In 1824 its population was smaller, but it was

enough to swamp the votes of the Texans. There was a provision by which Texas could form an independent State as soon as it attained the requisite size, but I am unable to discover what was the limit. The Texans highly approved of the Federal Constitution, but it soon became an intolerable burden to them to be tied in this way to Coahuila, to be forced to use the Spanish language, and to have to go five hundred miles to Monclova or to Saltillo for every legal purpose.

The new Republican government of Mexico undertook vigorous measures for the colonization of its unoccupied territories. Its policy was to confer tracts of land upon persons who were to introduce at their own expense a certain number of immigrant families. This was called the *Empresario* System, and *empresario* means simply "contractor." It will not pay to go into the details of this system, except to notice that "if the contractor failed to introduce the stipulated number of families within the term of six years, he lost his rights and privileges in proportion to the deficiency, and the contract was totally annulled if he had not succeeded in settling one hundred families. The premium given to a contractor was five square leagues [forty-five square miles] of grazing land and five labores [a labor is 177 acres] of tillage land for each hundred families, but he could not acquire premium on more than eight hundred families." These terms certainly seem liberal, but they were marred by the practical favouritism which was shown in every instance to Mexicans. Austin was merely the earliest and greatest of the

empresarios ; he took out at least two other contracts after his first contract had been fulfilled. The contracts were usually for two hundred, three hundred, or five hundred families, and it was distinctly stipulated of what nationality the families were to be.

"After the promulgation of the State colonization law," says Mr. Bancroft, "a tide of immigration into Texas set in from the United States, which in a few years converted her wildernesses and wastes into thriving farms and lucrative cattle-ranges, while town after town, busy under the impulse of progress, sprung up in rapid succession. Empresarios flocked into the country, bringing settlers in their wake, and eager immigrants, in no connection with contractors, moved into Texas at their own expense and obtained land grants. . . . Nearly the whole surface of Texas was parcelled out to different empresarios ; though none of these fulfilled their contracts, with the exception of Austin, who was the only thoroughly successful contractor, some of them partially colonized their land grants."

In looking at a map of Texas at this period one notices, to the east of the big central block of land denominated "Austin's Colony" an extensive tract, lying against the Sabine, which is called "Zavala's Grant," for five hundred families. Lorenzo de Zavala (1788-1836), was a fiery Mexican and Republican, born in Yucatan, and one of the earliest revolutionists. He had been senator, governor of the State of Mexico, secretary of the treasury : he was soon to be minister to France. To the north of Austin's Colony is Burnet's Grant. David G. Burnet (1789-

1870), was born in New Jersey, of a noted family, had accompanied Miranda's mad expedition to Venezuela in 1806, and came to Texas in 1826. North of Burnet's is the grant (six hundred foreign families) of General Vicente Filisola, born an Italian, who will make himself heard of. And between the Guadalupe and the Colorado is the grant of Benjamin R. Milam, *old Ben Milam* of heroic memory. Other grants there are even larger than these, but held in less famous names. To the southwest, along the Rio Grande, are several Irish colonies.

By 1830 there were twenty thousand American settlers in Texas, and not one of these was satisfied with the prospect of remaining indefinitely connected with Mexico. The United States had been trying hard to buy Texas, at almost any price; the invariable answer of the Mexican government may be rendered, "Not for sale!" But something was evidently bound to happen; things were so bad that they could not last. These Americans were probably not easy people to live with; at least the Mexicans could not live with them, and it began to look very doubtful whether they would be able to expel them. At first the Mexicans had been glad of their help in subduing the wilderness; now it was the old story of the camel in the Arab's tent. "In short, it is the bravest of our provinces," writes General Almonte, of Texas, at about this time. Who shall possess this brave province? the Americans, who, with all their detestable faults of manner, represented civilization? or the Mexicans?

By 1830 the Mexicans were thoroughly alarmed. A certain Anastasio Bustamante (1780-1853), who

was just then the foremost man in Mexico, issued a decree suspending all the existing contracts in Texas, and forbidding any American citizen to enter the country. The holders of contracts refused to surrender them, and Americans poured into the country more incessantly than before. "At least we must and shall shake ourselves free of Coahuila, take our place as an independent State of the Mexican Union, and claim the rights which the Federal Constitution gives us!" — this began to be the emphatic opinion in Texas. The mongrel Mexicans have always affiliated with the Negro race in a way which would make a curious theme for the psychologist or the ethnologist. They had not many pure negroes; for various reasons they did not need slavery, and they had lately freed their slaves. But the Texans had about one thousand slaves, imported from the States, and they needed them greatly. In 1830 the Mexicans tried to extend emancipation to Texas; the Texans answered, "Not so!"

If I had a chapter to spare I would not record the uninteresting struggles in Texas for the next two years. These poor confused revolutionists were fighting in a good cause, but without a sense of form, without a poet to make their struggles memorable to us, and "Oblivion, and the deserts of Panama," have justly swallowed them up.

In 1832 Santa Anna, the resistless, rose once more to the top by proclaiming himself for the Federal Constitution of 1824, and against the tyranny of Bustamante. The Texans ranged themselves on the side of Santa Anna, and after some bloody battles

succeeded in driving the Mexican garrisons from the land. By August there was not a Mexican soldier in Texas, except for a body of troops at San Antonio which was necessary to control the Indians. "Independence of Coahuila! The Constitution of 1824!" — this was all that the Texans as yet claimed. But they could see that bitter times were coming, and they longed for a competent leader. Houston was a great hero on the Western border; in the autumn of 1832, while a thick cloud was upon him, the hearts of the people of Texas began to turn irresistibly to him, as we have evidence that his thoughts had already turned to Texas; and it was openly proposed to send a delegation of Texans to ask him to come down and help them.

When Houston heard the news of the Texan revolt, he was, as my authority delicately puts it, "under the influence of 'fire-water.'" He "walked out on the bank of the Grand River with John Henry, a merchant. Throwing himself on the ground, he was silent for some time, lost in thought; then, starting up hastily, he exclaimed, 'Henry, let us go to Texas, for I am tired of this country, and sick of this life. Go with me, and I will make a fortune for both. We are not fit for merchants, never were, and never will be. I am going, and in that new country I will make a *man* of myself again.'"

There were secret motives and commissions, of which we shall get a glimpse in the next chapter; but according to the same authority, when Houston set out, on the 1st of December, 1832, "he embraced a

friend who divided a slender purse with him, saying :
'Elias, remember my words. I shall yet be the
President of a great republic. I shall bring that
nation to the United States, and if they don't watch
me closely, I shall be the President of the White
House some day.' "

CHAPTER VIII.

HOUSTON SENT TO CAPTURE TEXAS, 1832-1833.

ONE of the more successful London novelists is fond of telling, toward the end of the evening and the third bottle of Glenlossie, a little story to illustrate the contrast between the pomp and circumstance of glorious European warfare and the rude efficiency of American methods. In a battle of the Civil War a Southern commander stood upon a hill-top gloomily watching the Northern battery that had made havoc of his army. At the foot of the hill was his last body of reserve; by his side stood his aide-de-camp in shirt-sleeves. The commander turned his quid in his mouth, his lips quivered. "Tom," he said, quietly, without turning his head, "I want them guns, — want 'em bad." The aide-de-camp nodded, turned his horse in silence, and dashed down the hillside to the couchant rebels. "Boys," he declared, with an indescribable jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, "there's a poor old gent up there, and he says he wants them guns, — wants 'em bad. Shall we get 'em for him?" And the story goes that the poor old gent got the guns, and the victory.

Andrew Jackson wanted Texas, — wanted it badly. Houston was the aide-de-camp who got it for him.

"In 1830," says Mr. Parton, "General Sam Houston, as we have seen, came to Washington, a man ruined in fortune and impaired in reputation. He lived for a while in a boarding-house, where also resided a certain Dr. Robert Mayo, once a well-known name, long ago forgotten. With Mayo General Houston gradually became intimate, and to him he finally confided the particulars of a grand project for wresting Texas from the feeble grasp of Mexico, and founding an independent republic. Dr. Mayo, who was then one of those waiters upon Providence whom we call office-seekers, betrayed his new acquaintance, and revealed the scheme to the President in a long letter. Heading his epistle with the cipher which the adventurers employed in their secret correspondence, he proceeded to impart to the President the substance of Houston's revelations. 'I learned from him,' wrote Mayo, 'that he was organizing an expedition against Texas; to afford a cloak to which he had assumed the Indian costume, habits, and associations, by settling among them in the neighbourhood of Texas. That nothing was more easy to accomplish than the conquest and possession of that extensive and fertile country, by the co-operation of the Indians in the Arkansas Territory, and recruits among the citizens of the United States. That in his view it would hardly be necessary to strike a blow to wrest Texas from Mexico. That it was ample for the establishment and maintenance of a separate and independent government from the United States. That the expedition would be got ready with all possible dispatch,' " etc.

"Soon after General Houston had made these com-

munications, Mayo fell in with another of the confederates, who confirmed them, — a Mr. Hunter, who had been recently dismissed from the Military Academy at West Point. Hunter informed Dr. Mayo that 'he was a *bona fide* agent of the recruiting service for this district; that there were agencies established in all the principal towns; that several thousands had already enlisted along the seaboard, from New England to Georgia, inclusive; that each man paid thirty dollars to the common fund, and took an oath of secrecy and good faith to the cause on joining the party; that they were to repair, in their individual capacities as travellers, to different points on the banks of the Mississippi, where they had already chartered steamboats on which to embark, and thence fly to their rendezvous, somewhere in the territory of Arkansas or Texas, convenient for action.'

"Here was an *exact* reproduction of the Burr project of 1806. The revelations of Hunter were communicated to the President by the zealous Mayo.

"When we consider the relations existing between General Jackson and General Houston, it is difficult to believe that the President was ignorant of Houston's design. His office, however, compelled him to assume an attitude of hostility to them," etc.

There is also in the Clay Correspondence a reference, which I have lost, to Houston being once discovered in a gathering of midnight conspirators about a failing fire. This is about all that can be learned. Yet, among probable things, there are few more certain than that, at the end of 1832, after the Stanberry affair, Houston went forth to Texas with a conditional

authorization from Jackson. "Good luck to you in any case ; recognition if you succeed !"

General Houston's mission was a secret one, and it is natural that we know but little of it. With a few companions, on the 1st of December, 1832, he left his "wigwam, which was situated on the margin of a prairie between the Verdigris and the Grand River, a short distance from its junction with the Arkansas," and set out through the wilderness for Fort Towson. Between Jonesborough in Texas, it is recorded, and Nacogdoches, he found only two houses. At Nacogdoches he reported to the authorities, and remained for some days. His object was twofold, — to "prospect" the new land for General Jackson, and to deal with the Indians who had passed over from American territory into Texas, contrary to the laws of Mexico and of the States. From Nacogdoches he proceeded (150 miles southwest) to San Felipe de Austin, hoping to meet Colonel Austin. Austin was absent ; and after eating his Christmas dinner at Felipe, Houston went on (another 150 miles westward) to San Antonio, in company with one Colonel James Bowie (1790-1836), of portentous name, whom we shall learn to know and to respect. Bowie had married the daughter of the Mexican "vice-governor" of Texas, and was a great man. At San Antonio he introduced Houston to his father-in-law and to other magnates, and did much to further his purposes.

From San Antonio Houston returned with two companions to San Felipe, where he made the acquaintance of Colonel Austin, and thence to Nacog-

doches. Here he was warmly urged to take up his permanent residence, or at least to allow his name to be used as a candidate for a Convention of all Texas, which was to meet at San Felipe in the spring, and which was now the only theme of interest. He crossed the Sabine, and went on to Natchitoches in Louisiana, thus completing an absence of two months and a journey of more than a thousand miles. From the latter point he wrote several important letters, of which I will give one : —

NATCHITOCHES, LA., Feb. 13, 1833.

GEN. JACKSON :

DEAR SIR, — Having been so far as Bexar, in the province of Texas, where I had an interview with the Comanche Indians, I am in possession of some information which will doubtless be interesting to you, and may be calculated to forward your views, if you should entertain any, touching the acquisition of Texas by the government of the United States. That such a measure is desired by nineteen-twentieths of the population of the province, I cannot doubt. They are now without laws to govern or protect them. Mexico is involved in civil war. The Federal Constitution has never been in operation. The Government is essentially despotic, and must be so for years to come. The rulers have not honesty, and the people have not intelligence. The people of Texas are determined to form a State Government, and separate from Coahuila, and unless Mexico is soon restored to order, and the Constitution revived and re-enacted, the province of Texas will remain separate from the

Confederacy of Mexico. She has already beaten and repelled all the troops of Mexico from her soil, nor will she permit them to return; she can defend herself against the whole power of Mexico, for really Mexico is powerless and penniless to all intents and purposes. Her want of money, taken in connection with the course which Texas *must and will adopt*, will render a transfer of Texas to some power inevitable, and if the United States does not press for it, England will, most assuredly, obtain it by some means. Now is a very important crisis for Texas. As relates to her future prosperity and safety, as well as the relations which it [*sic*] is to bear to the United States, it is now in the most favourable attitude, perhaps, that it can be to obtain it on fair terms. England is pressing her suit for it, but its citizens will resist if any transfer should be made of them to any power but the United States. I have travelled nearly five hundred miles across Texas, and am now enabled to judge pretty correctly of the soil and resources of the country, and I have no hesitancy in pronouncing it the finest country, for its extent, upon the globe; for the greater portion of it is richer and more healthy than West Tennessee. There can be no doubt that the country east of the river Grand, of the North, would sustain a population of ten millions of souls. My opinion is that Texas, by her members in Convention, will, by 1st of April, declare all that country as Texas proper, and form a State Constitution. I expect to be present at the Convention, and will apprise you of the course adopted, as soon as its members have taken a final action. It is probable that I may make Texas

my abiding-place. In adopting this course *I will never forget* the country of my birth. I will notify from this point the Commissioners of the Indians at Fort Gibson of my success, which will reach you through the War Department. I have, with much pride and inexpressible satisfaction, seen your message and proclamation, — touching the nullifiers of the South, and their “peaceable remedies.” God grant that you may save the Union! It does seem to me that it is reserved for you, and you alone, to render to millions so great a blessing. I hear all voices commend your course, — even in Texas, where is felt the liveliest interest for the preservation of the Republic. Permit me to tender you my sincere thanks, felicitations, and most earnest solicitude for your health and happiness, and your future glory, connected with the prosperity of the Union.

Your friend and obedient servant,

SAM HOUSTON.

CHAPTER IX.

BEGINNING OF THE TEXAN REVOLUTION, 1833-1835.

FROM 1832 until his encounter with Houston four years later, the star of Santa Anna was in the ascendant. Except perhaps for Gomez Farias, he is the only Mexican politician worth mentioning. It is enough here to state that he was elected President of Mexico, with his enemy Farias as Vice-President, for the term of four years, almost corresponding with the second term of Andrew Jackson, or from April, 1833, to April, 1837. Thanks to General Houston, he never completed this term, but during the early years of it he was in great glory. He was undoubted President of Mexico, he was repeatedly Dictator, and he strove incessantly to be called for a time Emperor. In this darling purpose he never succeeded, owing, at first, to the skilful checkmating of Gomez Farias. Yet he would not own defeat, — he was magician, conqueror, the man of mystery and of destiny. He early followed the exemplary rule; having come into power as the popular champion, he threw away the net now that the fish was caught, and utterly overturned the Federal Constitution of 1824. But he could not overturn the Vice-President; he could not hear himself called Emperor even for a few perilous months. After

the failure of his *coups d'état*, which always left him stronger than before, but left Farias, somehow, still Vice-President, he would get leave of absence from governmental duties, retire to his superb estate at Manga de Clavo, and cover himself with thick clouds for a while. So much for Santa Anna during the years included in this chapter.

The Convention met at San Felipe de Austin on the 1st of April, 1833, and sat for thirteen days. We do not know the number or the names of the delegates, but among them were Colonel Austin, General Houston as one of the five delegates from Nacogdoches (he had been elected unanimously), David G. Burnet, whose grant of land we remember, and Branch T. Archer (1790-1856), a Virginian physician and politician, who had been for several years settled in Texas. Two important committees were appointed, one to frame a constitution, and the other to draw up a memorial petitioning the general government to grant the separation of Texas from Coahuila. Houston was appointed chairman of the first, and Burnet of the second.

The constitution was drafted very much on the model of American State constitutions, but it contains some remarkable concessions to Mexican prejudice, in the absence of any mention of religious toleration, and in the provision that no banking establishment, of any sort, should exist under the new organization. Houston is said to have shown great moderation and far-sightedness in insisting upon these concessions, and indeed, Mr. Lester observes, rather dubiously, that "if restless and ambitious spirits, who will 'rule

or rend,' had been willing to follow Houston's wise counsels, the Independence of Texas would have been achieved without much sacrifice of blood or treasure."

The petition for a separate state government was ably drawn up by David G. Burnet. "Our misfortunes," it declares, "pervade the whole territory—operate on the whole population. . . . Texas, at large, feels and deplores an utter destitution of the common benefits which have usually accrued from the worst system of internal government, and if she be not precipitated into all the horrors of anarchy, it is only because there is a reclaiming spirit among the people which infuses a moral energy into the fragments of authority that exist among us. . . . We complain more of the want of *all* the important attributes of government than of the abuses of any."

Three commissioners, of whom Colonel Austin was one, were appointed to carry this petition to Santa Anna,—that is, to bell the cat, to beard the sullen lion in his den. Two of them found very good reasons for not going, and Austin, the brave, the self-denying Austin, set out alone for Mexico in April, 1833.

His adventures bear a sad analogy to the adventures of his father on entering Texas nearly fifteen years before. I cannot pretend to record them. He reached Mexico, and after months of weary waiting he wrote home advising his people to go ahead and organize a State government. For this reason or for some other he was arrested (January, 1834) at Saltillo, while on his way back, taken once more to Mexico, confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition,

whirled from court to court, and infamously detained for nearly two years. He returned to Texas in the summer of 1835, hopelessly broken in health, and after fighting nobly through the War of Independence of the State he had founded, died at the close of the struggle.

For the two years following the Convention in 1833, the Texan Revolution was quiescent. To keep quiet seemed to be the policy of the patriots. Yet there was an immigration of thousands every year, and brave spirits were thronging from all quarters to the impending struggle in Texas. We may note that at this time a most paltry little civil war was raging in Coahuila, apparently between two rival governors, and that the government of Coahuila and Texas, which was really Coahuila exploiting Texas, foresaw that the good old state of things could not last, and was gathering its roses while it might by hastily selling off great sections of Texan land to foreign speculators, sometimes at the rate of a cent and a half per acre. Houston had finally thrown in his fortunes with the Texans, but we have no details of his private life.

In 1834 Juan Nepomuceno Almonte (1804-1869) probable son of the patriot priest Morelos, who was shot in 1815, thoroughly educated in the United States, already at thirty colonel, and aide-de-camp to Santa Anna, was sent to reconnoitre Texas on behalf of the Mexicans. He was charmed with the country, — "the bravest of our provinces." This is the substance of his report. He gives the civilized population at twenty-one thousand, when, according to other authorities,

he ought to have given it at thirty thousand or more ; he calls the negro slaves eleven hundred, when, according to these same dissentients, he ought to have called them nearly five thousand. We shall have the pleasure of seeing Almonte in Texas once more.

In 1835 there began to appear every sign of the bursting forth of the long-pent waters.

All the Mexican States, with the exception of Zacatecas, and the State of Coahuila and Texas, had submitted to the despotism of Santa Anna. In May, 1835, Santa Anna marched irresistibly against Zacatecas with four thousand men, defeated the governor in a great battle near the city of Zacatecas, and wiped out all resistance in blood and outrage that was to be only faintly symbolical of the fate of the Texans, if they did not take warning. At the same time he ordered General Cos to look after Coahuila and Texas. Martin Perfecto de Cos was commandant of the eastern internal provinces, a mighty man in Mexico, and brother-in-law of Santa Anna. He found it easy enough to look after Coahuila. He captured the triumphant one of the two rival governors who had lately been indulging in a little civil war on their own account, sent the legislature and the State authorities about their business, and established an outpost of Santa Anna's despotism. With the governor were captured several Americans, who had, apparently, no business to be in such company. One of them was Colonel Milam, who was to make his escape after desperate chances, and reach Texas just in time to die gloriously at the end of this year.

Would General Cos find it as easy to look after Texas? It hardly seemed so, for in June Colonel William Barrett Travis (1811-1836), the young martyr of Texan liberty, who had already been in trouble with the authorities, and was now only twenty-four, swooped down with fifty men upon Anahuac, on the east shore of Galveston Bay, and expelled the Mexican captain and garrison. It was proposed by some to march and rescue the captured governor of Coahuila and Texas, by others to unite and expel the garrison of five hundred Mexicans from Bexar. Colonel Ugartechea, the commandant at Bexar, found it advisable to issue conciliatory proclamations. Cos sent an armed vessel to punish Anahuac, and this was quickly taken by a Texan privateer. Martin Perfecto de Cos sat bewildered at Matamoras, on the south of the Rio Grande, near the sea, watching the new face of things.

Does the reader remember Lorenzo de Zavala, the fiery republican and Mexican, with the grant of land in Texas for five hundred families? He had been ambassador to France since then; in July he gave up everything, hurled his eternal defiance at Santa Anna, and fled to Texas. He was the only prominent Mexican who did good service to Texas; the Texans quite refused to surrender him, and Santa Anna was furious. At about the same time there came to Texas Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar (1798-1859), of a famous Georgian family, who all have strange names, owing to the freak of an eccentric uncle a century ago, who insisted on standing godfather to his sister's children. Lamar was a detestable man, from Houston's point of view,

and our own, but he was a brave soldier, and had a certain sort of plausibility. From every State of the Union contentious Americans thronged faster and faster to the scene of the coming struggle. These were men fitted to survive, — the tenacious men whom Emerson speaks of, who would take root if planted on a marble slab. I cannot but give here the valuable testimony of William Kennedy, a Scotchman and minor poet, to "the superiority of the Anglo-Americans in forming colonies. The North Americans," he says, "are the only people who, in defiance of all obstacles, have struck the roots of civilization deep into the soil of Texas. Even as I trace these lines, I reflect upon their progress with renewed wonder and admiration. They are indeed, the organized conquerors of the wild, uniting in themselves the threefold attributes of husbandmen, lawgivers, and soldiers."

In September Colonel Austin returned broken from his outrageous detention in Mexico. He was given a great banquet at Brazoria, near the mouth of the Brazos. A thousand Americans are said to have attended, and he made them a memorable speech, which I grieve to be unable to quote entire. "I fully hoped," he said, "to have found Texas at peace and in tranquillity, but regret to find it in commotion; all disorganized, all in anarchy, and threatened with immediate hostilities. This state of things is deeply to be lamented; it is a great misfortune, but it is one which has not been produced by any acts of the people of this country. . . . The people here are not to blame. They are farmers, cultivators of the soil,

and are pacific from interest, from occupation, and from inclination. They have uniformly endeavoured to sustain the Constitution and the public peace, and have never deviated from their duty as Mexican citizens. . . . The consciences and the hands of the Texans are free from censure, and clean.

"The revolution in Mexico is drawing to a close. The object is to change the form of government, destroy the Federal Constitution of 1824, and establish a central or consolidated government. The States are to be converted into provinces. . . ."

In truth, there were two parties in Texas: the farmers' party, or the peace party, represented by the moderate Austin, who used to declare that he distrusted "all persons except those who sought their living between the plough-handles;" and the war party, represented by Houston and the filibusters. General Cos was now on his way to add five hundred soldiers to the five hundred already in garrison at Bexar, and to relieve Colonel Ugartechea of the command there, and before the end of September things had gone so far that the committee of safety, of which Austin himself was chairman, declared: "War is our only resource. There is no other remedy. We must defend our rights, ourselves, and our country by force of arms."

In October, 1835, the pent-up waters burst forth.

Bexar, on the San Antonio, Goliad, lower down on the San Antonio, and Gonzalez, on the Guadalupe, form, accurately enough, a triangle, of which each side is fifty miles, and of which Goliad, to the south,

is the apex, while Bexar and Gonzalez represent the base, lying against the north.

A decree had been issued to disarm the Texans, and it is known how Anglo-Saxons have submitted, in all times, to such decrees. Colonel Ugartechea, not yet relieved at Bexar, demanded of the municipality of Gonzalez a poor little brass six-pounder, which had been presented to it a few years before, and which was a simple necessity for defence against the Indians. On being refused, he sent a company fifty miles eastward to Gonzalez, to take the gun. Early in the misty morning of October 1st, 1835, one hundred and sixty Texans, a third of them mounted, under a Colonel John H. Moore, of whom we hardly hear again, fell upon the Mexicans to the west of the Guadalupe, six miles from Gonzalez. The Mexicans scampered ignominiously back to Bexar, with the loss of several men ; no Texan was killed. This is called the Lexington of Texas.

In these days General Cos was slowly marching up from the sea, by Goliad, to Bexar ; and Texas was rising unanimously in arms.

On the 9th of October, Cos reached Bexar ; and at midnight of the same day a Captain George Collinsworth, of whom, again, we know nothing more, fell upon the garrison of Goliad with less than fifty men, and took it unresisting. It is recorded that some of the scouts discovered, in a thicket, a way-worn man who was Colonel Milam, escaped alone from Mexico, and who aided joyously in the assault.

Austin was elected by acclamation commander of all the forces in the west of the State. By the middle

of October we find him with an army rapidly growing to a thousand, encamped on the San Antonio, eight miles below Bexar, and closely blocking General Cos. On the 27th of October Colonel Bowie, whom we have met, and Colonel J. W. Fannin won the considerable battle of Conception, in a cane-bottom on the river, by an old Mission, a mile and a half from Bexar. One hundred Americans were engaged in this battle, and four hundred Mexicans; one hundred Mexicans were wounded or slain. The Texans, holding Gonzalez and Goliad, were eager to take Bexar too, and complete the triangle, but Austin kept them back for a time, like a prudent man.

On the 3rd of November the Consultation met at San Felipe de Austin, in a little framed building of one room, without ceiling or plaster. Fifty-five of the ablest men in Texas were there, and foremost among them was General Houston, from Nacogdoches, in the buckskin breeches and Mexican blanket which used to make General Jackson declare that he thanked God "there was one man, at least, in Texas, whom the Almighty had had the making of, and not the tailor," — upon all which Mr. Lester dilates in his most characteristic manner.

The Consultation, in twelve days, and under the presidency of Branch T. Archer, did many things. It formed a provisional government, it elected one Henry Smith President *pro tem.* of Texas, and it made Houston Commander-in-chief of all the forces in Texas, thus relieving Austin, who had asked to be relieved. But its most notable achievement was on the first day, November 3rd, 1835, when it issued this ringing decla-

ration of partial independence, more spirited than the final declaration four months later : —

**DECLARATION OF THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS IN GENERAL
CONVENTION ASSEMBLED.**

WHEREAS General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna and other military chieftains have, by force of arms, overthrown the federal institutions of Mexico and dissolved the social compact which existed between Texas and the other members of the Mexican Confederacy ; now, the good People of Texas, availing themselves of their natural rights,

SOLEMNLY DECLARE

1st. That they have taken up arms in defence of their rights and liberties, which were threatened by the encroachments of military despots, and in defence of the Republican Principles of the Federal Constitution of Mexico of eighteen hundred and twenty-four.

2nd. That Texas is no longer, morally or civilly, bound by the Compact of Union ; yet, stimulated by the generosity and sympathy common to a free people, they offer their support and assistance to such members of the Mexican Confederacy as will take up arms against military despotism.

3rd. That they do not acknowledge that the present authorities of the nominal Mexican Republic have the right to govern within the limits of Texas.

4th. That they will not cease to carry on war against the said authorities, whilst their troops are within the limits of Texas.

5th. That they hold it to be their right, during the disorganization of the Federal System and the reign of despotism, to withdraw from the Union, to establish an independent Government, or to adopt such measures as they may deem best calculated to protect their rights and liberties ; but that they will continue faithful to the Mexican Government so long as that nation is governed by the Constitution and laws that were formed for the government of the Political Association.

6th. That Texas is responsible for the expenses of her armies now in the field.

7th. That the public faith of Texas is pledged for the payment of any debts contracted by her agents.

8th. That she will reward by donations in land all who volunteer their services in her present struggle, and receive them as citizens.

These DECLARATIONS we solemnly avow to the world, and call GOD to witness their truth and sincerity ; and invoke defeat and disgrace upon our heads, should we prove guilty of duplicity.

CHAPTER X.

THE COMING OF SANTA ANNA, 1835-1836.

GENERAL MARTIN PERFECTO DE COS sat bewildered and besieged in Bexar, with, it is said, twelve hundred and fifty soldiers, many of them convicts. Below him on the river, and all about him, were the Texans under Austin, vowing he should never escape. The fluidity of these Texan armies is like quicksilver — to-day they are, and to-morrow not. Different accounts give Austin's army at from one thousand to two hundred.

On the 25th of November General Austin resigned his command on receiving notice of his appointment as commissioner to the United States, to work the cause of Texas there. He was succeeded by his former second in command, General Edward Burleson, but of course only in subordination to Houston as Commander-in-Chief of all Texas. The men were not to be held in any longer, and on the following day, November 26th, occurred a desperate skirmish called the "Grass-fight," Colonel Bowie scattering the Mexicans and killing about fifty. The volunteers from the United States, of whom there were several companies in the camp, were eager for action of any sort; the Texans only wanted to be done with Bexar and return to their families for Christmas. Foremost

among the agitators was Colonel Benjamin R. Milam, who had followed the army from Goliad as a private. He was about forty-five years of age. He had distinguished himself in the War of 1812 and in the interminable Mexican wars of Independence; he had now but ten days more to live.

On the 4th of December, by much vehemency, he obtained Burleson's consent to storm the place. He stood before the commander's tent waving his hat and crying, "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" A ringing shout was the reply; the volunteers for the assault fell promptly into line, elected Milam their leader, and were ordered to rendezvous that evening at an old mill.

Early the next morning, the 5th of December, the Texans began a series of furious assaults upon the town, which were repeated with increasing success, until, on the 10th, San Antonio was theirs, and General Cos with eleven hundred men, the remaining one hundred and fifty having been killed, surrendered. But Milam could not witness the triumph. As he was leading his men on the morning of the third day, December 7th, he fell dead, pierced through the head by a bullet.

On the 14th of December General Cos, having sworn by such honour as he had not to fight against the Texans during the continuance of the present struggle, was allowed to depart for the Rio Grande with his eleven hundred men. He went to report to Santa Anna how he had looked after Coahuila and Texas; there was not now a Mexican soldier in Texas. The next day, December 15th, General Burleson went

home for Christmas. The Texans folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away. By the end of December, except for the garrisons in Goliad and in San Antonio, there was hardly a Texan soldier, either, along all the western and most exposed frontier of the State.

The same day that Cos left San Antonio, December 14th, twenty-eight poor, deluded Americans were shot by Santa Anna's orders at Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, in the southeastern corner of the frontier province of Tamaulipas. It seems inconceivable, but they and a hundred others had been enlisted in New Orleans to fight for Texan liberty by a certain General Mexia, who had previously been entangled in Texan affairs. Mexia sailed to Tampico instead, and made a disastrous attempt to revolutionize the land. He escaped with many of his followers, but thirty-one were captured. Three of these died in hospital, and the remaining twenty-eight were shot, as I have said.

One is tempted to declare that General Houston had the only good military head in Texas. He was contending against untold difficulties in the eastern part of the State. From his headquarters at Washington, on the Brazos, fifty miles above San Felipe, he issued on the 12th of December a proclamation to the people, of which passages will indicate the condition of things. He seems to be the only man who imagines that the struggle for independence is not already over, or that it will be necessary to keep an army on foot through the winter.

"To all who will enlist [in the regular army, twelve hundred strong] for two years or during the war," he announces, "a bounty of twenty-four dollars and eight

hundred acres of land will be given. Provision has also been made for raising an auxiliary volunteer corps to constitute part of the army of Texas, which will be placed under the command and subject to the orders of the commander-in-chief. The field for promotion will be open. The terms of service will be various. To those who tender their services for or during the war will be given a bounty of six hundred and forty acres of land; an equal bounty will be given to those who volunteer their services for two years; if for one year a bounty of three hundred and twenty acres," etc.

One is inclined to lose all patience with the Texans during this winter. The wildness of the wilderness they had subdued was certainly rampant in their own breasts.

First came a ruinous quarrel between the Governor *pro tem.*, Henry Smith, and his Council. He was a native of Kentucky, and had emigrated to Missouri, and thence, unluckily, to Texas; "of moderate height, quite fleshy, of fine social qualities, racy and interesting in conversation, not easily irritated, but extremely obstinate in maintaining his opinions." His Council seems to have been a sort of standing committee of the Consultation which had met at San Felipe in November, and to have possessed powers co-ordinate with his own. All the wheels of government were blocked during this jangle. Such a passage from one of Houston's letters to Governor Smith will speak for itself: "No language can express my anguish of soul. O save our poor country! — send supplies to the wounded, the sick, the naked, and the hungry, for God's sake! What will the world think of the author-

ities of Texas? Prompt, decided, and honest independence is all that can save them and redeem our country. I do not fear; I will do my duty."

The quarrel culminated in January, 1836, by the Council deposing Governor Smith, and calling a convention to assemble at Washington on the Brazos on the 1st of March. "The council," says Yoakum, "was guilty of usurpation, and the governor of great imprudence. The disagreement was not only ruinous to Texas in her then critical condition, but was well calculated to bring her into public scandal and reproach among civilized nations."

Then there was a certain Dr. Robert Grant, a Scotchman, who had large possessions in Coahuila, who cared nothing for Texas, but only for his own fertile pastures and vinelands. To him are due most of the calamities of which we shall read. I shall not give the deadly details of this business; but for his own purposes Grant had inflamed all western Texas with the passion of conquering Matamoras; he had in defiance of the law denuded Bexar and Goliad of their defenders, and in January, 1836, while Santa Anna was already moving upon Texas, he swept off to the south with about five hundred doomed men. Colonel Fannin behaved as badly in this matter as a man can behave. Houston was on the western frontier during some weeks in January; he had been powerless to avert the madness.

Now, with a heavy heart, he ordered Bexar and Goliad to be abandoned, and fell back upon the Brazos.

Why could not these Texans do such a sim-

ple thing as obey? They were to learn a bloody lesson.

Santa Anna was upon them with a force estimated at six thousand or eight thousand. During December and January he had been massing his men, hoping at first to be able to relieve Cos; it was time now to go and look after Texas himself. In February, 1836, he marched his men across the five hundred miles of desert on either side of the Rio Grande, "through storms of rain and snow, beaten by icy blasts or scorched by a fiery sun." Filisola was with him as second in command, the Italian general whose grant of land in Texas some reader may remember; Cos, too, forgetting that he had any honour, and Juan Nepomuceno Almonte, as aide-de-camp and secretary. On the 23rd of February his advance guard entered Bexar and took possession of the town without opposition.

The garrison had retired to the Alamo, an old and too famous Mission about half a mile to the north of the river and the town. The number is variously given; perhaps as accurate an estimate as any is one hundred and forty-five men, besides some women, children, and negro servants. These were commanded by the gallant young Colonel Travis, barely twenty-five, whom we like to think of as not personally guilty of disobedience to General Houston. With him was Colonel James Bowie, famous for his devilish bowie-knife, his duels, and the fortune he had made by smuggling slaves into Louisiana, — more famous for his deeds and death in behalf of Texan liberty; and simple, great-hearted David Crockett

[1786-1836], upon whom the old existence had begun to pall, and who had come to this uttermost outpost of danger to find his life by losing it.

The day after he was invested Colonel Travis wrote the following letter, and sent it through the Mexican lines : —

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO.
BEXAR, Feb. 24, 1836.

To the people of Texas and all Americans in the world :

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS, — I am besieged by a thousand or more Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours, and have not yet lost a man. The enemy have demanded a "surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the fort is taken." I have answered the summons with cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.*

Then I call upon you in the name of liberty, patriotism, and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with dispatch. The enemy are receiving reinforcements daily, and will, doubtless, in a few days, increase to three or four thousand. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honour and that of his country. Victory or death !

W. BARRETT TRAVIS.
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

Santa Anna arrived on the 24th of February; by the 1st of March there were at least four thousand Mexicans about the Alamo. But on the 1st of March also the Convention assembled at Washington on the Brazos. The apathy which had rested upon Texas during the winter of discontent was passed, the spirit of the people was again roused. The answer which they sent to Santa Anna was a Declaration of absolute Independence, dated March 2nd, 1836, forty-three years after the day on which Houston was born in Virginia. It was signed by fifty-eight members, of whom only three, including Zavala, were Mexicans. I will give the final and more vigorous portion of this declaration : —

“ It [the Mexican government] has demanded us to deliver up our arms, which are essential to our defence, — the rightful property of freemen, and formidable only to tyrannical governments.

“ It has invaded our country both by sea and by land, with the intent to lay waste our territory, and drive us from our homes, and has now a large mercenary army advancing to carry on against us a war of extermination.

“ It has, through its emissaries, incited the merciless savage, with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, to massacre the inhabitants of our defenceless frontiers.

“ It has been, during the whole time of our connection with it, the contemptible sport and victim of successive military revolutions, and has continually exhibited every characteristic of a weak, corrupt, and tyrannical government.

"These and other grievances were patiently borne by the people of Texas, until they reached that point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. We then took up arms in defence of the national constitution. We appealed to our Mexican brethren for assistance ; our appeal has been made in vain ; though months have elapsed, no sympathetic response has yet been made from the interior. We are therefore forced to the melancholy conclusion that the Mexican people have acquiesced in the destruction of their liberty, and the substitution therefor of a military government ; that they are unfit to be free, and incapable of self-government.

"The necessity of self-preservation, therefore, now decrees our eternal political separation.

"We, therefore, the delegates, with plenary powers, of the people of Texas, in solemn convention assembled, appealing to a candid world for the necessities of our condition, do hereby resolve and declare that our political connection with the Mexican nation has forever ended, and that the people of Texas do now constitute a FREE, SOVEREIGN, AND INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC, and are fully invested with all the rights and attributes which properly belong to independent nations ; and, conscious of the rectitude of our intentions, we fearlessly and confidently commit the issue to the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of nations."

CHAPTER XI.

"'T WAS THE MANNER OF PRIMITIVE MAN," 1836.

THERE is a monument somewhere in Texas, with this inscription: "Thermopylae had its survivors, the Alamo had none." I have forgotten the circumstances: the words are hardly to be forgotten.

The Alamo was an old Franciscan Mission, dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was surrounded by walls three feet thick, and eight feet high. It covered, altogether, an area of nearly three acres, it contained a roofless church of hewn stone, and several other buildings, and was defended by fourteen guns. The garrison consisted of one hundred and forty-five men, besides some non-combatants, and these were increased on the 1st of March, or according to Crockett, on the 24th of February, by about thirty men from Gonzalez. There was a plentiful supply of water from two aqueducts, which quickly became the special object of the enemies' attack. Colonel Travis is said to have been most careless from the first; it was to his own surprise that a large store of provisions was discovered in the Alamo after the siege had begun. But listen to the ring of one or two of his latest letters: "I am still here, March 3d, in fine spirits, and well to do. With one hundred

and forty-five men, I have held this place ten days against a force variously estimated from fifteen hundred to six thousand; and I shall continue to hold it till I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in its defence. We have had a shower of bombs and cannon-balls continually falling among us the whole time, yet none of us have fallen." And again: "Take care of my little boy. If the country should be saved, I may make him a splendid fortune; but if the country should be lost, and I should perish, he will have nothing but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country." The members of the garrison were insubordinate, and of a quality more willing to die with their young commander than to obey him.

There is a tragical completeness and grandeur about the story of the defence and of the fall of the Alamo which makes me unwilling to give any fragments of it here. We have the journal of the gentle David Crockett until the 5th of March, and his details bring the last days of these devoted Texans very close to us. It is only the story of one hundred and seventy-five bad-mannered backwoodsmen perishing for their disobedience to General Houston's orders; and yet there is a divine irradiation over it all. The Alamo was taken in the earliest morning of Sunday, the 6th of March, 1836, and Travis, Bowie, Crockett, with all their companions, were butchered by Santa Anna's particular command.

The Convention, which was sitting at Washington on the Brazos, during these days, was driven almost mad by terror and by Travis's reiterated messages for

help. General Austin was in the United States ; one is tempted more and more to believe that General Houston was the one man in Texas not altogether demented. On the morning of Sunday, March 6th, the latest express ever sent out by Colonel Travis reached the Convention, crying for help. One mad member moved that the Convention should adjourn and march to the relief of the Alamo — more than one hundred and fifty miles — fifty men against eight thousand ! The Convention was proceeding to adjourn accordingly, and it strained all Houston's personal influence to stamp out the proposition. For what followed we must trust the words and the authority of Mr. Lester : —

“ Houston stopped speaking, and walked immediately out of the Convention. In less than an hour he was mounted on his battle-horse, and with three or four brave companions was on his way to the Alamo. Men looked upon it as an idle and desperate attempt, or surely more would have followed him. The party rode hard that day, and only stopped late at night to rest their horses. They were now in the open prairie. At break of day Houston retired some distance from the party and listened intently, as if expecting a distant signal. Colonel Travis had stated in his letters that as long as the Alamo could hold out against the invaders, signal guns would be fired at sunrise. It is a well authenticated fact that for many successive days these guns had been heard at a distance of over one hundred miles across the prairie ; and being now within the reach of their sound, Houston was anxiously waiting for the expected signal. The day

before, like many preceding it, a dull, rumbling murmur had come booming over the prairie like distant thunder. He listened with an acuteness of sense which no man can understand whose hearing has not been sharpened by the teachings of the dwellers of the forest, and who is awaiting a signal of life or death from brave men. He listened in vain. Not the faintest murmur came floating on the calm morning air. He knew the Alamo had fallen, and he returned to tell his companions. The event confirmed his conviction, for the Alamo had fired its last gun the morning he left Washington; and at the very moment he was speaking in the Convention those brave men were meeting their fate."

The reader may remember that San Antonio, Gonzales, and Goliad, form the three points of a triangle lying against the north, each about fifty miles from the others, of which San Antonio is to the west, and Goliad is to the south, at the apex. Colonel Fannin was at Goliad with many hundreds of brave men, and General Houston had been doing his best, by command and by entreaty, to get him to fall back before the thronging Mexicans, at least as far as Victoria, on the Guadalupe, which is nearly half-way on the road from Goliad to Gonzales. Why in the name of all the demons of discontent and mutiny could not Fannin have obeyed the better man, his superior by every law? Let us see a part of what befell him for his most criminal disobedience.

At length, on the 18th or the 19th of March (Texan dates are sometimes uncertain), when it was quite too

late, when the whole country about was swarming with some odd thousands of Mexicans under General Urrea, forming the southern division of Santa Anna's army, — after he had first sent one body of thirty men into the midst of the Mexicans to defend Refugio, and then sent another body of one hundred men to rescue the first, losing them both, — Colonel Fannin set out in a loosely straggling fashion for Victoria. His march seems to have been conducted scandalously; at the bloody little stream of the Coleta, eight or ten miles from Goliad and about half-way to Victoria, the Mexicans surrounded him and compelled him to fight. He had about four hundred men; for more than a week past Houston, with four hundred other men, the last hope of Texas, had been waiting for him so anxiously at Gonzales; now they would have to fight separately after all. It is but fair to remember that Fannin was colonel by no appointment of Houston, but by popular election.

The battle of the Coleta extended far into the night; I shall give a few scenes from the words of an eye-witness: "In about half an hour after their second repulse, Urrea succeeded in putting his columns in order. They were reluctantly driven by their officers to the assault for the third time, for it required great exertions to induce them even to make a show as though they intended to advance to the charge; our men saw the officers beating them over the shoulders, and *coaxing* them on by pricking them from behind. . . . The scene was now dreadful to behold; killed and maimed men and horses were strewn over the plain, the wounded were rending the

air with their distressing moans, while a great number of horses without their riders were rushing to and fro back upon the enemy's lines, increasing the confusion among them; they thus became so entangled, the one with the other, that their retreat resembled the headlong flight of a herd of buffaloes, rather than the retreat of a well-drilled regular army as they were. In the rush back a number were overthrown and trodden under foot. . . .

"It was now about dusk, and Urrea bethought himself of a plan of attack which answered but too well. He directed the Campeachy Indians, who were better marksmen than any other of his troops, to throw themselves into the tall grass, and approach, as they did, within thirty paces of our lines. They then commenced a well-directed fire upon us, which told most destructively, by wounding fifty and killing four in the space of an hour. . . . Among the wounded was Harry Ripley, a youth of eighteen or nineteen, the son of General Ripley of Louisiana; he, poor fellow, had his thigh broken soon after the Indians took to the grass. Mrs. Cash [the only non-combatant present] at his request helped him into her cart, and fixed a prop for him to lean against, and a rest for his rifle; while in that situation, he was seen to bring down four Mexicans before he received another wound, which broke his right arm; he immediately exclaimed to Mrs. C., 'You may take me down now, mother; I have done my share; they have paid exactly two to one on account of both balls in me.' . . .

"So soon as the darkness rendered the flashes of the Indians' guns visible, they began to pay the piper,

for our boys were quick on the trigger, and at that distance took care that a second flash should not be seen from the same weapon ; so they soon used them completely up, and then Urrea drew off his troops. They retired about a quarter of a mile off on each side, and rested on their arms all night. It was determined by our friends to throw up a breastwork ; so the poor fellows set to work, and they dug a ditch on all sides ; with the earth, their baggage, and ammunition-wagons, they made a very passable fortification. The wounded suffered agonies for want of water, and by their moans and petitions for it made the situation of those who had escaped unhurt even more distressing. They, however, worked manfully, and accomplished more than could have been expected of them, wearied and thirsty as they were. During the whole night, the Mexican General caused his bugles to sound at intervals of five minutes, with the view of keeping his troops on the lookout."

In the morning Fannin, with three hundred or four hundred men, surrendered ; without terms, according to the Mexicans, — according to the Texans, upon terms of honourable capitulation. The prisoners were marched back to Goliad ; and at seven in the evening of March 26th Colonel Portilla, the commandant at Goliad, received an order from Santa Anna to shoot them, in obedience to a Mexican law which decreed that all foreigners landing in the republic with arms in their hands should be treated as pirates. Fannin's force was largely composed of volunteers from the United States.

"Portilla," says Mr. Bancroft, "passed a restless night, and not till morning dawned did he decide to carry out the barbarous but imperative order. The whole garrison was drawn up under arms, the prisoners were aroused from their sleep, formed into three divisions, and marched out of the town in different directions. Their questionings were satisfied with various explanations; the victims in one band were told that they were going to Copano to be sent home; of another, that they were wanted to slaughter beeves; and the third, that room in the fort was required for the reception of Santa Anna. Four doctors and about a dozen others were not called out. It was Palm Sunday [March 27th, 1836, three weeks after the taking of the Alamo]. Each line marched in double file, with a guard of soldiers on either side. Half a mile from the fort the order was given to halt; the file of soldiers on the right passed through the prisoners' line, and in a moment after, the whole guard poured in a volley upon them. Nearly all fell; a few survivors only escaped into the long grass of the prairie, some of whom, eluding their pursuers, gained the river [San Antonio]. The first division to suffer was that which had been led out on the road to the lower ford; but the sound of distant volleys in other directions soon after told those at Goliad that the murderous work was being consummated elsewhere. For an hour after the first firing the ring of intermittent firing smote on the ear, producing in the listener's mind a terrible picture of the flight and chase, of the hunter following his unarmed prey through the tall grass and dark weeds, of the fiendish

eagerness of the one to kill, and the desperate struggles of the other to escape. Over three hundred victims were put to death. . . . Twenty-seven only escaped. . . . The wounded were dragged from the barracks an hour later and shot. Fannin was reserved to the last, and met his fate with a soldier's calmness and bearing. He gave his watch to the officer in command of the firing platoon, with a request not to be shot in the head, and to be decently buried. [We read elsewhere that he seated himself in a chair, tied the handkerchief over his own eyes, and bared his bosom to receive the fire.] He was shot in the head, nevertheless, nor was he interred, his corpse being cast among the bodies of the other dead."

Dr. Robert Grant, who had brought all these disasters upon Texas, who had seen his forces dwindle from five hundred men to less than one hundred, and who had miserably miscarried in his attempt upon Matamoras and been taken prisoner, deserves no particle of pity. But while we are considering the beauties of this Hispano-American civilization, we may notice the manner of his death as reported from manuscript authorities by Colonel Yoakum, who is generally safe, though more dull than words can tell: "While Dr. Grant was in San Patricio, curing his own wound, and carefully ministering to the wants of the wounded of the enemy, he was promised that, so soon as he recovered, and those under his care were convalescent, he should have a passport to leave the country without molestation. The captain left in

command of the town after the departure of Urrea secretly despatched eight men in search of a wild horse. The animal was captured about three weeks after the battle of the 2d of March. Grant was now brought forth, and by order of the captain, his feet were strongly bound to those of the horse, and his hands to the tail. 'Now,' said the captain 'you have your passport—go!' At the same moment the cords by which the mustang was tied were severed. The fierce animal finding his limbs unfettered sprang away with great violence, leaving behind him in a short distance, the mangled remains of poor Grant! Nothing can be added to this simple statement of facts."

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO, 1836.

THE present dominion of Canada has an area of more than ten times, and a population of about one hundred times, the population and the area of Texas in 1836 ; and when, to-day, we hear the Prime Minister of Canada announce that Canada could not for one moment think of standing alone, it is enough to make us admire the boldness or the simplicity of the Texan delegates who, in the Declaration of March 2d, 1836, pronounced Texas to be one of the equal nations of the earth.

The legislative powers of this new brave little nation (the population of Texas had been officially estimated a few months before at 50,000) were to be vested in a Senate and a House of Representatives, "to be styled the Congress of the Republic of Texas." It is instructive to observe that, while the members of Congress were to receive five dollars a day, the assistant clerks would receive six dollars, and the reporter eight. The executive authority was to be vested in a President, and "the first President elected by the people shall hold his office for the term of two years, and shall be ineligible during the next succeeding term ; and all subsequent Presidents shall

be elected for three years, and be alike ineligible." The salary of the President was to be \$10,000, with a house, the salary of the Vice-President \$3,000, of the Secretaries \$3,500, and of foreign Ministers \$5,000. The government was altogether modelled upon that of the United States, with allowance for the fact that Texas was an integral, and the United States a federal, republic. There was a careful provision for the maintenance of negro slavery. Such was to be the organization of things if Texas ever justified her Declaration of Independence. Meanwhile, as there was sad need of some sort of immediate government, and as Henry Smith, the absurd Governor *pro tem.*, and his absurd contentious Council, had been alike reduced to non-existence by the Declaration of Independence, the Convention proceeded to elect David G. Burnet as President of Texas *ad interim*, with Lorenzo de Zavala, the fiery Mexican, as his Vice-President. The only other member of this *ad interim* government who need concern us was Thomas Jefferson Rusk (1802-1856), the Secretary of War, formerly Houston's chief of staff, and always his true colleague. He was from South Carolina, and had been in Texas about a year. When Texas ceased to be a State and declared herself a nation, General Houston had of course resigned his position as commander-in-chief; and the most important act of this Convention was undoubtedly his re-appointment as commander. Scarcely had the Convention done this one thing to justify its existence, when it fled in terror to Harrisburg. President Burnet, I have read, had to go off to remove his family to a place of safety, and throughout

the remainder of the war the Convention and the Government did little more than fly continually before the rumour of the advancing Mexicans.

It was truly a tremendous task that Houston had upon his hands. He had undertaken to save Texas, and this would have been a difficult enough achievement even with Texan co-operation and obedience; now he would simply have to save Texas in spite of herself, and with one half the resources that he might just as well have had. He did this, and the way that he did it was by yielding at first, and retiring before Santa Anna's overwhelming forces. He was determined to smite the tyrant yet, and he only waited for an opportunity to smite effectively. So for a month he retreated steadily, ever backward and eastward, across the Guadalupe, across the pellucid Colorado and the Brazos, for about two hundred miles, disregarding all clamour and mutiny, invincibly calm, though often torn with anguish. The country that he deserted was abandoned to devastation, and a whirlwind of blind terror was sweeping over Texas. Santa Anna followed Houston closely, — closely, but not compactly, as the Napoleon of the East would have done, — followed eastward in a loose and straggling line, the front of which must have extended nearly a hundred miles, from General Urrea's division in the south to the commands of Sesma and Gaona in the north. Then, on the banks of the predestined San Jacinto, Houston, with some seven hundred men, caught Santa Anna unawares, with only eighteen hundred Mexicans. Let us indulge in a glance or two at

Houston's state of mind during this agonizing month of waiting and of retreat.

The negro servant of Colonel Travis, a Mrs. Dickinson, with or without her child, and a mythical Mexican or two, all non-combatants, had escaped the massacre in the Alamo, and reached General Houston's headquarters at Gonzalez, on about the 12th of March, bringing with them unspeakable terror. Houston waited as long as he dared for the disobedient Fannin to join him at Gonzalez, and then he fell back upon the Colorado. On the 23d of March he wrote to Colonel Rusk, the Secretary of War: "You know I am not easily depressed, but, before my God, since we parted [about a fortnight before] I have found the darkest hours of my past life! My excitement has been so great that for forty-eight hours I have not eaten an ounce, nor have I slept. I was in constant apprehension of a rout; a constant panic existed in the lines, yet I managed so well, or such was my good luck, that not a gun was fired in or near the camp, or on the march (except to kill beef) from the Guadalupe to the Colorado. All would have been well, and all at peace on this [the eastern] side of the Colorado, if I could only have had a moment to start an express in advance of the deserters; but they went first, and, being panic-struck, it was contagious, and all who saw them breathed the poison and fled. It was a poor compliment to me to suppose that I would not advise the convention of any necessity which might arise for their removal. . . . I had to advise troops and persons of my falling back, and had to send one guard thirty miles for a poor blind

widow (and six children) whose husband was killed in the Alamo. The families are now all on this side of the Guadalupe. These things pained me infinitely, and with the responsibility of my command, weighed upon me to an agonizing extent."

And the next day, in a postscript to the same letter: "In a few days my force will be highly respectable. I am writing in the open air. I have no tent, and am not looking out for the luxuries of life. . . . Do devise some plan to send back the rascals who have gone from the army and service of the country with guns. Oh, why did the cabinet leave Washington? . . . We must act now, and with great promptness. The country must be saved. Oh, curse the consternation which has seized the people! . . . May God bless you! This morning I hear of men from the mouth of the river — they are on the march — you will hear from us."

At this time Houston's force is said to have touched fourteen hundred men, but this is doubtful; then came the hideous news of the massacre at Goliad, the panic became complete, and the Texan army flowed away like water. At first Houston tried arresting the poor, frightened Mexican who brought the news, and pretending to have him shot as a bringer of false tidings; but it was of little use. Retreat was certainly the one course now left, and Houston faced the fact in the following proclamation:—

"FELLOW SOLDIERS,—The only army in Texas is now present. Travis has fallen with his men at the Alamo; Fannin's troops have been massacred at La

Bahia [Goliad]. There are none to aid us. There is here but a small force, and yet it is all that Texas has. We might cross the river [Colorado] and attack the enemy. We might be victorious — but we might be overcome. There are but few of us, and if we fall, the fate of Texas is sealed. For this reason, and until I feel able to meet the enemy in battle, I shall retreat."

These restless Texan soldiers were already taking counsel to depose Houston from the command; but he, undaunted, fell back upon the Brazos, though without crossing it. On the 29th of March we find him writing to Colonel Rusk: "On my arrival on the Brazos, had I consulted the wishes of all, I should have been like the ass between two stacks of hay. Many wished me to go below, others above. I consulted none. I held no councils of war. If I err, the blame is mine. I find Colonel Hockley of my staff a sage counsellor and true friend. . . . For Heaven's sake, do not drop back again with the seat of government! Your removal to Harrisburg has done more to increase the panic than anything else that has occurred in Texas, except the fall of the Alamo. Send fifty agents, if need be, to the United States. Wharton [William H. Wharton, one of the best of the Texans] writes me, from Nashville, that the ladies of that place have fitted out, at their own expense, no less than two hundred men. . . ."

And again, on the 31st of March: "For heaven's sake, do allay the fever and chill which prevails in the country, and let the people from the East march to the camp! . . . I hope I can keep them [the sol-

diers] together ; I have thus far succeeded beyond my hopes. I will do the best I can ; but, be assured, the fame of Jackson could never compensate me for my anxiety and mental pain."

After the fall of the Alamo Santa Anna had fancied that Texas was conquered ; he had been persuaded with difficulty to remain and witness her complete humiliation. So he followed after Houston, his track, according to one account, "marked by death and desolation. The hoary head of the grandsire, the flaxen curls of the babe, and the dishevelled tresses of the affrighted mother, were alike stained with gore." He was getting further and further from his base of supplies, but he did not seem to notice it. The Texan scouts would sometimes capture letters from Mexico, hailing him as already Emperor. To one of these scouts, on one occasion, General Houston paid away the last five dollars that he had in the world. We have a picture of Houston at this period, sitting in a shanty at night, feeding a little fire with oak splinters to furnish the only light his extremity allowed, and dictating a despatch to Colonel Hockley, who sat upon a block of wood. In the retreat of the Texans or the advance of the Mexicans, Gonzalez and San Felipe de Austin were burned to the ground. Colonel Rusk joined the army early in April, and did much to appease discontents. Houston could not retreat forever, and it seems that he had decided within himself never to cross the Trinity.

Says Colonel Yoakum : "With few exceptions neither officers nor men had any tents during this severe campaign. Houston's baggage consisted of a

pair of saddle-wallets, carried by his servant, and containing his official papers and a change of linen. As to a military chest, the army had none at all. The only moneys used by the general during the campaign were two hundred dollars of his own private funds. As an incident of those times, while the army was crossing the Colorado a woman was found sitting with another woman on a log near the river. Her husband had fallen in the Alamo; she had no resources, no protector, or means of conveyance. Houston, learning her condition, furnished her out of his slender means fifty dollars. He saw no more of her. In after years, when Texas had become a State of the American Union, she wrote to him stating that she had laid out his donation in the purchase of cattle, the increase of which had made her family independent."

An army order of Houston's, issued on the 7th of April, has some quick, sharp sentences that sound like battle: "The moment for which we have waited with anxiety and interest is fast approaching. The victims of the Alamo and the manes of those who were murdered at Goliad call for cool, deliberate vengeance. Strict discipline, order, and subordination will ensure us the victory. The army will be in readiness for action at a moment's warning. The field officers have the immediate execution of this order in charge for their respective commands." Soon after this Santa Anna crossed the Brazos; Houston had let him cross in order that he might cut him off. To an angry letter from the government *ad interim*, Houston sent back a sharp answer on the 13th of April; on the same day he issued a ringing proclamation to the people of

eastern Texas. "You have suffered panic," he says, "to seize you, and idle rumour to guide you. You will now be told that the enemy have crossed the Brazos, and that Texas is conquered. Reflect, reason with yourselves, and you cannot believe a part of it. The enemy have crossed the Brazos, but they are treading the soil on which they are to be conquered. . . . If, then, you wish your country saved, join her standard! Protect your wives, your children, and your homes, by repairing to the field where alone, by discipline and concert of action, you can be effective."

Houston had crossed the Brazos too, but apparently after the Mexicans; he had let Santa Anna get in front of him, though by no means ahead of him. For another week the two armies moved slowly eastward, this time the Mexicans on the initiative, the Texans content with checking them. Santa Anna had diverged from the direct route to Nacogdoches, much further north, and was making for Harrisburg, on the Buffalo River, hoping to be able to capture the migratory government *ad interim*. The government fled again; and by the 19th of April Houston had got Santa Anna shut up between the mouth of the Buffalo River and the marshes along the "San Jacinto Bay," the embouchure at once of the Buffalo and of the San Jacinto. On the 19th we find him writing to Colonel Rusk in the field: —

"This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. . . . We will only be about seven hundred to march, besides the camp guard. But we go to conquest. It is

wisdom growing out of necessity to meet and fight the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. We will use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will insure victory, though the odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of an all-wise God, and I rely confidently upon His providence. My country will do justice to those who serve her. The right for which we fight will be secured, and Texas shall be free."

Houston was to the north, upon the Buffalo ; Santa Anna was to the south, against the marshes, and Houston was taking measures to destroy the single bridge that secured the retreat of either army. "Let it be an easy going fight, General," one of Houston's free and easy soldiers had advised him from the ranks ; and he was taking his time about it. On the 20th Santa Anna drew up his eighteen hundred Mexicans in line, and wanted to fight ; Houston's men, also, wanted to fight, but he would not. From the breezy forests of Tennessee, from the hot marshes of Jalapa, Houston and Santa Anna had been, during several years, drawing nearer and nearer to one another ; "they two had, strangely enough, business together." Their meeting would not be much longer deferred. Each was a man resistless and unresisted in his own sphere, accustomed to conquer every person with whom he came in contact.

On the 21st of April, 1836, was fought the battle of San Jacinto. Mr. Lester's statements are not perhaps always or altogether as scrupulously exact as they

might be, but as his account of San Jacinto is spirited, and derived at first hand from Houston and from Rusk, we may let him speak here : —

“The night which preceded the bloody slaughter of San Jacinto rolled away, and brightly broke forth the morning of the last day of Texan servitude. Before the first gray lines shot up the east three strange taps of a drum [according to another account Houston beat the drum on this morning as always] were heard in the camp, and seven hundred soldiers sprang to their feet as one man. The camp was busy with the soldier-hum of preparation for battle ; but in the midst of it all Houston slept on calmly. The soldiers had eaten the last meal they were to eat till they had won their independence. They were under arms, ready for the struggle.

“At last the sun came up over the prairie without a single cloud. It shone full and clear in the face of the Texan commander, and it waked him to battle. He sprang to his feet and exclaimed, ‘The sun of Austerlitz has risen again !’ His face was calm, and for the first time in many weeks every shade of trouble had moved from his brow.”

There followed several hours of preparation, and of that restraint which is as important a factor in battles as in art. The Mexicans were eighteen hundred ; four hundred to the east, under General Almonte, and fourteen hundred under Santa Anna's immediate command, to the west and southwest. On the west of the two armies was the road leading to Vince's Bridge, over the Buffalo, which offered the only means of retreat for either party. Houston was on the north

of Santa Anna with seven hundred men, more or less. He had just received, from the citizens of Cincinnati, an invaluable present of two brass cannon, called the "Twin Sisters." He had sixty horsemen under the command of Colonel Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, who did good service on this day, though never again.

"Everything," says Mr. Lester, "was now [at nine o'clock] ready, and every man at his post waiting for the charge. The two six-pounders had commenced a well-directed fire of grape and canister, and they shattered bones and baggage where they struck. The moment had at last come. Houston ordered the CHARGE, and sounded out the war cry, REMEMBER THE ALAMO. These magic words struck the ear of every soldier at the same instant, and 'The Alamo!' 'The Alamo!' went up from the army in one wild scream, which sent terror through the Mexican host. At that moment a rider came up on a horse covered with mire and foam, swinging an axe over his head, and dashed along the Texan lines, crying out, as he had been instructed to do, '*I have cut down Vince's bridge! Now fight for your lives, and remember the ALAMO!*'—and then the solid phalanx, which had been held back for a moment at the announcement, dashed forward on the breastworks like an avalanche of fire. Houston spurred his horse on at the head of the centre column right into the face of the foe.

"The Mexican army was drawn up in perfect order, ready to receive the attack, and when the Texans were within about sixty paces, and before they had fired a rifle, a general flash was seen along the Mexican lines, and a storm of bullets went flying over the

Texan army. They fired too high, but several balls struck Houston's horse in the breast, and one ball shattered the general's ankle. The noble animal staggered for a moment, but Houston spurred him on."

This battle of San Jacinto, the name of which still makes old men thrill as they remember the huge renown of it in their youth, lasted only twenty minutes. It was but a rout and a pursuit. Many of the Texans flung aside their guns after the first fire, grasped their swords and their daggers, and began an indiscriminate massacre.

"Meantime," continues Mr. Lester, "although Houston's wound was bleeding profusely, and his dying horse could scarce stagger his way over the slain, yet the commander-in-chief saw every movement of his army, and followed the tide of battle as it rolled over the field. Wherever his eye fell he saw the Mexicans staggering back under the resistless shock of his heroic soldiers. Regiments and battalions, cavalry and infantry, horses and men, were hurled together; and every officer and every man seemed to be bent on a work of slaughter for himself.

"The Mexican army had now been driven from their position, and were flying before their pursuers. Houston saw that the battle was won, and he rode over the field and gave his orders to stop the carnage if the enemy would surrender. But he had given the Alamo for their war-cry, and the magic word could not be recalled. The ghosts of brave men, massacred at Goliad and the Alamo, flitted through the smoke of battle, and the uplifted hand could not be stayed."

Let us glance at the movements of this same Santa Anna, as narrated by Colonel Rusk.

"When the Mexicans were first driven from the point of woods where we encountered them, their officers tried to rally them, but the men cried, 'It's no use, it's no use, there are a thousand Americans in the woods.' When Santa Anna saw Almonte's division running past him, he called a drummer, and ordered him to beat his drum. The drummer held up his hands and told him he was shot. He called then to a trumpeter near him to sound his horn. The trumpeter replied that he also was shot. Just at that instant a ball from one of our cannon struck a man who was standing near Santa Anna, taking off one side of his head. Santa Anna then exclaimed, 'D—n these Americans; I believe they will shoot us all!' He immediately mounted his horse, and commenced his flight."

At first the Mexicans, though taken by surprise, resisted well; then "they either attempted to fly, and were stabbed in the back, or fell on their knees to plead for mercy, crying, '*Me no Alamo!*' '*Me no Alamo!*'" Some seven hundred of them were slain, some seven hundred captured; the marshes and the river were choked with their bodies. The Texan loss was six killed in the field, and about twenty-five wounded. At dusk the victors "returned to the camp, where a command was left to guard the spoils taken from the enemy. As the commander-in-chief was riding across the field, the victorious soldiers came up in crowds, and slapping him rudely on the wounded leg, exclaimed:—

“ ‘Do you like our work to-day, General?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, boys, you have covered yourselves with glory, and I decree to you the spoils of victory; I will reward valour. I only claim to share the honours of our triumph with you. I shall not take my share of the spoils.’ He did not.

“ While he was giving his orders, after he reached the Texan encampment, and before he dismounted, General Rusk came in and presented his prisoner Almonte. It was the first time these two men had ever met. This seemed to give a finishing stroke to the victory; and Houston, who was completely exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, fell from his horse. Colonel Hockley caught him in his arms, and laid him at the foot of the oak.”

Among the millions throughout the civilized world whose ears tingled to hear of the battle of San Jacinto, there was none who had such a right to be intensely moved as had Aaron Burr, who lay dying in New York at the age of eighty, in the house of a noble lady, his ancestral “guest-friend.” This was what he might have done, would have done. Mr. Parton, in his *Life of Aaron Burr*, relates that a gentleman, calling upon Burr one morning at this period, “found him, newspaper in hand, all excitement, his eyes blazing.

“ ‘There!’ exclaimed the old man, pointing to the news from Texas; ‘you see? I was right! I was only thirty years too soon! What was treason in me thirty years ago is patriotism now!’ ”

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO, 1836.

THROUGH all the ambrosial night of the 21st of April the horses of the victorious Texans champed such fodder as was attainable under the circumstances ; the Texans, save for their grievously wounded commander, slept well on the field of their freedom and their fame.

In the battle of the preceding day General Almonte and General Castrillon had behaved conspicuously well. Santa Anna had not done so. We learn from a Mexican diary, reported by Mr. Bancroft, that after the rout, "mounted on a splendid charger supplied him in the confusion" by one of his colonels, "he fled at full speed toward Vince's bridge, hotly pursued by the Texan cavalry. Finding the bridge destroyed, he did not pause, but plunged down the steep descent into the water, where his horse stuck fast in the mud. Nevertheless, favoured by the approaching night, he managed to conceal himself, crossed the creek later, and continued his way on foot. In an abandoned house he found some clothes, and doffing his uniform, assumed the garb of a soldier. Clad in a blue cotton jacket and linen trousers, with a leather cap and red worsted slippers, he

... crawled away through the grass and mud in the direction of the Brazos." Alas for the report of such things in Jalapa and Mexico! But Mr. Lester may now take up the moral tale:—

"The Texans were ranging the prairie throughout the [following] day, and bringing in prisoners. The grass was everywhere four or five feet high, and those who had not been taken the day before, were now crawling away on their hands and knees, hoping thus to effect their escape. Santa Anna had not yet been taken, but the victors were scouring every part of the field in search of the Dictator. 'You will find the hero of Tampico' [does the reader remember the shooting of twenty-eight Americans at Tampico?], said Houston, 'if you find him at all, making his retreat on all fours, and he will be dressed as bad, at least, as a common soldier. Examine closely every man you find.'

"Lieutenant Sylvester, a volunteer from Cincinnati, was riding over the prairie on a fine horse, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he saw a man making his way towards Vince's bridge. [We must not be too particular about accuracy.] The moment he found himself pursued, the fugitive fell down in the grass. Sylvester dashed on in that direction, and his horse came very near trampling him down. The man sprang to his feet, and apparently without the slightest surprise, looked his captor full in the face. He was disguised in a miserable rustic dress. He wore a skin-cap, a round jacket, and pantaloons of blue domestic cotton, with a pair of coarse soldier's shoes. But his face and his manners bespoke too plainly that he belonged to a different class than his

garb betokened ; and underneath his coarse disguise, Sylvester saw that he wore a shirt of the finest linen cambric. 'You are an officer, I perceive, sir,' said the horseman, raising his cap politely. 'No, soldier,' was his reply ; and he drew out a letter in Spanish, addressed to Almonte. When he saw there was no hope of escape, he inquired for General Houston. By this time Sylvester had been joined by several of his comrades, and mounting his prisoner behind him, they rode off together on the same horse to the camp, several miles distant. As he passed the Mexican prisoners, they exclaimed with the greatest surprise, as they lifted their caps, '*El Presidente !*'

"In a single moment the news spread through the camp that Gen. Santa Anna was a prisoner, and the Dictator was taken to Houston. The General was lying on the ground [apparently outdoors] and having slept little during the night in consequence of his wound, had now fallen into a doze. Santa Anna came up behind him and took his hand. Houston roused himself, and turning over, gazed up in the face of the Mexican, who extended his left arm, and laying his right hand on his heart, said [in Spanish], '*I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and I claim to be your prisoner of war.*' Houston waved his hand to a box, — for it was the only seat in the camp — and asked his prisoner to be seated. He then sent for Almonte, who spoke English perfectly, and requested him to act as interpreter.

"Santa Anna took his seat, and glancing his keen eye occasionally around the camp with a timid ex-

pression, pressed the sides of his breasts with both hands, and gave two or three half-suppressed groans, like a man who was suffering deep pain. An interesting incident took place about this time, which Gen. Rusk thus related: 'At the time Santa Anna was brought into our camp I was walking with young Zavala, the son of the noble and venerable Zavala, who distinguished himself as the friend of Texan independence. We approached him together. Santa Anna recognized young Zavala at once, and advanced to meet him with great apparent cordiality, uttering many expressions of kindness, such as are customary among the Mexicans on such occasions, several of which I remember. Among other things, he exclaimed, "Oh! my *friend*, my *friend*, the son of my *early* friend;" with which, and other exclamations in the same strain, he embraced young Zavala, with high indications of *apparent* feeling, and I think, *dropping a tear*. Young Zavala returned his greeting with that deference which would have been due to his former rank and power, but at the same time emitting from his countenance an expression I have scarcely seen equalled on any occasion. His look seemed to wither Santa Anna, and staring him full in the face, he replied immediately, with great modesty, "It *has* been so, sir." Santa Anna evinced plainly that he was much mortified.'

"Almonte approached his captive general with evident respect and grief, and the following conversation took place between the two commanders, — Houston, in the mean time, lying on the ground, resting on his elbow. Great pains has been taken to get as

nearly as possible the exact words used by the speakers, and those who were present at the interview have assured us that all here related they do remember, and they recollect nothing else of importance.

"Santa Anna (after embracing Almonte, and recovering perfectly from his embarrassment) rose, and advancing with the air of one born to command, said to General Houston: 'That man may consider himself born to no common destiny who has conquered the Napoleon of the West; and it now remains for him to be generous to the vanquished.'

"*Houston.* — 'You should have remembered that at the Alamo.'

"*S. A.* — 'You must be aware that I was justified in my course by the usages of war. I had summoned a surrender, and they had refused. The place was then taken by storm, and the usages of war justified the slaughter of the vanquished.'

"*H.* — 'That was the case once, but it is now obsolete. Such usages among civilized nations have yielded to the influences of humanity.'

"*S. A.* — 'However this may be, I was acting under the orders of my Government.'

"*H.* — 'Why, you are the Government of Mexico.'

"*S. A.* — 'I have orders in my possession commanding me so to act.'

"*H.* — 'A Dictator, sir, has no superior.'

"*S. A.* — 'I have orders, General Houston, from my Government, commanding me to exterminate every man found in arms in the province of Texas, and treat all such as pirates; for they have no government, and are fighting under no recognized

flag. This will account for the positive orders of my Government.'

"*H.* — 'So far as the first point is concerned, the Texans flatter themselves they have a Government already, and they will probably be able to make a flag. But if you feel excused for your conduct at the Alamo, you have not the same excuse for the massacre of Colonel Fannin's command. They had capitulated on terms proffered by your General. And yet, after the capitulation, they were all perfidiously massacred, without the privilege of even dying with arms in their hands.'

"Those who were present say that when Houston came to speak of the Goliad tragedy, it seemed impossible for him to restrain his indignation. His eye flashed like a wild beast's, and in his gigantic effort to curb in his wrath, cold sweat ran off from his brow in streams.

"*S. A.* — 'I declare to you, General' (laying his hand on his heart), 'that I was not apprised of the fact that they had capitulated. General Urrea informed me that he had conquered them in a battle, and under this impression I ordered their execution.'

"*H.* — 'I know, General, that the men had capitulated.'

"*S. A.* — 'Then I was ignorant of it. And after your asseveration I should not have a shadow of doubt, if it were not that General Urrea had no authority whatever to receive their capitulation. And if the day ever comes that I can get Urrea into my hands, I will execute him for his duplicity in not giving me information of the facts.'

"Here the conversation was suspended for a while, and Santa Anna requested a small piece of opium. It was ordered by Houston, who asked him if he would desire his marquee and luggage and the attendance of his aides and servants. Santa Anna thanked him very politely, and said it would make him very happy, since they were proffered by his captor.

"While the order was being given, Almonte manifested a disposition to continue the conversation with Houston. After remarking to the Texan General that fortune had indeed favoured him, he asked why he had not attacked the Mexicans the first day the armies met [April 20th]. 'You had reason to suppose we should be reinforced. And yet if you had risked a battle that day you would have had another story to tell, perhaps, for our men were then ready to fight, and so anxious for the battle to come on that we could hardly keep them in their ranks. Why did you wait till the next morning, General?'

"'Well,' replied Houston, 'I see I was right. I knew you expected I should bring on the battle that day, and were consequently prepared for it. Now if I must be questioned by an inferior officer in the presence of his General, I will say that was just the reason why I did not fight; and besides, I thought there was no use in having two bites at one cherry.'

"After some remark of Almonte, which irritated Houston, and which, in the opinion of all who heard it, ill-befitted the occasion, he said, 'You have come a great way to give us a great deal of trouble, and

you have made the sacrifice of the lives of a great many brave men necessary.' 'Oh,' flippantly replied Almonte, 'what of six or eight hundred men! And from all accounts, only half a dozen of your brave men have fallen.'

"Houston replied: 'We estimate the lives of our men, I perceive, somewhat higher than you do,' and he gave him a look which seemed to say, 'Taunt me again, and you don't live an hour!' Almonte very politely changed his tone. 'You talk about reinforcements, sir,' said Houston, raising himself up; 'it matters not how many reinforcements you have, sir, you never can conquer freemen.' And taking from his pocket an ear of dry corn which he had carried for four days, only a part of it being consumed, he held it up and said, 'Sir, do you ever expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, when their General can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?'

"The exhibition of the ear of corn stirred up all the enthusiasm of the Texan soldiers, and they gathered round their General, and asked him to allow them to divide the corn. 'We'll plant it,' said they, 'and call it the Houston corn.' 'Oh, yes, my brave fellows,' said the General, smiling, 'take it along if you care anything about it, and divide it among you; give each one a kernel as far as it will go, and take it home to your own fields, where I hope you may long cultivate the arts of peace as nobly as you have shown yourselves masters of the art of war. You have achieved your independence; now see if you cannot make as good farmers as you have proved yourselves

gallant soldiers. You may not call it Houston corn ; but call it San Jacinto corn, — for then it will remind you of your own bravery.' It is also said that in one of his despatches that day to the people of the Sabine, the General said to those who had fled from their homes, 'Return and plant corn.' The soldiers distributed their corn, and it now waves over a thousand green fields in Texas.

"Santa Anna had become interested in the conversation, and Almonte related to him what had been said. The Mexican General seemed to be transported with rage, and he cursed Almonte for losing the battle. . . . It is worthy of remark, also, that Santa Anna afterwards said 'that this was the first moment he had ever understood the American character ; and that what he had witnessed convinced him that Americans never could be conquered.'

"Night came. The guard was so disposed as to include Santa Anna's marquee, and he slept on his camp-bed with every comfort he could have had if he had been the victor ; while near by him Houston lay upon the earth — his wonted bed in camp — with no respite from the intense agony of his wound. The ball had entered about one inch above the ankle joint, shattering the bone, and severing the muscles and arteries. It prostrated him for months, during which time he was worn down by fever and pain to the shadow of a man.

"After the battle two ravens were seen hovering over the field in the smoke which lingered on the battle scene. Some of the men proposed to shoot them, as they were near the earth. Houston said, 'No —

don't shoot them, — it is a good omen. Their heads are pointing westward. 'T is the course of empire. I own I am a little superstitious about the raven.' ”

And here is just one more anecdote of Houston after San Jacinto : —

“ A soldier had fled from the battle, declaring that all his comrades were killed at the first fire. When General Houston heard of the circumstance he declared he would have him shot. His Captain importuned the Commander to let him go. ‘ Why, yes, Captain,’ said the General, ‘ I will let him off, but on condition that he will promise to marry into a valiant race and cross the breed. Under no other circumstances will I let him go.’ ”

Santa Anna, unlike Old World commanders when captured, was eager to ransom himself by surrendering every object of the campaign. An officer who had escaped from San Jacinto “ on a fleet Andalusian courser,” had already carried the news of the defeat to General Filisola, the second in command, who was east of the Brazos. Now Santa Anna, in terror for his life, sent to Filisola of his own motion, ordering him to release his prisoners and commence a universal retreat. On the 24th of April General Cos, fat, ineffective, without honour, was captured. Houston saw Santa Anna several times, and on these occasions one would have thought, from their accoutrements, that the vanquished had been the victor. It is characteristic of Houston's hardy effectiveness that he never met his prisoner alone, so that poisonous tongues might be still. The booty of San Jacinto

had been great ; among it was \$12,000 in coin, and Houston undertook the responsibility of dividing this sum among his long unpaid soldiers. The fugitive and superfluous government *ad interim* soon came up from Galveston, whither it had fled, and we have a memorial from General Houston, dated "Camp San Jacinto, May 3, 1836," giving his ideas of the terms upon which an arrangement with Santa Anna ought to be made, and insisting particularly upon the whole length of the Rio Grande as the Texan boundary against Mexico.

Meanwhile Houston was very ill and could no longer command the army in person, though he still retained his position. General Rusk succeeded him, and the miserable Lamar succeeded Rusk as Secretary of War. This farewell of General Houston to his army, on the 5th of May, has more than a reminiscence of Napoleon's bulletins : —

COMRADES : . . . You have patiently endured privations, hardships, and difficulties, unappalled ; you have encountered odds of two to one of the enemy against you, and borne yourselves, in the onset and conflict of battle, in a manner unknown in the annals of modern warfare. While an enemy to your independence remains in Texas the work is incomplete ; but when liberty is firmly established by your patience and your valour, it will be fame enough to say, "I was a member of the army of San Jacinto !"

In taking leave of my brave comrades in arms I cannot suppress the expression of that pride which I so justly feel in having had the honour to command them in person, nor will I withhold the tribute of my warm-

est admiration and gratitude for the promptness with which my orders were executed, and union maintained through the army. At parting, my heart embraces you with gratitude and affection.

SAM HOUSTON, *Commander-in-Chief.*

“When this touching and eloquent address,” says Mr. Lester, “was read to the army, the tears of the brave men fell upon the rifles on which they were leaning. Such was his parting with his companions in arms.”

On the 14th of May the government concluded an arrangement with Santa Anna, on something the lines suggested by Houston, and on the principle of building a golden bridge for a retreating enemy. This is known as the Treaty of Velasco. Very special facilities were to be given to General Filisola to get out of the country. Santa Anna was to be sent back to Vera Cruz in all honour, and was to do his utmost for the Texan cause. The poor fellow was utterly broken. On the 1st of June he was in Velasco harbour, ill on board the ship that was to convey him back to his own country, and he issued this address to the Texan soldiers: —

MY FRIENDS, — I have been a witness of your courage on the field of battle, and know you to be generous. Rely with confidence on my sincerity, and you shall never have cause to regret the kindness shown me. In returning to my native land, I beg you to receive the sincere thanks of your grateful friend. Farewell.

ANT. LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

VELASCO, 1st June, 1836.

We now come to a most infamous chapter in Texan history, — one that makes us wish to wash our hands forever of some of the people whose history we have been following.

In the British Museum I have looked at — I could not read — a pamphlet of seventy pages against Houston, published in 1854 by a General Thomas Jefferson Green (1801-1863), from North Carolina. It is probably one of the sixteen publications which Houston once spoke of as having been issued against him, to his knowledge; "this military buffoon, this *bleating cub*," is a fair example of its language. We may hear again of this scandalous General Green; but on the 1st of June he unluckily landed at Velasco with about two hundred volunteers for Texas, composed of the most squalid Irishry of New Orleans. There had been a hue and cry throughout Texas for Santa Anna's blood, and Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar had not been ashamed to issue an address to President Burnet, embodying this cry. Now General Green declared that Santa Anna should not escape. Uniting his volunteers with the loathsome mob of Velasco, he raised a riot which frightened the poor ineffective President *ad interim* into ordering Santa Anna to be removed ashore. Santa Anna refused to be removed, claiming the treaty. So, on the 4th of June, General Green boarded his ship, and burst into his stateroom. He "lay on his back in his berth, and his respiration seemed to be difficult." General Green, when he would not get up, ordered him to be put in irons. "When the irons were brought within his view, the prisoner jumped up, adjusted his hat, and stated his

readiness to accompany us." Santa Anna's comment on this performance was limited to two words, which do, indeed, express the beginning and the end of all social criticism on America, — "Bad manners."

When Houston, who was far away, being healed of his wound, heard of President Burnet's weakness, he said: "I would have regarded the faith of the nation under any circumstances, and before the mob should have laid hands on Santa Anna, they should have first drunk my blood!" And when, in July, he heard that his own old army of San Jacinto, which had been escorting Filisola and his unhappy remnant of Mexicans out of Texas, and which was then on the Coleta, was mutinying, demanding the execution of Santa Anna, and talking about arresting President Burnet, he issued a fervent protest. "In cool blood to offer up the living to the manes of the departed," he says, "only finds an example in the religion and warfare of savages. Regard for one's departed friends should stimulate us in the hour of battle, and would excuse us, in the moment of victory, for partial excesses, at which our calmer feelings of humanity would relent. . . .

"I, therefore, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Republic, do solemnly protest against the trial, sentence, and execution of General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Republic of Mexico, until the relations in which we are to stand to the United States shall be ascertained."

These Texans certainly did not excel in manners. But they knew how to defend their country, — there

was not now an armed Mexican in all Texas. Let us conclude this long chapter by listening to some noble words uttered at this time in the United States Senate by the fiery and fluent Benton : —

“Heartless is the calumny invented and propagated, not from this floor, but elsewhere, on the cause of the Texan revolt. It is said to be a war for the extension of slavery. It had as well been said that our own revolution was a war for the extension of slavery. So far from it that no revolt, not even our own, ever had a more just and a more sacred origin. . . . A calumny more heartless can never be imagined than that which would convert this rich and holy defence of life, liberty, and property, into an aggression for the extension of slavery. Just in its origin, valiant and humane in its conduct, the Texan revolt has illustrated the Anglo-Saxon character, and given it new titles to the respect and admiration of the world. It shows that liberty, justice, valour, moral, physical, and intellectual power, characterize that race wherever it goes. Let our America rejoice, let old England rejoice, that the Brazos and Colorado, new and strange names, streams far beyond the western bank of the Father of Floods, have felt the impress, and witnessed the exploits of a people sprung from their loins, and carrying their language, laws, and customs, their *magna charta* and its glorious privileges, into new regions and far distant climes. . . .

“Of the individuals who have purchased lasting renown in this young war, it would be impossible, in this place, to speak in detail, and invidious to discriminate. But there is one among them whose position forms an exception ; and whose early association with

myself justifies and claims the tribute of a particular notice. I speak of him with the romantic victory has given to the Jacinto that immortality in grave and serious history, which the diskos of Apollo had given to it in the fabulous pages of the heathen mythology. General Houston was born in the State of Virginia, County of Rockbridge; he was appointed an ensign in the army of the United States during the late war with Great Britain, and served in the Creek campaign under the banners of Jackson. I was the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment to which he belonged, and the first field officer to whom he reported. I then marked in him the same soldierly and gentlemanly qualities which have since distinguished his eventful career: frank, generous, brave; ready to do or to suffer whatever the obligations of civil or military duty imposed; and always prompt to answer the call of honour, patriotism, and friendship. Sincerely do I rejoice in his victory. It is a victory without alloy, and without parallel, except at New Orleans. It is a victory which the civilization of the age, and the honour of the human race, required him to gain; for the nineteenth century is not an age in which a repetition of the Goliad matins could be endured. Nobly has he answered the requisition; fresh and luxuriant are the laurels which adorn his brow.

“It is not within the scope of my present purpose to speak of military events, and to celebrate the exploits of that vanguard of the Anglo-Saxons who are now on the confines of the ancient empire of Montezuma; but that combat of San Jacinto! it must forever remain in the catalogue of military miracles. Seven

hundred and fifty citizens, miscellaneously armed with rifles, muskets, belt-pistols, and knives, under a leader who had never seen service, except as a subaltern, march to attack near double their numbers — march in open day across a clear prairie, to attack upwards of twelve hundred veterans, the *élite* of an invading army of seven thousand, posted in a wood, their flanks secured, front intrenched, and commanded by a general trained in civil wars, victorious in numberless battles, and chief of an empire of which no man becomes chief except as conqueror. In twenty minutes the position is forced. The combat becomes a carnage. The flowery prairie is stained with blood ; the Hyacinth is no longer blue, but scarlet. Six hundred Mexicans are dead ; six hundred more are prisoners, half wounded ; the President-General himself is a prisoner ; the camp and baggage all taken ; and the loss of the victors, six killed and twenty wounded. . . . Houston is the pupil of Jackson ; and he is the first self-made general, since the time of Mark Antony and the King Antigonus, who has taken the general of the army and the head of the government captive in battle. Different from Antony, he has spared the life of his captive, though forfeited by every law, human and divine."

CHAPTER XIV.

HOUSTON'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION, 1836-1838.

ONE has to suffer for a long time the results of having been found out in telling an untruth. We have known General Houston in good and in evil fortune, and have come to like him ; and yet, when the question arises of another personal grievance of Houston's, as related by Mr. Lester, we cannot but remember the Stanberry affair.

In this case Mr. Lester's narrative has the curious effect of leaving us with an entire dislike and distrust of Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, the alleged persecutor, while at the same time vaguely incredulous as to the details.

When Houston was deadly ill, after the battle of San Jacinto, the government *ad interim*, and particularly Lamar, began a dastardly persecution of him. They took away from him General Almonte's battle-horse, a noble animal, "as black as a raven," which had been unanimously presented to him by the army, with the hope that he might "be able to ride him very soon." They forbade Santa Anna any longer to pay his customary morning visit to his courteous captor. "Bad manners," said Santa Anna, shrugging his shoulders. It was necessary for Houston to go to

New Orleans for medical attendance, and the government refused him leave of absence. The captain of the steamboat refused to sail from San Jacinto without him ; and thereupon the government forbade "his surgeon-general, Dr. Ewing," to accompany him. Dr. Ewing, against Houston's own advice, went, and Lamar dismissed Ewing. The army was ready to slay the entire government, and would have done so at a sign from Houston ; Santa Anna, who was being conveyed to Galveston on the same boat, ran to Houston when he saw him, "and embraced him with unfeigned joy." From Galveston, after many persecutions, Houston and his staff sailed, in May, for New Orleans, where he was taken apparently dying through welcoming crowds, to the mansion of the friend of his youth, Mr. William Christy, who had been a noble friend of the Texan cause from the first. Here he was lovingly cared for during some weeks, and was attended by the same Dr. Kerr who had attended him more than twenty years before, in the War of 1812. He refused public ovations, but did his utmost for his country in a quiet way, and set off for Texas by Natchitoches and the Red River at the earliest possible moment. So far Mr. Lester. We are glad to learn that, after terrible suffering, Houston entirely recovered from the wound in his ankle, received at San Jacinto.

Things were piping hot in Texas during this summer of 1836. All of Santa Anna's invading army had been either captured or slain, or else escorted out of the country ; but the Texans had not by any means freed themselves from their own passions. At

one time we find Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar appointed commander-in-chief, over the heads of Houston and of Rusk, and going down to the army to be received with universal cat-calls and hisses ; we see him appealing to a popular division, and unable to get one soldier in ten to declare for him. Very bad manners, certainly, but exercised, we cannot but feel, towards a very bad man.

Santa Anna had not yet been murdered, nor President Burnet arrested for not murdering him. But people wanted a different sort of ruler, and the first Monday in September was appointed for the election of the first regular President of Texas. There were two candidates, — General Austin, the Father of Texas, who had recently returned from the United States, and Henry Smith, the florid, placid, obstinate gentleman whom we remember, former governor of revolutionary Texas. At the last moment General Houston began to be nominated on all sides. "The public wish on that point," says Yoakum, "was so manifest that he had no alternative but to accept." He gives as his own reason for accepting the nomination, that Austin and Smith both represented embittered and nearly equal factions. "In this posture of affairs I was firmly impressed with a belief that, if either of the gentlemen should be elected, it would be next to impossible to organize and sustain a government. . . . Not being identified with either of the parties, I believed I would be enabled so to consolidate the influence of both, by harmonizing them, as to form an administration which would triumph over all the difficulties attendant upon the outset of the

constitutional government of Texas." Houston was elected by an enormous majority; and his first act was to appoint his two competitors to the two principal offices in his cabinet. I hardly know another instance of such quiet strength.

Texas was the youngest and the feeblest of nations, and as yet unrecognized by any, — a nation of fifty thousand inhabitants, with a public debt of nearly \$1,500,000. But in such hands as Houston's, there was good hope for the little nation.

Houston had hardly begun his administration, when Texas lost two of her sons whom she could least spare. On the 15th of November, 1836, at his residence on the San Jacinto, died Lorenzo de Zavala, fiery Mexican and Republican, Vice President *ad interim* of Texas during the war, and one of the commissioners who were already embarked to accompany Santa Anna back to Vera Cruz at the time when General Green and his unruly mob began their outrages in Velasco. And on the 27th of December died General Stephen Fuller Austin, the Father of Texas, who will never have his due recognition. He had failed to be elected President, and had accepted the position of Secretary of State under Houston. He had founded Texas, had sacrificed his health for her, and had lived to see her independent. We read of him that "every child of every colonist was known to him, and was welcomed to play upon his knee."

Santa Anna's fortunes, during this year, 1836, had been very sad. Whirled from prison to prison, buffeted and starved, in hourly terror for his life, he had

had his full of American bad manners, and had even begun to lose that self-complacency which is the balm of life. Rightly thinking that the Treaty of Velasco was annulled by the behaviour of the Texans, he had tried to escape, had been prevented, and he and General Almonte had been kept in irons during one period of fifty days. His only hope lay in the return of Houston to Texas. We read that when he first saw Houston again the little man ran forward, threw his arms about his neck, and lay for a minute with his head on Houston's broad shoulder, sobbing; Houston, we can imagine, patting him softly on the back like a child, and saying, "There, there, there!" With the madness of all democracies, the Texans could not see what all the world saw, that Santa Anna's value, as a hostage and a mediator, was decreasing with every day of his detention. As late as September, we find General Jackson writing to Houston that it was the saving of Santa Anna's life that had given "possession of Goliad and [of the] Alamo without blood, or the loss of any portion of your army. . . . He is the pride of the Mexican soldiers, and the favourite of the priesthood." But his power at home was slipping through his fingers, his prestige was passing, his enemies were lifting their abased heads. Though he was still nominally President of Mexico until April, 1837, his term corresponding, as we have seen, with the second term of Andrew Jackson, his government had passed a special decree, disallowing any acts that he might perform during his captivity.

With the election of Houston as President of Texas, Santa Anna ceased to shudder for his life. The crazy

Congress still voted and clamoured for some outrageous measure, but Houston had set his face like a rock. Said Andrew Jackson at about this time : " Let those who clamour for blood clamour on ! The world will take care of Houston's fame." Houston himself was wont to say that after San Jacinto the Texans could richly have afforded to be generous towards Santa Anna ; now the only question was whether they could afford to be just. But for the honour of human nature he was determined to release his prisoner ; and after much negotiation and complication he got Santa Anna safely started for Washington in the United States, with an escort of Texan officers, including a Colonel Bee. Houston rode along with Santa Anna for the first stage from Columbia ; then the party lost its way, and could not regain it without passing by the field of San Jacinto, where Santa Anna wept to see the bones of his soldiers whitening in the sun. Many thoughts must have been in his mind ; deepest and firmest, an intense determination never again, whatever befell, to tread the accursed soil of Texas. General Filisola, by the way, had the honour quite to agree with his master on this subject. With some 2,500 men, out of Santa Anna's 8,000, he had escaped to Matamoras through incredible floods of water and of all other troubles, and sat there during this autumn, utterly refusing to obey the orders of the Mexican government to reinvade Texas, and declaring that Texas was a fatal country, " a country of mud and sand."

On the way to Washington Santa Anna borrowed \$2,000 of Colonel Bee, which he never repaid. He

reached Washington on the 17th of January, 1837. He remained quietly for a week as the guest of President Jackson, and he was then sent home to Vera Cruz in a ship-of-war. He failed to make any sensation on landing in Mexico; his old rival, Anastasio Bustamente, had been recalled from exile in France, and in March, 1837, was elected President, Santa Anna receiving only two electoral votes out of sixty-nine. So do human affairs go up and down. Santa Anna would not be Emperor of Mexico this decade. He retired to Manga de Clavo, devoted himself to meditation and cock-fighting, and awaited once more the troubling of the waters.

The first President of Texas, it will be remembered, was to hold his office for two years only. Houston held sway for about twenty-six months, or from the 22d of October, 1836, to the 13th of December, 1838. Through financial complications of an almost hopeless sort, through occasional straggling invasions from Mexico, and chronic mutinies in an unpaid army, where every officer above the rank of captain aspired to the chief command, through Indian wars and the madness of senates, and the scorn of all the world, Houston, in these two years, guided the little republic into prosperity and something like solvency. He carried the nation on his shoulders; it is probable, for one thing, that the population of Texas nearly doubled during the two years of his rule. Houston was first and last, he did everything; we can only stop to notice that on 1st of March, 1837, he secured the recognition of Texan independence by the Senate of the United States, and that the sign-

ing of this bill was the last official act ever performed by his old friend Andrew Jackson. The capital of Texas was changed, in the autumn of 1836, to Houston, on the Buffalo River, founded in his honour, and the government removed thither from Columbia in the spring of 1837. Houston was ineligible for the next term, and in September, 1837, his Vice-President, Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, was unanimously elected President, the opposing candidate having committed suicide just before the election.

If ever there was a child of genuine nature it was the beautiful and restless John James Audubon (1780-1851). With much trouble I have discovered some facts that concern us in the *Life of Audubon*, which was edited from his journals by Mr. Robert Buchanan.

"We walked toward the President's house," writes Audubon from the new city of Houston, in May, 1837, "accompanied by the secretary of the navy, and as soon as we rose above the bank, we saw before us a level of far-extending prairie, destitute of timber, and rather poor soil. Houses half finished, and most of them without roofs, tents, and a liberty pole, with the capitol, were all exhibited to our view at once. We approached the President's mansion, however, wading through water above our ankles. This abode of President Houston is a small log-house, consisting of two rooms, and a passage through, after the southern fashion. The moment we stepped over the threshold, on the right hand of the passage, we found ourselves ushered into what in other countries would be called

the ante-chamber; the ground-floor, however, was muddy and filthy, a large fire was burning, a small table, covered with paper and writing materials, was in the centre; camp-beds, trunks, and different materials were strewed around the room. We were at once presented to several members of the cabinet, some of whom bore the stamp of men of intellectual ability, simple, though bold, in their general appearance. Here we were presented to Mr. Crawford, an agent of the British Minister to Mexico, who has come here on some secret mission.

"The President was engaged in the opposite room on national business, and we could not see him for some time. Meanwhile we amused ourselves by walking to the capitol, which was yet without a roof, and the floors, benches, and tables of both houses of Congress were as well saturated with water as our clothes had been in the morning. Being invited by one of the great men of the place to enter a booth to take a drink of grog with him, we did so; but I was rather surprised that he offered his name instead of the cash to the bar-keeper.

"We first caught sight of President Houston as he walked from one of the grog-shops, where he had been to prevent the sale of ardent spirits. He was on his way to his house, and wore a large, gray, coarse hat; and the bulk of his figure reminded me of the appearance of General Hopkins of Virginia, for like him he is upwards of six feet high, and strong in proportion. But I observed a scowl in the expression of his eyes that was forbidding and disagreeable. We reached his abode before him, but he soon came, and

we were presented to his Excellency. [Houston at this time was forty-four, and thirteen years younger than Audubon.] He was dressed in a fancy velvet coat, and trousers trimmed with broad gold lace; around his neck was tied a cravat somewhat in the style of seventy-six. He received us kindly, was desirous of retaining us for a while, and offered us every facility within his power. He at once removed us from the ante-room to his private chamber, which, by the way, was not much cleaner than the former. We were severally introduced by him to the different members of his cabinet and staff, and at once asked to drink grog with him, which we did, wishing success to his new republic. Our talk was short; but the impression which was made on my mind at the time by himself, his officers, and his place of abode can never be forgotten.

“We returned to our boat through a *mêlée* of Indians and blackguards of all sorts. In giving a last glance back we once more noticed a number of horses rambling about the grounds, or tied beneath the few trees that have been spared by the axe. We also saw a liberty pole, erected on the anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, on the twenty-first of last April, and were informed that a brave tar, who rigged the Texan flag on that occasion, had been personally rewarded by President Houston with a town lot, a doubloon, and the privilege of keeping a ferry across the Buffalo Bayou at the town, where the bayou forks diverge in opposite directions.”

CHAPTER XV.

ADMINISTRATION OF MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR, 1838-1841.

MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR (the name has a mouth-filling sound) could fiddle, to use Lord Bacon's expression about the man who certainly cannot make a small town a great city, after a fashion that passed for cunning in Texas; he had, as we remember, a talky sort of plausibility, made speeches full of sound and fury, and wrote lyric verse without an impulse. After some study, both of his poetry and of his policy, I find it hard not to wish that he, instead of his opponent, had committed suicide just before election day; and I have decided to reduce to a paragraph or two the chief events of his three years' misadministration.

With his election Texas came to a standstill; during each year of his rule she went steadily downwards. An imposing and splendid government, a great navy, aggression towards Mexico, a high-handed policy towards the Comanches on the north, — these were his chief ideals of statesmanship; and for each one of these Texas had to smart. The great navy and the imposing government cost little except money, and in three years the debt of Texas ran up from \$1,500,000, to the ruinous sum of nearly \$8,000,000, while the

value of paper money fell from about seventy-five per cent to ten or fifteen. But Lamar's outrageous treatment of "Houston's pet Indians" resulted in an incessant and bloody warfare throughout all the northern and eastern settlements; and his aggression toward Mexico took the form, in the summer of 1841, of an expedition which was sent off across the desert, in defiance of the decrees of Congress, to capture New Mexico. The Santa Fé Expedition has become a proverb for disastrous futility, and history will not soon forget, among other things, the great cannon, with MIRABEAU B. LAMAR inscribed upon its breech, which was dragged so far over the prairies to be taken by the Mexicans; it was only the fact that Houston came into power again at the end of 1841 which saved the expedition from quite absolute wreck and shame. Houston did yeoman's service in the Congress during the greater part of these three mad years, and on one occasion, according to Mr. Lester, when the despairing Congress was about to adjourn *sine die*, he simply prevented the dissolution of all government: —

"The members publicly proclaimed that all hope of carrying on the government was gone, and they were determined to end the farce by going home. Houston rose in the midst of the tempest, as the members were leaving their seats, and addressed the Speaker. There never was a time when *that* man could not get a hearing.

"The crowd began to return; members gradually resumed their seats and dropped their hats; they pressed up around him; the House became still;

and not ten minutes went by before nothing was heard throughout the hall but the rich, deep voice that had echoed over the field of San Jacinto. No idea of the speech can be given but by telling the result. He closed by reading a resolution, 'that the House adjourn till to-morrow morning at the usual hour,' and not a member voted against it! They flocked around him, and so universal was the feeling that but for him the government would have gone to pieces, that even his old enemies seized him by the hand, and thanked him 'for saving the country.' "

In the autumn of 1839 the capital of Texas was again removed, and for the last time, from Houston to the new city of Austin (not at all San Felipe de Austin), far up on the Colorado, more than thirty miles beyond the nearest settlement. In September, 1839, France acknowledged the independence of Texas, and the old Duke of Dalmatia (Marshal Soult) is reported to have expressed his gratification at being enabled to serve as European godfather to the little nation. It is also said that Louis Philippe inquired of the Texan envoy what the population of the new country might be, and that the envoy, ashamed to give the right answer, appealed to M. de Saligny, who was afterwards appointed French chargé in Texas. "About a million, Sire," instantly answered Saligny, and the question of population could no longer stand in the way. In England there was much uproar against the recognition of Texas, on the score of slavery, and Daniel O'Connell, the Hereditary Bondsman, blustered about it in his own fashion; but in 1840 Lord Palmerston took the responsibility of recognizing

Texas, and he was quickly followed by Belgium and by Holland. The Texans were greatly aided in Europe by the indefatigable and most unselfish exertions of General James Hamilton (1796-1857), who, after being Governor of South Carolina, and holding or declining almost every position in America worth having, had fallen in love with the cause of little Texas, and devoted to that his fortune and his career.

In this year, too, General Houston, whose happiness and whose first career had been wrecked by one woman, found the happiness of his later life in another. On the 9th of May, 1840, at Marion in Alabama, he married, at the age of forty-seven, Margaret Moffette Lea, who was twenty-one. According to the editor of the *Life and Literary Remains*, who has a special right to speak on this subject, she was born in Perry County, Alabama, had received "the best advantages of the schools of Alabama, and through all her life continued to improve her intellectual powers by reading and study. Associating with the most cultivated people of Alabama, possessed of winning manners and conversational powers, she attracted no little attention from men of eminence in Church and State. . . .

"On a visit to Mobile she first met Gen. Houston. He was at that time given to occasional excesses in drinking, by which he had acquired the name among the Indians of 'Big Drunk.' His romantic history, his brilliant career as the saviour of Texas, his commanding figure, winning manners, and vivacious conversation, won the heart of the young Alabamian.

"She was asked by the writer why she ran the risk of unhappiness and misfortune by consenting to link her destinies with those of Gen. Houston, at a time when he gave way to such excesses? She replied, that 'not only had he won her heart, but she had conceived the idea that she could be the means of reforming him, and she meant to devote herself to the work.'"

As far as one can tell, General Houston's second married life was entirely happy. Mrs. Houston seems to have been a woman of genuine sweetness; gradually, as we shall see, she won him, not only away from whiskey, but into the bosom of the Baptist Church. They had eight children, all well fitted to survive; and it is a pleasant picture which we have of Houston, during his lonely years in the United States Senate, waiting for his wife's weekly letters, reading portions of them aloud to his trusted friends, and spending his Sunday afternoons in answering them. Mrs. M. M. Houston wrote verses, a single stanza of which is sometimes worth a whole volume of Lamar's furious lyric. I will here give a few stanzas from a poem called "Our Daughters:"—

Our eldest is an autumn bloom;
Just as the summer rose grew pale
She smiled upon our woodland home,
The brightest flower in all the vale.

The second April came with showers,
The buds to ope, and vines to wreath,
And left the sweetest of its flowers
Upon my joyous heart to breathe.

.

My beauteous gifts ! how carefully
Their tender branches I must train !
That each fair plant on earth may be
A household joy ! And yet in vain

My fondest care without that aid
The blessed Lord alone can give.
Father ! these earthly blooms must fade,
But let their souls before Thee live.

My buds of innocence in time
Be formed to bloom beyond the skies,
Within the cloudless spirit's clime
Unfading flowers of Paradise.

For about a year from December, 1840, Lamar was ill, and took little part in the administration ; the government was practically in the hands of his Vice-President, the same David G. Burnet who was once such a weak President *ad interim*. David G. Burnet wanted to be President of Texas for a regular term, and he ran against Houston in the election of September, 1841. It was a bitter fight, but Houston was elected by a three-fourths vote. The struggle for the Vice-Presidency was also severe, and resulted in the election of General Edward Burleson, the commandant whom some reader may remember as having allowed "old Ben Milam" to capture San Antonio for him in December, 1835, and as having then gone off to spend Christmas with his family.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOUSTON'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION, 1841-1844.

I SHALL be able to present some of the chief occurrences of Houston's second presidency in his own words. It is absurd to put together two big volumes of Houston's documents and label them "Select Literary Remains;" but when he had something special to say, this strong man of action could say it well.

Houston and Texas had first of all to reap the dragons' teeth which had been so industriously sowed by Lamar. I shall leave to those whose souls are dry as summer dust the details of Texan finance, and of the analogous question of land tenures; but a few main facts can do us no harm. At the last election the voters had been twelve thousand; and this, allowing for some twenty thousand Indians and Mexicans, would give Texas a total population of not over eighty thousand. It was estimated that merely to pay the interest on the public debt, and to meet the current expenses of the government in the paper money worth ten or fifteen cents in a dollar, would require an annual tax of fifty dollars in coin to be laid upon each of the twelve thousand voters. In his first message, delivered a week after his inauguration, Houston declares that "there is not a dollar in the treasury. The

nation is involved from ten to fifteen millions. The precise amount of its liabilities has not been ascertained. . . . We are not only without money but without credit, and for want of punctuality, without character. At our first commencement we were not without credit; nor had a want of punctuality then impaired our character abroad or confidence at home. Patriotism, industry, and enterprise are now our only resources, apart from our public domain and the precarious revenues of the country. These remain our only hope, and must be improved, husbanded, and properly employed."

We must be content to know that in the course of three years, by infinite firmness, patience, and cunning, by reducing salaries and almost abolishing the useless navy, by placating the much-wronged Indians in the north, Houston pulled Texas out of the worst of this quagmire. Early in 1841 a pig belonging to an Austin hotel-keeper had strayed into the stables of M. de Saligny, the French chargé, to eat the horses' corn; Saligny's servant slew the pig, the publican horsewhipped the servant, Saligny arrested the publican and had him bound over; the publican, watching his chance, insulted Saligny and ordered him out of his hotel; and Lamar had allowed this absurdity to cause a complete suspension of relations between Texas and France; again it was Houston who had to make peace. In January, 1842, came the first confused news of the capture of the Santa Fé expedition, spreading anguish and madness through Texas; the Texans did not learn clearly, until seven months later, that "the entire expedition, with all the arms,

horses, and goods had been taken — without firing a gun, the property appropriated by the captors, and the prisoners bound and on the march to the city of Mexico." It was owing to Houston's efforts, seconded by the United States, that the miserable remnant of these prisoners was ultimately restored. Then, in March, 1842, a small Mexican army invaded Texas, took possession of San Antonio, remained there two days, and returned to the Rio Grande, committing fearful ravages; President Houston saw fit to order the removal of the public archives from Austin to Houston; some Texans, with their habitual insubordination deciding that the measure was unnecessary, took arms against it, and a little civil war, called the "Archive War," raged while the Mexicans were still in Texas. Things became worse and worse, and one only wonders that Houston could have any more patience with the country which he had so often saved.

In March, 1842, Houston had occasion to address a famous letter to Santa Anna. Many things had changed in the six years since the little Napoleon of the West had sobbed on Houston's broad shoulder, Houston gently patting him the while, and soothing him like a child. The little Napoleon had once more risen on the top of the troubled waves. In 1838 the French were bombarding Vera Cruz to enforce payment of damages done to the pastry of a French baker, and to the property of many other French subjects, during Mexican civil wars. Santa Anna commanded against them. He was repeatedly surprised, fled once in his nightshirt before the Prince

de Joinville, and lost his left leg. After the French had sailed away, with their demands completely satisfied, he posed as a national hero for having driven the French into the sea. In 1840 he managed to spill Anastasio Bustamente gently from the Presidential chair, and to seat himself therein. Then for two years he had followed his well-known courses, retiring to Manga de Clavo and covering himself with thick clouds whenever a crisis arose. In the spring of 1842 he was as firmly seated in Mexico as he was ever destined to be ; and he had been guilty of several recent impertinencies to Texas. I grieve that I can print only the end of Houston's letter : —

Sir, from your lenity and power Texans expect nothing, — from your humanity less ; and when you invade Texas you will not find “ thorns to wound the foot of the traveller,” but you will find opposed to Mexican breasts arms wielded by freemen of unerring certainty, and directed by a purpose not to be eluded. Texans war not for gewgaws and titles ; they battle not to sustain dictators or despots ; they do not march to the field unwillingly, nor are they dragged to the army in chains, with the mock-title of volunteers. For awhile they lay by the implements of husbandry, and seize their rifles ; they rally in defence of their rights ; and, when victory has been achieved, they return to the cultivation of the soil. They have laws to protect their rights. Their property is their own. They do not bow to the will of despots ; but they bow to the majesty of the Constitution and laws. They are freemen, indeed. It is not so with your nation. From

the alcalde to the dictator, all are tyrants in Mexico ; and the community is held in bondage, subject not to law, but to the will of a superior, and confined in hopeless subjection to usurpation. . . .

In the war which will be conducted by Texas against Mexico, our incentive will not be a love of conquest ; it will be to disarm tyranny of its power. We will make no war upon Mexicans or their religion. Our efforts shall be made in behalf of the liberties of the people, and directed against the authorities of the country and against *your* principles. We will exalt the condition of the people to representative freedom ; they shall choose their own rulers ; they shall possess their property in peace, and it shall not be taken from them to support an armed soldiery for the purpose of oppression. . . .

With the most appropriate consideration, I have the honour to present you my salutation.

SAM HOUSTON.

To his Excellency, ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA,
President of the Republic of Mexico.

In June, 1842, Houston summoned a special meeting of the Congress at Houston, where the government still remained after its forced removal from Austin in March. This Congress seems to have been madder than a hare ; Houston could do nothing but steadily veto every measure it passed ; "legislative jests," he calls these measures, and such they surely were. At one time he was nearly murdered for refusing to accept the powers of a Dictator. We read that the town of Houston swarmed with assassins, that

Houston's own cabinet talked of resigning, and that during some weeks few of the President's friends dared to approach his house, unless secretly by night.

"But in the midst of all this storm, which few men could have resisted," says Mr. Lester, "Houston was calm and cheerful. He stationed no guard around his house; he had no spies on the alert; he did not even inquire what was said in Congress or done in the streets. The blinds and the windows of his dwelling were wide open, and he was often seen walking across his parlor, conversing cheerfully with his family. His wife, whom he had married in 1840, — one of the most accomplished and gifted of women, — reposed confidently upon his character, and she calmly and confidently sustained him by her placid and intellectual conversations. Long after the lights had been extinguished through the town, and sullen, desperate, armed men were gathered in secret meetings to plot and counterplot, the gay voice of his wife, mingling with the tones of the harp and the piano, which she had carried with her to the wilderness, was heard coming forth from the open windows of Houston's dwelling."

General Houston had sworn to Santa Anna to have either peace or open war. Two other straggling invasions had occurred since March, and in October Houston caused a circular letter to be addressed to the governments with which Texas had relations, demanding their interference. The Mexicans were a nation of ranchmen, and could not be touched by such incursions; the Texans were agriculturists, and were being ruined by them. It is gratifying to learn

that this able paper, which we are compelled to omit, completely secured its object. M. Guizot and Sir Robert Peel are said to have been particularly impressed by it. Civilized nations, one after another, notified Mexico that this irregular warfare must be stopped.

We have heard much of Houston's Indian "Talks." They are unique productions, with a decidedly Ossianic touch about them. Some are remarkable for their subject matter, and others for the strange names of the chieftains addressed ; they all speak for Houston's knowledge of Indian character. I shall give two of the best specimens. We see that the government is still at Washington on the Brazos, on its way back to the deserted capital of Austin.

TALK TO THE INDIAN CHIEF LINNEY.

WASHINGTON, March 5, 1843.

MY BROTHER, — Your talk came to me. I read it, and was happy ! I remembered other days. Our words came back to my thoughts. We spoke to each other face to face. Our hearts were open to each other. Words of kindness entered into them and gave light to our countenances. When we talked together, our people were in our thoughts, and we remembered the women and children of our nations ; you have kept your words, nor have I forgotten mine. . . . You will stand by us and keep trouble from our people. If red men come to our settlements or hurt our people when they meet them, the blame may fall upon good red brothers, and cause injury to them and their peo-

ple. So that our brothers must watch all those whose hearts are not straight, and who walk in crooked paths and bushes. . . .

The red brothers all know that my words to them have never been forgotten by me. They have never been swallowed up by darkness, nor has the light of the sun consumed them. Truth cannot perish, but the words of a liar are as nothing. I wish you to come, and we will again shake hands and counsel together. Bring other chiefs with you. Talk to all the red men to make peace. War cannot make them happy. It has lasted too long. Let it now be ended and cease forever. Tell all my red brothers to listen to my commissioners, and to walk by the words of my counsel. If they hear me and keep my words, their homes shall be happy; their fires shall burn brightly, and the pipe of peace shall be handed round the hearth of their wigwams. The tomahawk shall no more be raised in war; nor shall the dog howl for his master who has been slain in battle. Joy shall take the place of sorrow; and the laughing of your children shall be heard in place of the cries of women.

Your brother, SAM HOUSTON.

And here is a lamentation for a dead warrior and ally: —

TO THE LIPANS, IN MEMORY OF FLACO, THEIR CHIEF.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, March 28, 1843.

TO THE MEMORY OF GEN. FLACO, CHIEF OF LIPANS:

MY BROTHER, — My heart is sad! A dark cloud rests upon your nation. Grief has sounded in your

camp. The voice of Flaco is silent. His words are not heard in council. The chief is no more. His life has fled to the Great Spirit. His eyes are closed. His heart no longer leaps at the sight of the buffalo. The voices of your camp are no longer heard to cry: "Flaco has returned from the chase!" Your chiefs look down on the earth and groan in trouble. Your warriors weep. The loud voices of grief are heard from your women and children. The song of birds is silent. The ears of your people hear no pleasant sound. Sorrow whispers in the winds. The noise of the tempest passes. It is not heard. Your hearts are heavy.

The name of Flaco brought joy to all hearts. Joy was on every face. Your people were happy. Flaco is no longer seen in the fight. His voice is no longer heard in battle. The enemy no longer make a path for his glory. His valour is no longer a guard for your people. The right of your nation is broken. Flaco was a friend to his white brothers. They will not forget him. They will remember the red warrior. His father will not be forgotten. We will be kind to the Lipans. Grass shall not grow in the path between us. Let your wise men give the counsel of peace. Let your young men walk in the white path. The gray-headed men of your nation will teach wisdom. I will hold my red brothers by the hand.

Thy brother, SAM HOUSTON.

The prospects of Texas improved greatly in the course of the year 1843. Minute men and rangers

had been raised for the defence of the Mexican frontier ; a sort of armistice had been arranged with Santa Anna ; the Indians were pacified ; Texan credit was partly restored, and the Texans had learned, above all, not to disobey their wisest and their best man. But it is probable that Houston was never under so prolonged and terrible a strain as during the first eighteen months of his second presidency.

From the earliest moment the Texans seem to have awaited and desired annexation to the United States ; their continuance as an independent nation was never regarded as other than a temporary expedient, and the lonely star of their brave little flag was in itself a pathetic appeal for amalgamation. At the end of 1843 it began to look as if their hopes would be gratified, for in his message of December President Tyler recommended annexation. For the next six months the question was a burning one, and commissioners were circulating everywhere.

General Jackson, it is said, was the only man to whose judgment Houston ever deferred. We have several letters of this period, all in the tone of a furious partisan, from Houston to Jackson. Here is part of a letter written in February, 1844 : —

Now, my venerated friend, you will perceive that Texas is presented to the United States, as a bride adorned for her espousal. But if, now so confident of the union, she should be rejected, her mortification would be indescribable. She has been sought by the United States, and this is the third time she has con-

sented. Were she now to be spurned, it would forever terminate expectation on her part, and it would then not only be left for the United States to expect that she would seek some other friend, but all Christendom would justify her in a course dictated by necessity and sanctioned by wisdom. However adverse this might be to the wishes or the interest of the United States, in her present situation she could not ponder long. The course adopted by the United States, if it stop short of annexation, will displease France, irritate England, and exasperate Mexico. An effort to postpone it to a more convenient season may be tried in the United States to subserve party purposes and make a President. Let them beware. I take it that it is of too great magnitude for any impediment to be interposed to its execution. That you may live to see your hopes in relation to it crowned with complete success I sincerely desire. In the event that it speedily takes place, I hope it will afford me an opportunity of visiting you again at the Hermitage with my family. It is our ardent desire to see the day when you can lay your hand on our little boy's head, and bestow upon him your benediction. Be assured, General, that I should rejoice if circumstances should afford an opportunity for an event so desirable to us.

Be pleased to make the united salutations of Mrs. H. and myself to your family. We unite our prayers for your happiness, and join in the expression of our affectionate regard for you.

Truly your friend,

SAM HOUSTON.

England and France protested at once against the annexation of Texas; it was certain to mean war with Mexico; and after fierce discussions the measure was rejected by the United States Senate in June, 1844. So, for the third time, Texas had been repulsed. Hereafter it was due to General Houston that Texas no longer seemed to wish for annexation. She suddenly became coy in order to make herself desired. "You don't want us?" she seemed to say, hereafter, to the United States. "Very well, England or France would be very glad indeed to have us; and in any case we can take perfectly good care of ourselves."

Here is an account of an interview which an English lady, Mrs. M. C. Houstoun, somewhat known in literature, who was then very young, and who went voyaging around the tropical world in her own yacht, had with General Houston in 1844:—

"The 'city' of Houston is beautifully situated on the banks of the Red [?] River. The houses are built entirely of wood, and the hotels are wretched. Our chief end, however, was answered, for we received a visit from the conqueror of San Jacinto, and the friend of the red man. As is invariably the case on the introduction of Americans, — either to one another, or to foreigners, — much shaking of hands, together with considerable use of the monosyllable 'Sir,' took place between us and General Sam Houston, whose costume is a happy mixture of the inevitable black satin waistcoat (donned, probably, from a sense of conventional respect for his British visitors), and

the coarse blanket-like overcoat, which, having much the appearance of green baize, is the ordinary covering of a Texan gentleman. A wan and worn-looking man is the President of this new republic, and there are, notwithstanding the shrewd and kindly expression of his face, signs thereon that he has (more than his many admirers like to think possible) deserved in his day the sobriquet of 'Drunken Sam,' which was long since bestowed upon him. He has been twice married, having obtained — a thing easily done in America — a divorce from his first wife ; his second marriage has, in one respect at least, proved of signal advantage to him, for, thanks to the influence of *Madame la Présidente*, General Houston has eschewed the habits both of drinking and of using bad language, in which he formerly indulged. He was what I have heard called 'a fine swearer' in days gone by ; but he has learned, not only to govern men, but to rule his tongue, which he has probably found to be a far more difficult matter. Like most Americans whom I have known, he is very proud of being able to clearly prove his descent from an English, or rather, in his case, from a Scotch family. He told us that his forbears belonged to Lanarkshire, and claimed cousinship with us at once. Never have I seen a man, especially one who had 'done,' not alone the 'State,' but the cause of humanity, such 'good service in his day,' who was so simple and unobtrusive in manner, and who seemed to think so little of himself. We parted with mutual professions of esteem, and an amount of handshaking that is unknown except among a people of whom," etc., etc.

"When the President," Mrs. Houstoun says elsewhere, "travels through the country, it is at the expense of persons at whose houses he puts up, and when he makes use of a steamer he has the privilege of a free passage. I believe that during his public career General Houston has neither saved nor made a dollar; on the contrary, he is said to be often in pecuniary difficulties. As a proof how convinced the people are of his integrity, in regard to not having amassed a fortune from the public funds, it may be mentioned that not long ago, being in want of a little tobacco, and not having wherewith to purchase it, he could not obtain credit."

Mrs. M. C. Houstoun shows admirable criticism when she declares her belief that Houston was "a Tory at heart," although this made no difference in his courtesy to all classes. "The House of Assembly at Washington," she adds, "is open to the street; it has no windows, and any one may look in who pleases. General Houston's greeting to the free citizens — carters, or blacksmiths, as the case may be — is always kind and polite. It is 'How-d'ye-do, Colonel? How's Madam? Bad weather for the ladies!'"

After this year Houston could never be president of Texas again. In the elections of September, 1844, Dr. Anson Jones of Massachusetts (1798-1858), Houston's friend and pupil, was elected President over General Burleson. "As long as old Sam is at the helm, the ship is safe;" such had come to be the universal feeling in Texas. But the time was at

hand when the ship must sink or sail under less skilful guidance.

On the 4th of December Houston sent his last message to the Congress, still at Washington on the Brazos. And on the 9th of December, 1844, Houston delivered his valedictory address to his "Gentlemen of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, and Fellow-citizens." It is a noble document, and one grieves to be unable to give it in its entirety.

"I am about," he says, "to lay down the authority with which my countrymen, three years since, so generously and confidingly invested me, and to return again to the ranks of my fellow-citizens. But in retiring from the high office which I have occupied to the walks of private life, I cannot forbear the expression of the cordial gratitude which inspires my bosom. The constant and unfailing support which I have had from the people, in every vicissitude, demands of me a candid and grateful acknowledgment of my enduring obligations. From them I have derived a sustaining influence, which has enabled me to meet the most tremendous shocks, and to pursue, without faltering, the course which I deemed proper for the advancement of the public interests and the security of the general welfare.

"I proudly confess that to the people I owe whatever of good I may have achieved by my official labours, for without the support which they so fully accorded me, I could have acquired neither advantage for the republic nor satisfaction for myself. . . .

"The attitude of Texas now, to my apprehension, is one of peculiar interest. The United States have

spurned her twice [three times] already. Let her, therefore, maintain her position firmly as it is, and work out her own political salvation. Let her legislation proceed upon the supposition that we are to be and remain an independent people. If Texas goes begging again for admission into the United States she will only degrade herself. They will spurn her again from their threshold, and other nations will look upon her with unmingled pity. Let Texas, therefore, maintain her position. If the United States shall open the door, and ask her to come into her great family of States, you will then have other conductors, better than myself, to lead you into the beloved land from which we have sprung, — the land of the broad stripes and bright stars. But let us be as we are until that opportunity is presented, and then let us go in, if at all, united in one phalanx, and sustained by the opinion of the world. . . .

“It is unnecessary for me to detain you longer. I now, therefore, take leave of you, my countrymen, with the devout trust that the God who has inspired you with faithful and patriotic devotion will bless you with His choicest gifts. I shall bear with me into the retirement in which I intend to pass the remainder of my life the grateful and abiding recollection of your many favours.”

These are ringing words. Yet I do not think it an anti-climax to close the chapter, not with Houston's valedictory address, but with the simple verses addressed by Mrs. Houston —

TO MY HUSBAND.

December, 1844, on Retirement from the Presidency.

Dearest, the cloud has left thy brow,
The shade of thoughtfulness, of care
And deep anxiety; and now
The sunshine of content is there.

Its sweet return, with joy I hail;
And never may thy country's woes
Again that hallowed light dispel,
And mar thy bosom's calm repose!

.

The same strong arm hath put to flight
Our country's foes, — the ruthless band
That swept in splendid pomp and might
Across our fair and fertile land.

The same Almighty hand hath raised
On these wild plains a structure fair,
And well may wondering nations gaze
At aught so marvellous and rare.

This task is done. The holy shade
Of calm retirement waits thee now.
The lamp of hope relit hath shed
Its sweet refulgence o'er thy brow.

Far from the busy haunts of men,
Oh! may thy soul each fleeting hour
Upon the breath of prayer ascend
To Him who rules with love and power.

M. M. HOUSTON

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL JACKSON ANNEXES TEXAS, 1844-1845.

SUCH is the title of a curious chapter near the end of the third volume of Mr. Parton's *Life of Andrew Jackson*.

General Jackson's interest in Houston and in Texas had always been of the keenest. As evidence of this fact, here is an anecdote of the electric spring of 1836, for which I have been unable to find room any earlier :

"At this critical moment, which soon after terminated in the news of the battle of San Jacinto, Mr. Buchanan called to see the President, whom he found in his office, with the map of Texas before him. He had been tracing the progress of Santa Anna (forwards), and that of his pupil (backwards), and did not seem at all elated at the spectacle presented by these movements. As Mr. Buchanan looked over the map, the General, putting his finger upon San Jacinto, said, 'Here is the place. If Sam Houston is worth one bawbee, he will make a stand here, and give them a fight.'

"A few days after, the news was received at Washington of what had taken place at that very spot."

Eight years had passed since the spring of San Jacinto. "General Harrison," says Mr. Parton, "had

triumphed and died. Mr. Tyler, the Vice President, had succeeded him. The presidential election of 1844 was approaching. Henry Clay, the beloved, the often disappointed, was to be the candidate for the Whigs. Mr. Van Buren, defeated in 1840 because of his immovable devotion to the principles of his party, was the man entitled by that party's usages to be its candidate in 1844. A faction headed (according to Col. Benton) by Mr. Calhoun, was resolved upon his being dropped by the nominating convention. To effect their purpose, the faction devised a new and popular issue, or, as we now phrase it, a new plank in the platform; one upon which Mr. Van Buren could not stand, — namely, the immediate annexation of Texas. As Mexico had not yet acknowledged the independence of the revolted province, its annexation to the United States was equivalent to a declaration of war against Mexico. But what was that if a president could be elected thereby?"

Those to whom the mephitic atmosphere of the American politics of this time is not poisonous may read in the forty-sixth chapter of Mr. Parton's third volume, how General Jackson was craftily led on to write a letter, early in 1843, in favour of the annexation of Texas at any cost; how this letter was suppressed for a year, and then published, with the date changed to 1844; how Mr. Van Buren, in the mean time, had been induced to declare against annexation; and how he was annihilated by this involuntary collision with his old chief. Jackson, in a second famous letter, struggled mightily, but in vain, to save Mr. Van Buren without going back on himself. It was quite

too late. "This [second] letter," says Mr. Parton, "could not save Mr. Van Buren from defeat in the nominating convention — so powerful was the combination against him. Mr. Polk of Tennessee, whose name had scarcely been mentioned in connection with the first office, received the nomination. Polk, of course, was strenuous for instantaneous annexation. He would have favoured the annexation of the infernal regions if the party had made it an issue; for he was a politician of the New York school."

So Jackson dropped Van Buren, and struggled only for annexation. "In promoting this important measure," says Mr. Parton, "he displayed an energy and a pugnacity seldom exhibited, before or since, by a politician in his seventy-seventh year." He annexed Texas (1845), and died as the measure was accomplished; one of his god-sons tells us that on his deathbed he babbled only of Houston and of annexation.

It is hard to arrive at an idea of the public feeling on this subject in Texas. According to some accounts the annexation was bitterly deprecated. Yet it is certain that many Texans, in the characteristic Texan fashion, wanted to arrest President Jones for not pressing annexation with sufficient vehemence, and that the only member of the Austin convention who finally voted against annexation was a Mr. Richard Bache, a grandson of Benjamin Franklin. On the 21st of June, 1845, a fortnight after his death, the Texan Congress had tendered to General Jackson "the unfeigned gratitude of a nation."

Still harder is it to arrive at a correct notion of General Houston's movements during this year. In February, 1845, we have a vivid account of him as setting out from Washington on the Brazos, on his way to Eastern Texas. "He came into my room," writes his friend, "booted, spurred, whip in hand. Said he, 'Saxe Weimar (the name of his saddle-horse) is at the door saddled. I have come to leave Houston's last words with you. If the Congress of the United States shall not by the fourth of March pass some measure of annexation which Texas can with honour accede to, Houston will take the stump against annexation for all time to come!' When he wished to be emphatic he spoke of himself by name, Houston, in the third person. Without another word, embracing after his fashion, he mounted and left."

Before the end of 1845 Houston was in the City of Washington; and by June he had certainly got as far as Tennessee on his way thither. General Jackson died at the Hermitage, near Nashville, on the 8th of June, 1845, at the age of seventy-eight. Now it is an assumption with Mr. Lester and with others, that Houston was among the few most prized friends whom Jackson summoned to his death-bed; and the editor of Houston's Life and Select Literary Remains goes so far as to state that he has had minute accounts of this death-bed interview from Mrs. M. M. Houston, who was present, and that it was one of the most touching things imaginable. Yet here is a letter to President Polk which I find in Yoakum's History of Texas: —

HERMITAGE, June 8, 1845.

12 o'clock at night.

MY DEAR SIR, — In deep sorrow I address you this hasty note. At six o'clock this evening General Jackson departed this life. He retained his faculties to the very last hour. I lament that I was denied the satisfaction of seeing him in his last moments. I was unfortunately delayed in ascending the Mississippi, so that I did not reach Nashville till half-past six this evening. I immediately procured a conveyance, and came out with my family, — having understood that the General's health was exceedingly precarious, and being anxious to administer, if I could, some comfort in the closing scene of his eventful life. On my way, a few miles from the city, I met the family physician, who informed me that the General was no more.

About three hours before his departure he conversed for some time with his family, and took an affectionate leave of them, as also of his domestics. His physician represented the scene as most affecting, and remarked that he departed with perfect serenity and with full faith in the promises of salvation through the Redeemer.

I have seen the corse since my arrival; the visage is much as it was in life. His funeral will take place on Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, A. M. A nation will feel his loss, as a nation has received the fruits of his toils during the best years of his life.

Very truly your friend,

SAM HOUSTON.

It is a clear picture that this letter leaves in one's imagination, — of the two "conveyances" hailing each other on that country road in the scented summer twilight, and of Houston leaping out to hear that his General, "the old chief," who had sent him forth ten years before to capture Texas, and to whose feet he was even now returning with his finished work, had passed away an hour before from the world in which his fierce Will had been as one of the elemental forces.

Let us take one more contemporary glance at Houston, as he stood in 1845, at the end of his career as leader of an independent nation, on the threshold of his new career as Senator in Washington, and indulge ourselves at the same time in an example of Mr. Lester's manner of dividing his paragraphs:

X.

"There is a sorrow which even the Hero cannot bear. The storms of life may beat against the frail dwelling of man as wildly as they will, and the proud and the generous heart may still withstand the blast. But when the poisoned shaft of disappointment strikes the bosom where *all* we love and live for is treasured, the fruit of this world turns to ashes, and the charm of life is broken. Then it is that too often reason and bliss take their flight together."

XI.

"When this dark cloud fell over the path of Houston, he buried his sorrows in the flowing bowl. His

indulgences began with the wreck of his hopes, and like many noble and generous spirits, he gave himself up to the fatal enchantress. But his excesses have been exaggerated by his enemies a hundredfold. We believe no man can say that he ever saw Houston rendered incompetent, by any indulgence, to perform any of the offices of private or public life, a single hour." . . .

XIV.

"And now he finds himself standing on the meridian of life, with an erect, well-made form, of perfect health and gigantic strength. His hair has been turned gray by Herculean labours, but his eye is still soft and clear, and it beams with a smile which no man's can wear whose heart does not overflow with love of country and philanthropy to his race. His countenance is flushed with the glow of health and cheerfulness, which seldom, in a world like ours, lingers after the morning of life is passed. And but for occasional days of suffering from the wound he received in his right shoulder from two rifle-balls at To-ho-pe-ka, forty [about thirty] years ago, he knows no physical ailment. Sometimes these sufferings are intense, and he will never be free from them while he lives, for no surgical skill has ever been able to close up that wound. It has discharged every day for more than thirty years. In a manner almost miraculous, he has entirely recovered from the wound in his ankle received at the battle of San Jacinto."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOUSTON IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, 1846-1859.

TEXAS entered the United States as no State had ever entered the Union before, as no State will ever enter it again, — as an absolutely independent nation surrendering its nationality, and electing to become a part of a big whole rather than remain a small integer. By this measure Houston became once more, after thirteen years, an American citizen. Mr. Parton can well remember how it was whispered in Washington, during the years of Houston's senatorship, that it was with this mission clearly in view that he had been originally sent out to Texas; and it is significant that Houston had laboured to induce the Convention which declared the Independence of Texas, in March, 1836, to declare Texas, instead, to be a part of Louisiana, and thus, by consequence, of the United States. No matter; ultimately, somehow, with the tough effectiveness characteristic of him, he had accomplished his mission.

The first senators from Texas were Houston and Houston's ablest and most honest colleague, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Rusk. They took their seats in March, 1846. Mr. Rusk sat until he unfortunately committed suicide, in July, 1856, just after his elec-

tion to a third term; Houston sat through three terms, until March, 1859.

One who wishes to preserve Houston's memory, but who has rendered that memory a very doubtful service, has gathered Houston's speeches in the United States Senate into a dense and dreary volume, and labelled them *Select Literary Remains*. I have been unable to read this volume through; and I think it safe to say that while the sun shines and the free wind blows, no man will ever read it. Houston was not an orator except upon great occasions, when the spark seldom failed to answer to the steel. But with the aid of this most depressing volume we will try to get a few interesting glimpses at the salient points of General Houston's life through the thirteen years of dignity, of recognition, and of comparative retirement, between 1846 and 1859. During Houston's earlier years in the Senate the old giants, Benton, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun (1782-1850), some of them his associates in the House of Representatives twenty years before, were still contending in the familiar arena; when he retired in 1859 he had sat by the side of Jefferson Davis (1808-1889) and of Charles Sumner (1811-1874).

We must just observe that in March, 1845, as the annexation of Texas became inevitable, the Mexican minister at Washington, our fluent friend, Juan Nepumoceno Almonte, withdrew in a state of vehement indignation. General Houston had stood at the very centre of the events which led to the Mexican War; but he took no part in that war (1846-1848), and he remained silent while he saw Zachary Taylor

(1784-1850), "the winner of three little battles," elected President over Henry Clay for no greater exploit than the beating of Santa Anna. With himself Houston had brought to the United States the three hundred thousand or so square miles of Texas; the Mexican War, which was caused far more directly by Houston than by any other man, brought another accession of over five hundred thousand square miles. Houston is thus responsible for increasing the territory of the United States by more than eight hundred thousand square miles, or by about the equivalent of the thirteen original States.

"How necessary it is to be successful!" sighed Kossuth, at the tomb of one successful liberator. Houston had been, on his own ground, as successful as Washington; and it is instructive to learn that while Kossuth approved of Houston in the highest degree, Houston, as will happen in this world of contrarieties, did not at all approve of the splendid Kossuth. Here is an extract from a contemporary newspaper, which describes the reception of Kossuth by the United States Senate in January, 1852:—

"Among the incidents of the reception, it may be mentioned that when the martial figure of General Houston approached Kossuth, there appeared to be a special attraction in the person of the hero of San Jacinto. Mr. Houston said: 'Sir, you are welcome to the Senate of the United States.' Kossuth feelingly replied: 'I can only wish I had been as successful as you, sir.' To this Houston responded: 'God grant you may be, sir.'"

On a later occasion Houston used bitter, vehe-

ment language, to which it is hard to reconcile ourselves.

"When the advent of the illustrious stranger, Kossuth, was announced," he said, "I was not captivated by his advent, Mr. President. A portion of my life had been spent among the Indians. They are a cautious and considerate people, and I had learned to reconnoitre character a little when it comes about me; and I am liable to come in contact with it. I played the Indian and was wary. I received him, sir, in concurrence with the other senators. I wished his country liberty as I wished the world liberty; but I did not wish to disregard our relations and obligations to other countries. He was hailed, he was greeted, he was welcomed on some occasions more triumphantly than even Lafayette, the friend of Washington. What claims had he upon us? He had claims of sympathy. If he ever flashed his sword for liberty he had a claim on our admiration and our fraternal feelings. But he had not done it—he retreated with a body-guard of five thousand; and after he had negotiated for a succedaneum, for a resting-place, he went away, leaving 'poor Hungary' down-trodden and bleeding. Sir, much as I admire the patriots who strike for liberty—much as I admire the noble people whom Kossuth purported to represent—much as I admire all men who have struggled, even unfortunately or misguidedly, for liberty, no matter where—much as I admire the promptings which actuated them, and love the cause in which they have been engaged, yet when a man proves recreant to a noble cause, forgets his people, lives in comfort,

splendour, and display, when they have to bite the dust or gnaw the file in agony, I have no sympathy for that man."

And he went on to contrast, in angry words, the enthusiasm for Hungary in 1852 with the apathy that was shown towards the cause of Texas ten years before. "How necessary it is to be successful!"

In the following year, 1853, a young man from the wild and woolly West, travelling through Texas, encountered General Houston, and recalled to his mind the unforgotten past. I have already promised to give the traveller's own words.

"I was travelling in Texas," says the unsophisticated narrative, "in the year 1853. Arrived at the town of Huntsville, Walker County, on Sunday, about eleven o'clock. The good people of the town and vicinity were passing on to church as I rode up to the hotel. I was very sick; had a high fever on me when I dismounted. I told the landlord I was very sick, and wanted a room; he assigned me a room, and was very kind in his attentions. I took a bed immediately, and while talking to him asked him in what part of the State Sam Houston lived. He replied, 'He lives about one and a half miles from town, and his family and he have just passed, going to church, in his carriage.' To this I said: 'Please keep on the look-out, and when he returns from church let him know that a Golladay, of Tennessee, was lying sick there.' After the church hour was over, say twelve or one o'clock, a large, portly, elegant-looking man, came walking into my room and to my bedside. I knew from the description which I had had of him

that it was General Houston, although I had never seen him. I called him by name. He asked me if I was a son of his old friend, Isaac Golladay, of Lebanon, Tennessee. I replied, I was. He then asked, which one? I told him I was Frederick. He said that he knew my older brothers, but he had left Lebanon before I was born, but added, 'If you are the son of Isaac Golladay I recognize you as the child of an early and true friend. I went to Lebanon [1819], where your father, Isaac Golladay, resided, a poor young man; your father furnished me an office for the practice of law; credited me in his store for clothes; let me have my letters, which cost then twenty-five cents postage, from the office of which he was postmaster; invited me to his house, and recommended me to all the good people of his large general acquaintance.' He then said: 'You must go out to my house; I will come in my carriage for you in the evening.' I replied, with thanks, that I was too sick to go, but he insisted on coming for me the next morning, to which I consented. Early the next morning he came for me; being better, I went out to his house with him. He placed me in a room in his yard, saying that Mrs. H—— was confined to her room with an infant at the time. My fever rose and kept me confined. He sent for a physician. I was sick there for about ten days or two weeks. He made a servant-man stay and sleep in the office with me, to wait on me all the while, but often would come to see me and spend much of his time with me. One night, especially, while I was sick, the doctor had left orders for my medicine to be given through the night,

and my feet bathed in warm water ; he stayed all night with me. He had the vessel of warm water brought, pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, to wash my feet. I objected, the servant being present. He replied, ' My Master washed His disciples' feet, and I would follow His glorious example,' and insisted that he should do so. During the time which he spent with me in my sick-room he gave me much of his early history. He gave me an account of the affecting scene when, in a brief address, he took leave of his friends in Lebanon, . . . in recounting which many old citizens say that the emotions of his audience were so excited that there was not a dry eye in the whole assembly. He was very much beloved by all while he resided in Lebanon."

One cannot read such an incident as this of any man without honouring him. General Houston's character had been visibly mellowing ever since his blessed second marriage in 1840. The hour was at hand when Mrs. Houston would be able to attain the goal of her wishes by winning her husband into the Christian fold.

A few years after this event, probably during his first winter as a senator (1846), "the tall form of 'Sam Houston,' as he was familiarly called, draped in his Mexican blanket as a shield against the blasts of winter at Washington, was seen one Sabbath morning entering the sanctuary of the Baptist Church on E Street, near the City Hall. Frankly approaching the pastor after service, he said that respect for his wife, one of the best Christians on earth, had brought him

there. When the hope was expressed that feelings deeper, and obligations more imperative than those which bound him in devotion to a companion so worthy, would soon bind him to the house of God, a warm pressure of the hand and a hearty response to the suggestion showed that there were convictions beyond what were avowed that struggled in his mind. From that time, for twelve years, always in the morning and often at night, he might be seen seated in a pew near the pulpit. For a time, mechanically, and from habit, he appeared provided, as in the senate, with his pocket-knife and bit of pine, carving some little work for his own or other children, yet frequently arrested in his employ, and, looking up intently to catch some connection of thought that struck him in the sermon. In a few months the service seemed to absorb all his thoughts, and the whole outline of the discourse was so noted that he could write it down in his Sunday evening letter to his wife."

We learn that it was a sermon from the text, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," that "fastened conviction" in his mind a few months later. And at length, on the 19th of November, 1854, at the age of sixty-one, after much deliberation as to whether he ought to receive the rite at home in Texas or more publicly in Washington, General Houston was immersed at the town of Independence, in Texas, by the Reverend Rufus C. Burleson, D. D., and became a member of the Independence Baptist Church. For him this was no *gran rifiuto*, no denial of his rights as a thinker and a man; it was simply the triumph of all the better elements in

his nature. Only try to imagine how much force he had expended in his day! He was weary now; his nerves had worn thin, so to speak, and could no longer act as before; and the old man, with the sense of continuity that marks noble natures, went back to his mother's teaching, turning instinctively for peace to the bosom of that faith which had comforted him when a child.

His Washington pastor, the Reverend G. W. Samson, D. D., has given an account worth quoting of a scene that took place before General Houston's first communion, after he returned to Washington a professed Christian: —

"Fixing his keen eye, as he looked down upon mine, he meekly but firmly asked, 'What is it, Brother S.?' 'General,' was the reply, 'you know the alienation between you and brother W. [a senator]. You will meet at the Lord's supper next Sabbath evening; you ought not to meet till that difficulty is settled. Now I wish you, after service on Sunday morning, to let me bring you two together, and without a word of attempt at justification on either side, I wish you to take him by the hand, and say with all your heart that you will forgive and forget, and bury the past, and that you wish him to do the same, and hereafter to meet you as brothers in Christ.' The fire began to glow in his eyes, his brow to knit, his teeth to clench, and his whole frame shook with the struggle of the old man within him; but in an instant, the man whose passion had been terrible, indeed ungovernable on so many a bloody battle-field, was changed from the lion into the lamb. He meekly replied, 'Brother S., I will do it.'

And what he promised was done, and in an air of majestic frankness and nobleness of soul, such as moved every beholder. From that hour I never have doubted that General Houston was a man renewed by the Holy Spirit."

In the autumn of 1854, too, the democratic party of New Hampshire, in an able enough manifesto which it is not necessary to quote, nominated Houston as the "People's candidate" for the presidential election to be held two years later. This appears to have been as far as he ever got toward the presidency of the United States. I have handled, in the British Museum and elsewhere, many dim documents relating to his hopes, but it is not a profitable subject to pursue. There can be no doubt that he wanted the great prize of the presidency; that he thought it would be a fine thing to have been the ruler of two republics, as he had shed his blood in the service of two. He had seen one president of the United States elected on the cry of "Texas!" and another president elected for merely having beaten that Santa Anna whom Houston had beaten, and taken, and spared; and the glimpse which Mr. Parton had at this time of Houston's bed-room, the bed flowing over, and the furthest corner piled high, with electioneering pamphlets, speaks worlds for the way in which he set his heart upon this ambition. It was not to be gratified; in fact he never had a chance, for he had been absent from the country, capturing Texas, long enough to put him fatally out of the "inside track." President of the United States he was never to be!

"But we 'll do more, Sempronius, — we 'll deserve it!"

General Houston had no special objection to slavery; and he dearly loved the Union, — that matchlessly big country, "Arctic-based, Mexican-washed," — which it may be safely said that he had done more than any other man to amplify. Consequently, in 1850 he had been all in favour of the Compromises with which the great name of Henry Clay is connected. Such, inaccurately reported, were Houston's words on the subject while the adored Clay still lived: —

"Mr. President, twenty-seven years ago [1823] I had the honour to occupy a seat in the House of Representatives from the State of Tennessee. I recollect that in the discussion of the Tariff Act of 1824 for the first time in my life I heard the idea suggested that there might be secession, disunion, or resistance to the constitutional authorities of the land. It produced deep and intense meditation on my part. I did believe then that an example ought to be made of it; but there was no way to touch it. I have heard principles of disunion boldly avowed in this hall, and have heard Senators avow what was treason, — not technically, but which was not stripped of one particle of the moral turpitude of treason. *Disunion* has been proclaimed in this hall. What a delightful commentary on the freedom of our institutions and the forbearance of the public mind when a man is permitted to go unscathed and unscourged who, in a deliberative body like this, has made such a declaration!

Sir, no higher assurance can be given of the freedom of our institutions, and of the forbearance of the American people, and their reliance upon the reason and the intelligence of the community. The intelligent mind is left free to combat error. Such sentiments, with their authors, will descend to the obscurity and the tomb of oblivion. I have only to say, in conclusion, that those who proclaim disunion, no matter of what name politically, — that those who, for the sake of disunion, conspire against the Union and the Constitution, are very beautifully described in Holy Writ. They are ‘raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.’”

During the few years succeeding 1850 things rapidly grew too bitter and strained for compromises. The sign of this change was the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, which violated the great original Compromise of 1820. Houston had occasion now to remember that he was among the Epigoni, and to recall that, of the three hundred legislators who had seen the Missouri Compromise go into successful working soon after 1820, but three individuals remained legislators, — Edward Everett, Benton, and himself; and of these, Benton had been driven from his thirty years’ senatorship into the lower house. Houston felt all that was at stake in this overthrow of the Missouri Compromise. “We are acting as trustees for posterity,” he once declared, in 1854; “and according to our decision our children are to live in harmony or in anarchy.” And again: “I had fondly hoped, Mr. President, that having attained to my present period

of life I should pass the residue of my days, be they many or few, in peace and tranquillity; that as I found the country growing up rapidly, and have witnessed its immeasurable expansion and development, when I closed my eyes on scenes around me I would at least have the cherished consolation and hope that I left my children in a peaceful, happy, prosperous, and united community. I had hoped this. Fondly had I cherished the desire and the expectation from 1850 until after the introduction of this bill. My hopes are less sanguine now. My anxieties increase, but my expectation lessens. Sir, if this repeal takes place, I will have seen the commencement of the agitation; but the youngest child now born, I am apprehensive, will not live to witness its termination. Southern gentlemen may stand up and defend this measure. They may accept it from the Northern gentlemen who generously bestow it; but if it were beneficial to the South it would have been asked for. It was not asked for, nor will it be accepted by the people. It furnishes those in the North who are enemies of the South with efficient weapons to contend with.

.
“Sir, the friends who have survived the distinguished men who took prominent parts in the drama of the Compromise of 1850 ought to feel gratified that those men are not capable of participating in the events of to-day, but that they were permitted, after they had accomplished their labours, and seen their country in peace, to leave the world, as Simeon did, with the exclamation: ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy

servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' They departed in peace, and they left their country in peace. They felt, as they were about to be gathered to the tombs of their fathers, that the country they had loved so well, and which had honoured them, — that country upon whose fame and name their doings had shed a bright lustre which shines abroad throughout all Christendom, — was reposing in peace and happiness. What would their emotions be if they could now be present and see an effort made, if not so designed, to undo all their work, and to tear asunder the cords that they had bound around the hearts of their countrymen? They have departed. The nation felt the wound; and we see the memorials of woe still in this chamber. The proud symbol (the eagle) above your head remains enshrouded in black, as if deploring the misfortune which has fallen upon us, or as a fearful omen of future calamities which await our nation in the event this bill should become a law. Above it I behold the majestic figure of Washington, whose presence must ever inspire patriotic emotions, and command the admiration and love of every American heart. By these associations I adjure you to regard the contract once made to harmonize and preserve this Union. Maintain the Missouri Compromise! Stir not up agitation! Give us peace!"

We have seen that Thomas Jefferson Rusk, Houston's colleague of twenty years, committed suicide in 1856. In November, 1857, General James Hamilton, the South Carolina magnate who gave up all for the

cause of Texas, had been elected to succeed Rusk in the United States Senate, and was on his way to Washington by sea. There was a collision ; Hamilton had a chance of escape, gave it up to a lady, and perished at the age of sixty-one, — one of those Texans who, like Austin, will forever miss recognition, and who can afford to miss it. Dr. Anson Jones, the last President of Texas, had been strangely neglected by the United States Government, which had superseded him in the midst of his uncompleted term ; he was so ill-advised as to quarrel with Houston, and, in 1858, to commit suicide. In 1859 Lamar died.

Houston was growing old during his service in the Senate ; like Benton a few years before, he had failed of re-election from the State where he was once omnipotent, because he declined to go mad with the unanimous South ; in March, 1859, his last term at Washington would expire, and he would be sixty-six. For thirteen years his life had been a divided one ; whenever possible, at home with his loved ones, either at Huntsville, beyond the Trinity, or at the little village of Independence, beyond the Brazos ; during sessions of Congress sitting lonely at Washington, lodging in a single room of a hotel, after the unwholesome American fashion, writing long letters to his wife, sedulously attending, in his Mexican blanket, every meeting of the Senate or of the Baptist Church, where he whittled endless toys for his own or for other children. Probably he was not sorry to be relieved in the spring of 1859, for he mentions in one of his speeches that every look at the setting sun used to bear him irresistibly to his far-distant home on the prairies.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FINE CLIMAX OF HOUSTON'S PUBLIC LIFE, 1859-1863.

It was not in the glow and rush of his resistless first career in Tennessee ; it was not during the winter of 1836, when he was the champion of a nation, or in the carnage of San Jacinto and the capture of the Mexican tyrant ; it was not during the ten years when he held Texas in the hollow of his hand, or yet in the thirteen later years of recognition and renown at Washington, that Houston, to my mind, won his finest triumph. Like Crockett, he had to lose his life in order to find it ; and it is only when, at sixty-eight, this all-victorious man submits, from a sense of continuity and from pure loyalty to the principles of his youth, to that humiliation and defeat which could never have been imposed upon him, that he shines forth, for the first time, with something of the irradiation of a true hero of humanity.

In the autumn of 1857, while still in the United States Senate, Houston had been a candidate for the governorship of Texas, and had been defeated by Hardin R. Runnels, the candidate of the embittered Democrats. In March, 1859, Houston left the Senate : and in November of the same year, after eight months of retirement, he ran against Governor Runnels once more, and defeated him. Houston's elec-

tion was considered as a triumph for the Unionist party. Texas, which was the handiwork of Houston, had now a population of quite a third of a million. In December, 1859, Houston became Governor of Texas for the term of two years, which would, regularly, run until December, 1861.

The election of Mr. Lincoln in the autumn of 1860, which Houston deplored, rendered an attempt at secession certain; the behaviour of Mr. Buchanan during the last months of his presidency precipitated it. The commanding United States officer in Texas, it is interesting to observe, had been Colonel Robert Edward Lee (1807-1870).

Texas had different traditions from any other State of the Union; she alone had once been a sovereign nation, and now she wished to resume her surrendered sovereignty. Nothing would do but that Houston, with a heavy heart, should summon a special convention, which met at Austin on the 27th of January, 1861. The Convention submitted the question of secession to the popular vote, and temporarily adjourned. On the 18th of February, either party acting without volition, and as if in a dream, General Twiggs, the United States commandant, surrendered to Houston all the national forces in Texas, — twenty-five hundred men, — and the national property, valued at \$1,200,000. Would Houston be borne along in the current, after all?

Just before the popular vote was taken, Houston, from the balcony of that same Tremont House in Galveston where Mrs. M. M. Houston had been wont to watch the gentility of Texas suspended by its heels

along the piazza, addressed his raging citizens. "His personal friends," says Mr. Bancroft, "fearing that violence would be offered, entreated him to remain quiet. But he was not to be stopped by any apprehension of danger. He stood erect before the people, and in prophetic language pictured to them the dark future." Here are a few of his words: —

"Some of you," he said, "laugh to scorn the idea of bloodshed as a result of secession, and jocularly propose to drink all the blood that will ever flow in consequence of it! But let me tell you what is coming on the heels of secession. The time will come when your fathers and husbands, your sons and brothers, will be herded together like sheep and cattle at the point of the bayonet, and your mothers and wives, and sisters and daughters, will ask, Where are they? You may, after the sacrifice of countless millions of treasure, and hundreds of thousands of precious lives, as a bare possibility, win Southern independence, if God be not against you, but I doubt it. I tell you that, while I believe with you in the doctrine of State rights, the North is determined to preserve this Union. They are not a fiery, impulsive people, as you are, for they live in cooler climates. But when they begin to move in a given direction, where great interests are involved, . . . they move with the steady momentum and perseverance of a mighty avalanche, and what I fear is, they will overwhelm the South with ignoble defeat." Yet even here Houston declared that Texas would have his sympathies, do what she might. As Henry Clay had said, "My country, right or wrong!" so Houston said, "My State, right or wrong!"

During this speech it was that "a horse in a team grew restive and attempted to kick himself out of the harness. Houston paused to say, 'Let him alone ; he is trying a little practical secession.' The horse finally choked himself down, and the teamster commenced beating him. 'See how it works,' said he promptly. The horse, after being well beaten, was finally got upon his feet, and the teamster began to put on the broken harness. 'See in what a fix he is brought back into the Union,' said the ever-ready orator, amidst convulsed applause."

On the 23d of February, 1861, the popular vote was taken. All did not vote, but there were 40,000 for secession, 14,000 against it. *Securus delirat orbis terrarum*, as Matthew Arnold used to say.

"Very well," said Houston, in effect, among his friends, "let Texas be once more a sovereign nation, as she was of old. But beware of joining the portentous confederacy that is forming around Jefferson Davis !"

An incident which occurred during these bitter days may be clipped from one of the recent histories of Texas : "So greatly was the secession feeling predominant in Texas that he [Houston] was unable to direct his own family. Even his dearly beloved son Sam was a secessionist, and coming into the Governor's office one day just before his resignation, wearing a secession rosette on his breast, the Governor asked him, 'What is that, Sam, on the lapel of your coat?'

" 'It is a secession rosette, father,' answered young Sam.

" 'Why, Sammy, haven't you got it in the wrong place?' said the Governor.

“‘Where should I wear it, father?’ asked Sam, ‘if not over my heart?’

“‘I think, Sammy, it would be more appropriate for you to wear it pinned to the inside of your coat-tail!’ answered the Governor.”

On the 2d of March (anniversary of Houston’s birth, and of Texan independence) the adjourned convention assembled at Austin. On the 5th of March, when the result of the popular vote was clearly known, it adopted measures for admission into the Southern confederation, sent a special message of explanation to Governor Houston, and decreed that all State officers should take the oath of allegiance to the new government on the 14th of March. This Houston declined to do, and he was joined by Mr. Cave, his Secretary of State. The two were deposed from office, and on the 16th of March Mr. Edward Clark, “who had rode into the office of lieutenant-governor on the tail of Houston’s coat,” having taken the oath, was inaugurated in the place of Houston, who had still by rights nine months to serve. Houston protested, but mildly and decorously, against these things, merely pronouncing the acts of the convention null and void. He declined the services of United States troops,

“Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right.”

“I love Texas too well,” he said, “to bring civil strife and bloodshed upon her. To avert this calamity, I shall make no endeavour to maintain my authority as chief executive of this State, except by the peaceful exercise of my functions. When I can no

longer do this, I shall calmly withdraw from the scene. . . . Fellow-citizens, think not that I complain of the lot which Providence has now assigned me. It is, perhaps, meet that my career should close thus. I have seen the statesmen and patriots of my youth gathered to their fathers, and the government which they had reared rent in twain, and none like them are now left to reunite it again. I stand almost the last of a race who learned from them the lessons of human freedom."

For a day or two Houston held out as governor. But he was now a weak and sad old man. On the 18th of March, 1861, Governor Clark reached the government offices before him and held possession. Houston sent a last message to the Legislature, which was not received; and a few days later he withdrew to Huntsville, declaring that his prayers for Texas would still "be offered up with the same sincerity and devotion with which his services were rendered while occupying public station." Or, in the words of Mr. Lester: "He retired to his prairie home! and planting upon his log-cabin a single four-pounder, he told his State to 'go to ruin if she pleased; but she should not drag him along with her.' He had made and saved her, and if she would be unmade, it should be her work — not his."

The Texas scrap-book contains a couple of anecdotes of Houston's unfinished term as governor of Texas, of which we must give one.

"In the year 1860, while Houston was governor of Texas, an expedition was fitted out for frontier pro-

tection. In the purchase of medical supplies, the governor gave strict orders that no liquor should be included, under penalty of his severe displeasure. In the requisition for medical stores made by Dr. T——, surgeon of the regiment, were included ‘Spts. Vini Gallici, bottles 24.’ This was duly furnished with the other articles, and the bill was taken to General Houston for his approval. The old gentleman settled his spectacles upon his nose, and gravely putting his eagle quill behind his ear, read the bill through slowly and carefully until he came to the item in question, when he turned to the druggist and said : ‘Mr. B——, what is this Spts. Vini Gallici?’ ‘That, General, is brandy.’ ‘Ah, yes! and do you know that I have given positive orders that no liquor should be furnished for this expedition?’ ‘No, General; I was not aware of it.’ The general rang his bell. ‘Call Dr. T——.’ The doctor was summoned. ‘Dr. T——, what is this Spts. Vini Gallici for?’ ‘That, Governor, is for snake-bites.’ Appealing to the druggist, the governor continued : ‘Mr. B——, is Spts. Vini Gallici good for snake-bites?’ ‘Yes, sir, it is so considered.’ ‘Yes,’ replied General Houston, in slow and measured tones, ‘and there is Dr. T—— who would cheerfully consent to be bitten by a rattle-snake every morning before breakfast, in order to obtain a drink of this Spts. Vini Gallici.’ Having thus delivered himself, he approved the account.”

General Houston’s daughter, Mrs. Maggie Houston Williams, of Independence, has sent to me, with extreme courtesy, the following recollections of

her father, written in answer to certain leading questions :—

“A public man, as my father was, must necessarily have been much of his time absent from home ; and as he died before the oldest child had attained his majority, our recollections have been dimmed by the passage of time. His visits to his family were not of long duration during his terms as United States Senator, and we felt that we never really knew him until his service in the Senate was ended. We were not permitted then to have him to ourselves, as he was elected governor in 1859, and we went to Austin. His life while there was one of incessant toil. He would often be busy at the Capitol until past midnight, then would come home and retire completely exhausted. My mother would never allow him to be disturbed in the morning, and he would sleep until 9 o'clock, perhaps later ; then he would rise, make his toilet, shave himself (which he did every morning when in health), eat his breakfast, and return to his labours. On the busiest days his dinner was sent him at noon (his hour for dining), and his supper after dark. He cared nothing for the dainties of the table, and often confined himself, when not feeling well, to a diet of bread and milk. He was regular in his habits and plain in his tastes, except in the matter of his dress, which was much commented on, but which had at least the merit of originality. For instance, he often wore, when in Washington, a vest of tiger-skin, which I have now in my possession. Instead of his overcoat, he would sometimes wear a dark-brown blanket with stripes of a lighter shade, thrown around

his shoulders. A light-gray, broad-brimmed hat of felt or beaver was the only hat I remember seeing him wear. His style of dress could not make him look ridiculous, nor did it detract from the commanding air which belonged to him.

"In regard to his 'opinions of men and things,' my recollections are very indistinct of the time previous to the Civil War. The hard feelings caused by political matters were told to our mother no doubt, but his children never heard him abuse an opponent or an enemy. As an instance of his reticence regarding his enemies when in the family circle, I will mention the following: When we were living on the coast, soon after the war began, my eldest sister once spent a day or two with a friend who resided several miles from us, and on her return was telling our father of an old gentleman she had met. 'He is such a charming old man,' she said, 'and so entertaining. You certainly must remember him, for he said that he knew you in the early days of Texas, and made such kind inquiries about you.' My father asked his name, and when she replied, 'Judge ——,' he and my mother exchanged amused glances, and he laughed very heartily. Afterward we learned that the 'charming old man' had been one of our father's bitterest enemies, and had once written a scurrilous pamphlet against him. He must have felt very insignificant when my sister told him that she had never heard her father speak of him!

"My father had a high regard for Com. Maury [Matthew Fontaine Maury, 1806-1873], and spoke often of him and other prominent persons who were

his personal friends. In the late war, he looked upon Robt. E. Lee as the greatest man in the South.

"His favourite poets were Burns and Moore, and he was fond of reading Shakspeare. Rollin's Ancient History was his favourite work of that kind; but above all books, he preferred as constant reading the Word of God, and urged his children to take that as the 'man of their counsel.' Every Sabbath during our childhood we were required to read some portion of the Bible, and not allowed on that day to read anything that was not of a religious character. Remembering the temptations and excesses of his early manhood, he endeavoured to instil the principles of temperance in the minds of his children, and never allowed a drop of spirituous liquor to be brought into his house. He abhorred falsehood, and taught his children to regard lying as a dastardly crime.

"In March, 1861, he was deposed from the gubernatorial office by the secession convention, because he refused to sign the ordinance of secession which would declare Texas no longer in the Union. He saw 'as with a prophet's ken' the troubles that would ensue from such a step; but feeling his impotence to avert the coming disasters, he retired to private life. He was never the same again,—his great heart was broken."

General Houston's two years of retirement, the last years of his life, were not happy. He who had been accustomed to rule and to save found himself suddenly swept aside, while everything was rushing to ruin. From time to time he issued deep, unheeded

warnings against the proclamation of martial law in Texas, and against the enforcement of the Confederate paper currency. He was unable to control the politics of his own household, and he saw his oldest son, Sam, not yet of age, a lieutenant in the rebel army, gayly wearing his secession cockade in the wrong place, ride off to a northern prison, in the effort to prove that he knew better than his father. By the spring of 1863 he had come to think that the success of the South was possible, and this only shook his belief in the destined freedom of America, and led him to fear that the country would be ultimately divided into two centralized despotisms. The wound which he had received in the right shoulder while fighting for the United States fifty years before, at the battle of the Horseshoe Bend, and which had never closed during all that while, began to trouble him afresh; and other physical troubles, of which I know nothing, were upon him. Moreover, the wound which he had received at San Jacinto, in his ankle, had finally disabled it; he went upon a crutch and a cane now who was once so erect. And as if this was not enough, Houston, who had served two republics for half a century, was left destitute at the end, and I read on good authority that his family sometimes suffered for the lack of common necessities. He bore it all like himself, and in silence. But he was sick of time and desired to rest.

For the sake of curiosity shall we glance at the vicissitudes of Santa Anna, Houston's great antagonist and antithesis, during the twenty years since

Houston had had occasion to write to him, in characters of fire and wit, that withering defiance of which we read the concluding paragraphs? From the date of Houston's famous letter, March, 1842, Santa Anna had managed, now in person and now by deputy, while he veiled himself in thick clouds at Manga de Clavo, to be called President of Mexico for nearly three years longer, until December, 1844. Then his troops deserted him, his statue was pulled down and his picture burned by the mob, he was impeached and imprisoned, and only escaped to Havana at the hazard of his life in May, 1845. But when the war with the United States became serious the Mexicans thought that they needed their Napoleon. He was recalled in October, 1846, as commander-in-chief, made president in December, with the tough old Gomez Farias once more as his vice-president; and after incessant defeats and mortifications which are historic, he was glad to escape, in April, 1848, to Jamaica, going thence to South America. In April, 1853, in consequence of a "revolution," he returned to Mexico and became president for life, with the title of Most Serene Highness, and the power of appointing his successor. This was almost empire; but in August, 1855, he was driven hopelessly from his throne, fleeing to Havana, and thence again to South America. He never had any hold on Mexico after this final tumble; but he lived in many places in South America and the Spanish main for many years, and in the spring of 1863 he sat desolate in St. Thomas, widowed, old, and one-legged, meditating how he might turn the enterprise of Maximilian to his own account. Nobody wanted

him any longer anywhere ; and it may be mentioned that after still three or four other ignominious attempts to invade his country, always ending in absurdity, he died in the city of Mexico within the memory of us all, in June, 1876, at the age of eighty-one, forgotten by the people, and ignored by the government that no longer feared him.

CHAPTER XX.

THE POPPIED SLEEP, THE END OF ALL, 1863.

ONE of Houston's daughters writes: "How well I remember his look when the roar of the cannon at Austin announced that our State had seceded! and his sorrowful words to my mother, 'My heart is broken.' The words were true; he never was himself again."

He was sorely shaken what to think in the chaos of new things. At one time we find him saying: "The time has come when a man's section is his country. I stand by mine. . . . Whether we have opposed this secession movement or favoured it, we must alike meet the consequences. It is no time to turn back now." Yet at the very end he declared to the minister who attended him: "My views as to the propriety and possibility of the success of this wicked revolution have undergone no change." Of Mr. Davis he had said, as reported by a questionable witness: "I know Jeff Davis well. He is as ambitious as Lucifer, and as cold as a lizard."

On the 2d of March, 1863, Houston was seventy. And on the 18th of March, in response to a popular ovation in his own eponymous city of Houston, he delivered his broken, last little speech. It was just before this that, when asked by the Confederate authorities at

Houston for his pass, he had drawn himself proudly up and replied : " Go to San Jacinto and there learn my right to travel in Texas ! " Here is the opening paragraph of Houston's latest speech : —

" LADIES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS : — With feelings of pleasure and friendly greeting, I once again stand before this, an assemblage of my countrymen. As I behold this large assemblage, who from their homes and daily toil have come to greet once again the man who so often has known their kindness and affections, I can feel that even yet I hold a place in their high regard. This manifestation is the highest compliment that can be paid to the citizen and patriot. As you have gathered here to listen to the sentiments of my heart, knowing that the days draw nigh unto me when all thoughts of ambition and worldly pride give place to the earnestness of age, I know you will bear with me while with calmness, and without the fervour and eloquence of youth, I express those sentiments which seem natural to my mind in the view of the condition of the country. I have been buffeted by the waves as I have been borne along time's ocean, until, shattered and worn, I approach the narrow isthmus which divides it from the sea of eternity beyond. Ere I step forward to journey through the pilgrimage of death, I would say that all my thoughts and hopes are with my country. If one impulse arises above another, it is for the happiness of these people ; the welfare and glory of Texas will be the uppermost thought while the spark of life lingers in this breast."

From Houston General Houston went home to Huntsville to die. He was surrounded by all his fam-

ily save only his son Sam, who, poor boy, was wounded and a prisoner in the North. As there was no Baptist minister at hand, Houston was attended by a Presbyterian minister with whom he had once had a difference, — which he now made up, as he made up all his old quarrels. His last days were spent, we are told, in incessant and heart-broken prayers for his people and for his family. And in the fervid summer just after the news of Vicksburg, while Santa Anna was plotting at St. Thomas, and Mr. Motley was writing that there was nothing green in Vienna except the Archduke Maximilian, — on the 26th of July, 1863, General Samuel Houston, aged seventy, fell on that sleep which is luxurious in proportion as the sleeper is weary.

Mrs. Maggie Houston Williams has very kindly contributed, at the latest moment, the following further particulars of her father's death: —

“He died July 26th, 1863, three weeks after the fall of Vicksburg. He had received his death blow when Texas seceded, and now a death blow had fallen on the Confederacy with which our lot was cast. For more than three weeks he was confined to his bed. The day previous to his death he fell into a comatose state from which we could not arouse him; but during the next forenoon, we heard his voice in a tone of entreaty, and listening to the feeble sound, we caught the words ‘Texas! Texas!’ He had loved and laboured for his adopted State, and her memory had gone with him to the brink of the dark river of death. Soon afterward, my

mother was sitting by the bedside with his hand in hers, and his lips moved once again ; ' Margaret ! ' he said, and the voice we loved was silent forever. As the sun sank below the horizon his spirit left this earth for the better land. The loving father, the devoted husband, the incorruptible patriot was gone."

Houston was buried at Huntsville, and a simple slab was erected above his grave, with the inscription : " Gen. Sam Houston, born March 2, 1793. Died July 26, 1863." Texan savagery showed itself in language by a resolution of the Legislature expressing condolence with Houston's " surviving [*sic*!] widow," and by a speech of the Honourable J. H. Banton, in which he spoke of Houston as revolving " with lamb-like humility . . . around the great Sun of Righteousness." Perhaps Houston would not have felt such solecisms acutely ; and it is satisfactory to learn that the Legislature ultimately paid Mrs. Houston the balance — about \$1,700 — of her husband's salary as Governor of Texas during the interrupted term. Mrs. M. M. Houston removed again, with her eight young children, saving Sam, to the town of Independence, where there was a University under the direction of the editor of the Select Literary Remains ; and she died there, at the age of forty-eight, in December, 1867.

A blue marble shaft, seventeen and a half feet high, has risen on the field of San Jacinto. On one side of the pediment are the words, " Remember the Alamo ; " on the other, " Come to the Bower," — the air to which the Texans marched that morning. Near the top is a polished band containing nine stars, to repre-

sent the nine Texans (including three fatally wounded) who were slain. On the reverse of the base are Napoleon's words: "Dead on the field of honour;" and on the obverse is this passage from Houston's address before the battle (April 21, 1836):—

"This morning we are in preparation to meet Santa Anna. It is the only chance of saving Texas. From time to time I have looked in vain for reinforcements. We have only about seven hundred men to march with besides the camp-guard. We go to conquer. It is wisdom growing out of necessity to meet the enemy now. Every consideration enforces it. The troops are in fine spirits, and now is the time for action. We shall use our best efforts to fight the enemy to such advantage as will ensure victory, though the odds are greatly against us. I leave the result in the hands of a wise God, and rely on His providence. My country will do justice to those who serve her. The rights for which we fight will be secured, and Texas free.

"SAM HOUSTON."

Mr. H. H. Bancroft, whose work is as monumental as a work in forty great volumes can well be, says:—

"The victor of San Jacinto was a truly great man. If Austin laid the foundation-stone, Houston erected the edifice. Apart from his high intellectual capabilities, he possessed many of the noblest qualities that adorn the human character. His courage, his kindness, his scrupulous honesty in every official station which he occupied, and the open expression of his

sentiments regardless of personal consequences, can never be questioned. . . . In both of the battles in which he was engaged he was wounded while leading on his men ; . . . and he possessed that higher kind of courage which enabled him to brave the contempt of a community which still held to the savageism that insults should be wiped out with blood. [Houston once, in Texas, dismissed the challenge of an inferior with the remark that he never fought down-hill.]

“ In private life he was affable and courteous, kind, and generous. When thwarted, however, he became harsh, and not unfrequently vindictive. He never failed to repay with compound interest, sooner or later, any insinuation or coarse attack. . . . Acts of friendship and of enmity were equally retained in his memory, and met with corresponding return. Majestic in person, of commanding presence, and noble countenance, he was a striking figure in public and private.”

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in his capital *Life of Benton*, says of Houston and the Texans : “ The conquest of Texas should properly be classed with conquests like those of the Norse sea-rovers. The virtues and faults alike of the Texans were those of a barbaric age. They were restless, brave, and eager for adventure, excitement, and plunder ; they were warlike, resolute, and enterprising ; they had all the marks of a young and hardy race, flushed with the pride of strength and self-confidence. On the other hand they showed again and again the barbaric vices of boastfulness, ignorance, and cruelty, and they were utterly careless of the rights of others, looking upon

the possessions of all weaker races as simply their natural prey. A band of settlers entering Texas was troubled by no greater scruples of conscience than, a thousand years before, a ship-load of Knut's followers might have felt at landing in England. . . . The great Texan hero, Houston, who drank hard and fought hard, who was mighty in battle and crafty in council, with his reckless, boastful courage, and his thirst for changes and risks of all kinds, his propensity for private brawling, and his queerly blended impulses for good and evil, might, with very superficial alterations of character, stand as the type of an old-world Viking — plus the virtue of a deep and earnest patriotic attachment to his whole country. Indeed his career was as picturesque and romantic as that of Harold Hardraada himself, and, to boot, was much more important in its results." And the famous Texan, whom Mr. Roosevelt quotes in the same volume as saying that he might bring himself to forgive a man who had shot him on purpose, but that he could not imagine himself as ever forgiving one who had shot him by accident — must not this famous Texan have been Houston?

And in that fascinating little new book, called *Famous Senators*, Mr. Oliver Dyer gives what may serve us as an excellent final summary of Houston's career and character: —

"There was [foremost after the four greatest Senators, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Benton] General Sam Houston, of Texas, about whose name more romance clustered at that time than encircled the name of any other American citizen. Houston was

born in North Carolina [?], in 1793, but went to Tennessee while a boy. He became a popular favourite at an early age, and after a brilliant military and legal career, he entered the arena of politics, and was elected Governor of Tennessee when he was thirty-four years old. It was predicted that he would be President of the United States before he was fifty, but a sudden and incomprehensible stroke of fortune shattered his career and drove him from civilization.

"The mystery which surrounded this misfortune has never been authoritatively cleared up. Shortly after his inauguration as Governor of Tennessee, Houston married a beautiful young lady; and the legend is that at the time of her marriage she had a lover (not Houston) to whom she was passionately devoted; that her family compelled her to marry Houston because he was Governor of Tennessee and the most popular man in the State except General Jackson; that Houston soon discovered the truth of the matter, and was overwhelmed by it,—in fact, was nearly driven insane by it. At all events, he resigned his office and disappeared. It is said that he did this in order that his wife might get a divorce and marry the man she loved. After a while it was found that he had gone to the Cherokee country, had been made a chief of that tribe, and was living in barbaric dignity; that is to say, in a wigwam plentifully supplied with skins, wild game, whiskey, and tobacco. . . .

"My heart leaps now, and my blood grows hot as I recall the time, in April, 1836, when the news

of the terrible fight in the Alamo, at San Antonio de Bexar, first came to the sequestered village . . . where I lived, then a boy just coming twelve years old. I wept over the fate of the three heroic colonels, — Travis, Crockett, and Bowie, — and young as I was I thirsted for vengeance, and prayed for vengeance on their slayers. . . .

“And when, four or five weeks afterwards, news came of the massacre of Colonel Fannin and his men at Goliad, after they had surrendered under a solemn agreement, in writing, that they should be treated as prisoners of war, the whole community was aroused to madness. Public meetings were held and fiery resolutions were passed. We prayed for vengeance more fervently than ever. Twenty-four boys, of which I was one, formed a company to march down and ravage Mexico; but news of Houston's defeat and capture of Santa Anna at San Jacinto came in time to save that ill-fated republic from the impending invasion. . . .

“We were a simple people who believed in God, and loved heroes who won battles in accordance with our prayers; and from that time General Sam Houston was set in our hearts alongside Jackson and Washington.

“Twelve years had passed, and I was now to see this hero face to face, to hear him speak, and report his words. . . . It was not without apprehension that I first approached General Houston and looked him over, as he stood in an ante-room of the Senate chamber, talking with his colleague, Senator Rusk. I was not disappointed in his appearance. It was easy to

believe in his heroism, and to imagine him leading a heady fight, and dealing destruction on his foes. He was then [1848] only fifty-five years old, and seemed to be in perfect health and admirable physical condition. He was a magnificent barbarian, somewhat tempered with civilization. He was large of frame, of stately carriage and dignified demeanour, and had a lionlike countenance capable of expressing the fiercest passions. His dress was peculiar, but it was becoming to his style. The conspicuous features of it were a military cap, and a short military cloak of fine blue broadcloth, with a blood-red lining. Afterward, I occasionally met him when he wore a vast and picturesque sombrero and a Mexican blanket,—a sort of ornamented bed-quilt, with a slit in the middle, through which the wearer's head ~~is~~ thrust, leaving the blanket to hang in graceful folds around the body.

“Like other men of his class, General Houston was a heavy drinker, but he seldom showed the effect of his potations. It seemed to me as though his wild life had unfitted him for civilization. He was not a man to shine in a deliberative assembly. It was only at rare intervals that he took any part in the debates, and when he did speak his remarks were brief. His principal employment in the Senate was whittling pine sticks. I used to wonder where he got his pine lumber, but never fathomed the mystery. He would sit and whittle away, and at the same time keep up a muttering of discontent at the long-winded speakers, whom he would sometimes curse for their intolerable verbosity. Those who knew him well said that he

was tender-hearted, and had a chivalric regard for women ; that he would make any personal sacrifice to promote the welfare of a lady friend, — a reputation which was directly in line with his alleged conduct toward his wife. It was a matter of common jocose remark, that if 'Old San Jacinto' (that was Houston's nickname) should ever become President, he would have a cabinet of women.

"General Houston impressed me as a lonely, melancholy man. And if the story of his early life was true, he might well be lonely and melancholy, notwithstanding his success and his fame ; for that terrible blow which smote him to the heart at the zenith of his splendid young career, and dislocated his life, and drove him to the wilderness, must have inflicted wounds that no political triumphs or military glory could heal. He was a sincere lover of his country, was indomitably patriotic, and stood firmly by the Union to the day of his death, which came in 1863."

I have little to add to the words of my betters. General Houston, like so many Americans, was a man stronger in quantity than in quality, — the distinguished style of an Aaron Burr was not his. As a consequence, while his great deeds done will remain, there can be no supreme fascination about the story of the way in which he did them. Of the bigness and of the essential healthiness of the man, there is little room for question. "There was a Cromwellian touch about him," said a famous *litterateur* to me, as he contemplated a certain portrait of Houston. I have been

living with the memory of Houston for some months past, and I have found it impossible not to become attached to him. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who was acquainted with Houston between the years 1853 and 1860, writes to me : " He was the noblest, the most princely, the most chivalrous character in American history."

INDEX.

- ALAMO, 101 *et seq.*; defence, 106; fall, 107; memory of, 122, 126, 128.
- Almonte, 73, 87; at the Alamo, 101; at San Jacinto, 124, 130; captured, interpreter, 133; and Houston, 136-137; minister at Washington, 188.
- Alleghanies, 3.
- Americans, revolutionize Texas 86; shot, 111; bad manners, 143.
- Anahuac, 89.
- Antigonus, 146.
- Archer, B. F., 85.
- Archive (Civil) War, 165.
- Arkansas, 79, 80.
- Audubon, J. J., 154 *et seq.*
- Austin, M., grandfather of Texas, 68.
- Austin, S. F., father of Texas, 69, 80, 85, 219; arrested in Mexico, 86 *et seq.*; quoted, 90; commander-in-chief, 96; U. S. Commissioner, 96, 149; secretary of State, dies, 150, 201.
- Austin, capital of Texas, 159, 206.
- Austerlitz, sun of, 125.
- BACHE, 182.
- Bancroft, H. H., quoted, 66, 67, 72, 112, 130, 219-220.
- Barr, Mrs. A. E., quoted, 226.
- Bastrop, Baron de, 68.
- Bean, Colonel, 9.
- Bee, Colonel, 152.
- Benton, J., 26.
- Benton, T. H., 26; quoted, 144-146, 181, 188, 201.
- Bexar (San Antonio), 69, 91.
- Blount, 42.
- Bowie, Colonel, at Alamo, 93, 96, 101.
- Brazos, river, 2, 4, 119, 120, 122, 139, 144.
- Buchanan, R., 154, 180.
- Buckner, on Houston and Stanberry, 60, 61.
- Buffalo Bay, 133; bayou, 2; river, 2.
- Burleson, 96, 97, 163; Dr., 194.
- Burnet, 72, 85, 116, 142; Vice-President, 163.
- Burr, A., 9, 11; on conquest of Texas, 129, 225.
- Bustamente, 73, 165.
- CALHOUN, sen., 181.
- Canada, 115.
- Cannon, 42.
- Carlyle, quoted, 66.
- Carrol, 26.
- Cash, Mrs., 110.
- Castrillon, General, 130.

- Cherokees and Houston, 54.
 Christy, 148.
 Cincinnati guns at San Jacinto, 126.
 Clark, 206.
 Coahuila, separated from Texas, 7,
 75; united, 70, 85.
 Coleta, river, 2; battle, 109; mu-
 tiny, 143.
 Collinsworth, Captain, 92.
 Colorado, river, 2, 144.
 Columbia, 154.
 Comanches, 21, 22.
 Conception, battle of, 93.
 Corpus Christi, bay, 2.
 Cos, General, 88, 92, 96; surren-
 ders, 97; breaks parole, 101;
 captured again, 139.
 Creek War, Houston in, 27, 145.
 Crockett, D., at Alamo, 102.

 DALMATIA (Sault), Duke of, 159.
 Davis, J., 188, 215.
 Dickinson, Mrs., escapes from
 Alamo, 118.

 EMERSON, quoted, 40.
 Empresario system, 71.
 Espiritu Santo Bay, 2.
 Everett, 41.

 FANNIN, Colonel, success at Con-
 ception, 93, 110; disobedient,
 108; defeat at Coleta, 109; shot,
 111.
 Farias, 84.
 Filisola, 73, 101, 139, 142-143,
 151.
 Flaco, 170, 171.
 French, in Texas, 4; attack Mex-
 ico, 165.

 GALVE, Mexican viceroy, 6.
 Galvez, Spanish governor of Lou-
 isiana, 8.

 Galveston Bay, 2.
 Golia (la Balia), 91, 108-112.
 Golladay, I., Houston's friend, 39;
 his son Fred, quoted, 191-193.
 Gonzalez, 91, 108.
 Green, T. J., 142.
 Grant, R., 100, 113.
 Grass fight, 96.
 Guadalupe River, 2, 91.
 Guizot, 169.

 HOUSTON, Sam, born, 14; biog-
 raphers, 12 *et seq.*; parents, 14;
 education, 17-19; flees to Indians,
 19; various occupations, 21, 22;
 joins army, 23; ensign in Jack-
 son's corps, 25; gallantry at
 Tohopeka, 28; wounded and sent
 home, 30; returns to army, 32;
 operation, 33; takes Indians to
 Washington, 21, 74; leaves
 army, 35; studies law, 37; ad-
 jutant-general, 37; district attor-
 ney, 38; major-general, 38; con-
 gressman, 38; governor of Ten-
 nessee, 38; friend of Jackson's,
 38; meets Jefferson, 40; duel
 with White, 41; governor, 41;
 appearance, 42; married unhap-
 pily, 44-50; resigns and goes to
 Indians, 46-52; plan for Indian
 supplies fails, 55-59; assaults
 Stanberry, 59-60; plan on Texas,
 50, 75-78; Jackson's help, 77-
 79; starts, 81; at convention of
 San Felipe, 81; letter to Jackson,
 81; commander-in-chief of Tex-
 ans, 93, 116, 150; Texan inde-
 pendence on his birthday, 103;
 too late for the Alamo, 106;
 draws Santa Anna from his base,
 117; letters, 117; addresses,
 119; campaigning, 121-126;
 victory of San Jacinto, 2, 126-

- 128; wounded, 127; gives his men the spoils, 129; receives surrender of Almonte, 129; and Santa Anna, 132; punished deserter, 139; conversation with his captives, 134 *et seq.*; frugality, 137-138; sick, 140; fixes Texan boundary, 140; farewell address, 140; attacked by T. J. Green, 142; protests at ill treatment of Santa Anna, 143; eulogized by Sen. Benton, 144-146; ill-treated by Texan government, 147; president of Texas, 149; administration, 150 *et seq.*; mansion, 155; prevents breaking up of government, 158; marries, 160; family, 160; elected president, 163; letters to Santa Anna, 166-167; refuses dictatorship, 167; State papers, 168; to Indians, 169, 170; on annexation, 172; integrity, 176; farewell address, 177-178; on Jackson's death, 183-185; in U. S. Senate, 185-188; and increase of U. S., 189; speech on Kossuth, 191, and F. Golladay, 191-193; conversion, 193-196; candidate for U. S. Presidency, 196; on repeal of compromise, 197; life in Washington, habits, 201; dress, 93, 209, 224; heroism, 202 *et seq.*; defeated and elected governor of Texas, 202; opposed to secession, 203 *et seq.*; speech, 204, 205; his son Sam, 205; retires from governorship, 206, 207; retired life, 211-222; recollections of, 209-211; anecdotes, 205, 207, 210, 220; old age, 212; last words, 217, 218; death, 217.
- Hamilton, J., Gen., 160; dies, 201.
Harrisburg, 116.
Hockley, H., 121, 129.
- Hopkins, General, 155.
Houston, capital of Texas, 154 *et seq.*; H.'s last speech at, 216.
Houstoun, Mrs. M. C., on Gen. Sam Houston, 174, 175.
Houston, Sam, *vide sup.*
Houston, Sam, Jr., 205; captured, 212.
Hunter, 79.
Huntsville, 201.
Hyacinth (San Jacinto), 145.
- INDEPENDENCE, Texas, 194, 201.
Indians, befriended by Houston, 31, 55, 169-171; contract, 58, 59; conducted to Washington by him, 21, 34; ill-treated, 158.
Iturbide, A. de, emperor of Mexico, 66 *et seq.*; fate, 66; confirms American colonization of Texas, 70.
- JARNAGIN, sen., 17.
Jalapa, 124.
Jackson, life, 25-26; introduces H. to Jefferson, 40; H.'s friendship for, 42; letter on Texas, 50; presidency, 57; tries to help H. with Indian contract, 58, 59; and Stanberry assault, 62; knows of H.'s Texan plans, 78; on H.'s dress, 93, 145, 151, 152; recognizes Texan independence, 153; annexes Texas, 180-182; dies, 184.
Jefferson, 40.
Jones, last president of Texas, 201.
- KEY, F. S., 61.
Kennedy, W., quoted, 68, 90.
Kerr, Dr., 148.
Kossuth, quoted, 189.

- LAMAR, M. B., 140, 142, 147 *et seq.*; commander-in-chief, 149; president of Texas, 157, 162; administration, 158 *et seq.*
- La Bahia (Goliad), 7.
- La Salle, F., 3 *et seq.*
- Lebanon, Tenn., 39, 192-193.
- Lea, Miss, marries Houston, 16 *et seq.*, 168; verses, 179; converts Houston, 194; dies, 218.
- Lee, R. E., 203, 211.
- Leon, A. de, 7.
- Lester, on Houston's life, 12 *et seq.*, 147; quoted, 14-18, 20-24, 28-29, 30, 31-34, 36, 44-47, 52-54, 57, 62, 63, 107, 108, 125-126, 128, 131-139, 141, 168, 185-186.
- Little Rock, 51.
- Louis XIV., 3, 5.
- Louis XV., 8.
- Louis Philippe, 159.
- Louisiana, 1; Spanish, 8, 9; French, 8, 9; American, 9, 65.
- MARK ANTONY, 146.
- Matagorda (St. Louis), bay, 2, 4.
- Matamoras, 89, 100.
- Mawry, 210.
- Mayo, 78.
- Meranda, 72.
- Mexia, General, 98.
- Mexico, Gulf of, 1, 2.
- Mexico, holds Texas, 70; independence, 66; constitution, 70.
- Mexican, viceroy, 5; land tenure, 71; defeated at San Jacinto, 125 *et seq.*; defeat Texans, 158, 164, 165.
- Mississippi River, 1, 3.
- Milam, B., 73; takes San Antonio, 97.
- Morelos, 64.
- Motley, 217.
- Monclova, 71.
- Moore, Colonel, 92.
- NATCHITOCHEs, 11.
- Nacogdoches, 7, 11, 68, 80, 123.
- Neches, 1, 7.
- New Orleans, 148; battle of, 31, 145.
- Nolan, 9.
- Nueces River, 2.
- OOLooteka, 52.
- O'Connell, 159.
- PALMERSTON, 159.
- Parkman, 12; quoted, 3, 4, 5, 12.
- Parton, 12, 13, 190; quoted, 25, 28, 30, 57-59, 180-182.
- Peel, 169.
- Phelan, quoted, 42, 47.
- Pike, Gen. Z. M., 9.
- Pike's Peak, 29.
- Polk, J., 41, 61.
- Pope, 129.
- Portilla, 111.
- RANDOLPH, J., 40.
- Red River, 1.
- Rio Bravo, 2.
- Rio Grande, 1, 6; boundary, 140.
- Rio del Norte, 2.
- Ripley, 110.
- Rocky Mountains, 3.
- Roosevelt, Theodore, on Houston, 220.
- Runnels, H. R., 202.
- Rusk, T. J., quoted, 116, 117, 128-129, 133; commander-in-chief, 140; senator, 187; dies, 200.

- SABINE River, 1; lake, 1.
 Saligny, 159-164.
 Samson, Dr., 196 *et seq.*
 San Antonio, 69, 97, 108.
 San Domingo, 5.
 San Felipe, 80, 85 *et seq.*
 San Jacinto, 2, 117; battle, 117 *et seq.*, 123, 128; anniversary of, 156; strategy at, 180, 216; monument, 218.
 Santa Anna, 67, 74, 98, 101 *et seq.*; storms Alamo, 101 *et seq.*; massacres prisoners, 98, 111-112; defeated on San Jacinto, 117-128 *et seq.*; flight, 130; captured, 131; meets Houston, 132; at Velasco, 141-142; at Washington, 152; president, 165 *et seq.*; last fates, 212-214.
 Santa Fé, 9, 157.
 Slavery, 74, 197 *et seq.*
 Smith, 99, 100, 116, 149.
 Spanish rule in Texas, 4, 65.
 Stanberry, 59-60.
 Sylvester, 131.
 Sumner, Charles, 188.
- TAMPICO, 66, 98, 131.
 Tamaulipas, 2.
 Taylor, Z., 181-183.
 Texas, Texans, area, 1; boundaries, 1; population, 1 *et seq.*, 117; early history, 3 *et seq.*; French, 4; Spaniards abandoned, 7; re-colonized, 7; [Indians, 7] wars, 64-65; independence, 7, 103; colonized by Americans, 11, 68, 70, 220; separated and united to Coahuila, 7, 70; constitution, 70; slavery, 74; Houston on, 81; not submissive to Santa Anna, 88; revolution, 88, 91, 144-146; November, 3, 94; take San Antonio, 97; independence, 103; defence of Alamo, 107 *et seq.*; constitution, 115; recognized by United States, 153, and European governments, 159-160; thanked by Santa Anna, 141; chronology, 108; want of manners, 143; failure of government, 117; panic, 117, 120, 157; saved by Houston, 157; and Santa Anna, 142-144; Benton on, 144-146; Civil War, 165; defeated by Mexicans, 164 *et seq.*; annexation plans, 173, 181-182; secession, 205; and Houston, 206; monuments, 218.
 Timber Ridge Church Va., 14.
 Trinity River, 1, 4.
 Tohopeka, 27, 186.
 Travis, Colonel, takes Anahuac, 89; at San Antonio, 97; commander of the Alamo, 101; letters, 102; falls, 107-119.
 Trimble, J., 36.
 Twiggs, 203.
 Tyler, 181.
- UNITED States, and Texas, 9, 65, 73, 153, 181, 182.
 Ugartechea, 89.
 Urrea, General, 117; disavowed by Santa Anna, 135-136.
- VAN BUREN and Texas, 181-182.
 Vera Cruz, 5.
 Venezuela, 77.
 Vicksburg, 217.
 Vince's Bridge, 124-126.
- WASHINGTON, G., 189.
 Washington, D. C., 183, 185; in Texas, 108, 183.
 Washita River, 1.

- Webster, 40, 188.
White, Governor, 32.
White, duel with Houston, 41.
Williams, Mrs. M. H., on Houston, 208, 217-218.
Williams, Colonel, 49.
Wilkinson, General, 9.
Wharton, 120.
- YOAKUM, Colonel, quoted, 10, 100, 113-114, 121, 149.
- ZAVALA, 72, 89, 116, 133-150;
his son, 103.
Zacatecas, state of, 88.

PLEASE RETURN TO
ALDERMAN LIBRARY

DUE	DUE
10-23-91	

10 1 1

YX 000 525 041

